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ART. I.—1. *History and Practice of Photogenic Drawing, or the true Principles of the Daguerreotype.* By the Inventor, L. J. M. DAGUERRE, translated by J. S. MEMES, LL.D. 8vo. Lond. 1839.

2. *Some Account of the Art of Photogenic Drawing, or the Process by which Natural Objects may be made to Delineate themselves without the aid of the Artist's Pencil.* By HENRY FOX TALBOT, Esq., F.R.S. 8vo. Lond. 1839.

3. *Die Calotypische Portraitirkunst.* Von Dr F. A. W. NETTO. Quedlingburg und Leipzig, 1842.

4. *Ueber der Process des Sehens und die Wirkung des Lichts auf Alle Korper.* Von LUDWIG MOSER, Poggendorff Annalen der Physik und Chemie, Band LVI. 1842. No. 6.

IN following the steps of social improvement, and tracing the rise of those great inventions which add to the happiness of our species, we can scarcely fail to recognise the law of progressive development under which the efforts of individual minds are regulated and combined, and by which reason is destined to attain its maximum of power, and knowledge to reach its limits of extension. Under the influence of a similar law, our moral and religious condition is gradually ascending to its climax; and when

these grand purposes have been fulfilled—when the high commission of the Saint and the Sage has been executed—man, thus elevated to the perfection of his nature, will enter upon a new scene of activity and enjoyment.

The supreme authority which has ordained this grand movement in the living world—this double current of our moral and intellectual sympathies—has prepared the material universe as the arena of its development; and all our civil and religious institutions have been organized as instruments by which that development is to be effected. The confusion of tongues—the physical disunion of empires—the rivalries of industrious nations—are among the auxiliaries by which this triumph is to be consummated. The outbursts of the moral and the physical world form a powerful alliance in the same cause; and in the vigorous reactions which they invoke, the highest qualities of our moral and intellectual being are called into play. The war which desolates, and the fire and flood which destroy, undermine the strongholds of prejudice and corruption, and sweep away the bulwarks in which vice and error have been intrenched. Amid convulsions like these, indeed, civilization often seems to pause, or to recede; but her pauses are only breathing stations, at which she draws a fuller inspiration, and her retrograde steps are but surer footings, from which she is to receive a fresh and onward impulse.

The powers and positions of individuals, too, are all nicely adjusted to the functions they have to discharge. Corporeal frames of every variety of strength—moral courage of every shade of intensity—and intellects of every degree of vigour—are among the cardinal elements which are to be set in action. The Sovereign who wields the sceptre, and the Serf who crouches under it, differ only in the place which they occupy in the mysterious mechanism. While one class of agents is stationed amid the heats of friction and pressure, others occupy the quiet points of stable equilibrium; and a larger class forms the inertial mass, or acts as a drag against the stupendous momentum which has been generated. But while busy man is thus labouring at the wheel, the impelling, the maintaining, and the regulating power, is not in him: by an agency unseen are all the heterogeneous elements of force harmonized, and the whole moral and intellectual dynamics of our species brought to bear upon that single point of resistance, where vice and ignorance are to be crushed for ever.

From these general views it is a corollary not to be questioned, that when great inventions and discoveries in the arts and sciences either abridge or supersede labour—when they create new products, or interfere with old ones—they are not on these accounts

to be abandoned. The advance which is thus made involves not only a grand and irrevocable fact in the progress of truth, but it is a step in the social march which can never be retraced. The wants, or the cupidity of a minister, for his ignorance it cannot be, may tax inventions and knowledge—the fanaticism of a priesthood may proscribe education, and even the Scriptures of truth—and the blind fury of a mob may stop or destroy machinery—but cupidity, fanaticism, and rage, have counter checks within themselves which re-act on the springs of truth and justice, and finally crush the conspiracy which they had themselves hatched. If, in the conflict of rival principles, the species gains, and the individual loses, redress can only be looked for in those compensatory adjustments which so often and so strangely reconcile general and individual interests. The same law which closes one channel of labour, necessarily opens up another, and that often through a richer domain, and with a wider outlet; and in every substitution of mechanical for muscular action, man rises into a higher sphere of exertion, in which the ingenuity of his mind is combined with the exercise of his body. He is no longer on a professional level with the brutes that perish, when he ceases to exercise functions which are measured only by so many horse power, and which can be better extracted from so many pounds of coal, and so many ounces of water.

Nor is it a less questionable corollary that when one of the arts is left behind in the race of improvement, and has been lingering amid the sloth and avarice of its cultivators, it can have no claim on the sympathy and protection of the community.* Were it the art of building ships, of forging anchors, or of welding cables, to form the defensive bulwarks of the nation, or were it the most trivial manipulation which administers to the personal vanity of the most frivolous, the principle would have the same foundation in truth and justice. But when it is the art of manufacturing food—when the poor and the rich are the antagonists in the combat—and when it involves the life and death of starving multitudes, the crime of protection will, in future ages, be ranked in the same category with that of burning for heresy, or drowning for witchcraft.

Although these observations apply in an especial manner to those great mechanical inventions which have in this country altered the very form and pressure of society, yet they are not less applicable to those remarkable improvements in the Fine

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* We would refer the reader to an admirable letter on this subject by Professor Johnston of Durham to the Marquis of Northampton.

Arts which the progress of science has so rapidly developed. The arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, exhibit in their progress a series of anomalies which occur in the history of almost no other pursuit. Without any very adequate cause, they have alternately advanced and receded; and we can discover no leading epoch—no cardinal principle—no striking invention immortalizing the name of any of their cultivators. It would be hazardous to assert that Apelles and Zeuxis were surpassed by Reynolds and Lawrence, and still more so that Praxiteles and Phidias must have yielded the palm to Canova and Chantrey. In our own day, however, very extraordinary inventions and discoveries have already given an impulse, and will soon give a new form to the imitative arts.

The art of multiplying statues by machinery, which we owe to the celebrated James Watt, and which has since been brought to greater perfection, might have been regarded as a vast step in the fine arts; had it not been eclipsed by the splendid process of copying all sorts of sculpture, by the voltaic deposition of metals from their solutions.* But even this has been surpassed by the art of Photography, by which we obtain perfect representations of all objects, whether animate or inanimate, through the agency of the light which they emit or reflect. From being at first a simple, and not very interesting process of taking profiles of the human face, it has called to its aid the highest resources of chemistry and physics; and while it cannot fail to give a vigorous impulse to the fine arts, it has already become a powerful auxiliary in the prosecution of physical science; and holds out no slight hope of extending our knowledge of the philosophy of the senses. The art of *Photography*, or *Photogeny* as it has been called, is indeed as great a step in the fine arts, as the steam-engine was in the mechanical arts; and we have no doubt that when its materials have become more sensitive, and its processes more certain, it will take the highest rank among the inventions of the present age.†

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* The *Electrotype*, or *Galvano-plastic* art, which was discovered by Mr Spencer and M. Jacobi, and which is daily finding new applications to the useful arts.

† We have not here referred to the new and beautiful art of *Anaglyptography*, by which all works in relief, and even statues, may be copied on a plane surface (and even engraved) by means of parallel lines, which deviate from their parallelism in proportion as different points, in all parallel sections of the original, rise above the general plane. This art was, we believe, first invented by an American, then tried in France, but finally brought to perfection by Mr R. Bate, the son of the well-known optician, Mr B. Bate of London.

But before we proceed to exhibit its powers, and discuss its merits, we must put our readers in possession of its history and methods. The action of light and heat upon coloured bodies has been long known, and the changes they produce have been recorded in various countries. The commonest observer, indeed, had long ago noticed that the solar rays not only weakened, but almost destroyed the colours of curtains and other articles of furniture; but it was reserved for the chemist and the natural philosopher to determine, what rays were the efficacious ones, and what were the substances most sensitive to this action of light. Scheele had long ago discovered that muriate of silver was speedily blackened by the *blue* rays of the solar spectrum, while the red rays produced an effect scarcely appreciable; and Sennebier found that the *violet* rays darkened the muriate of silver in fifteen seconds, while the *red* rays required twenty minutes, and the other colours intermediate times.* The celebrated Ritter, in repeating these experiments, found that the muriate of silver was most powerfully blackened by invisible rays beyond the violet; and Dr Wollaston afterwards proved that the rays at the two extremities of the spectrum, produced opposite effects upon Gum Guiacum, the violet rays giving it a deep green colour, and the red rays reconverting the green into the original yellow colour of the gum.

These interesting facts, though well known throughout Europe, had never been applied to the arts till 1802, † when *a method of copying paintings upon glass, and of making profiles by the agency of light upon nitrate of silver*, was first given to the world. This method was the unquestionable invention of our celebrated countryman Mr Thomas Wedgewood, who published it in the *Journals of the Royal Institution*, ‡ where it was accompanied with a few observations in a note by Sir H. Davy.

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* *Sur La Lumière*, Tom. iii. p. 199.

† M. Arago informs us that M. Charles had in the first year of the 19th century used prepared paper to produce black profiles by the action of light; but he never described the preparation; and he did not claim any priority, although he lived for a long time after the publication of Mr Wedgewood's process.

‡ Vol i. p. 170, June 1802. See also Nicholson's Journal, 8vo series, vol. iii. p. 167. Nov. 1802. An Account of a Method of Copying Paintings upon Glass, and of Making Profiles by the Agency of Light upon Nitrate of Silver. Invented by T. Wedgewood, Esq., with Observations by H. Davy. Journals of the Royal Institution, vol. i, p. 170, 1802.

Having found that white paper or white leather, moistened with a solution of nitrate of silver, passes through different shades of grey and brown, and at length becomes nearly black by exposure to daylight, Mr Wedgewood exposed papers thus moistened to light of different intensities and colours. In the direct beams of the sun, the full effect upon the paper was produced in two or three minutes. In the shade, several hours were required. The most decided and powerful effects were produced by *blue* and *violet* glasses, while very little action took place when the sun's rays passed through *red* glasses. Hence, says Mr Wedgewood, 'when a white surface, covered with a solution 'of *nitrate* of silver, (one part of the nitrate to ten of water,) is 'placed behind a painting on glass exposed to the solar light, 'the rays transmitted through the differently painted surfaces 'produce distinct tints of brown and black, sensibly differing 'in intensity according to the shades of the picture; and where 'the light is unaltered, the colour of the light becomes deepest. 'For copying paintings on glass the solution should be applied 'on *leather*, and in this case, it is more readily acted upon than 'when *paper* is used.'

Mr Wedgewood made various attempts to *fix* these copies, that is, to prevent the uncoloured parts of the copy from being acted upon by light. He tried repeated washings, and thin coatings of fine varnish; but all his trials were unsuccessful; and hence he was obliged to preserve his copies in an obscure place—to take a glimpse of them only in the shade, or to view them by candle light. He applied this method to take profiles or shadows of figures by throwing the shadows on the nitrated surface, the part concealed by the shadows remaining *white*, and the other parts speedily becoming black. He applied it also to make delineations of the woody fibres of leaves, and the wings of insects, and likewise to the copying of prints; but in this last case the results were very unsatisfactory. But the primary object of all Mr Wedgewood's experiments was to copy the images formed by means of a *camera obscura*. 'His numerous experiments, however, proved unsuccessful,' and the images were 'found to be 'too faint to produce, in any moderate time, an effect upon the 'nitrate of silver.' 'In following these processes,' he adds, 'I have found that the images of small objects, produced by 'means of the solar microscope, may be copied without difficulty 'on prepared paper;' but in this case, 'it is necessary that the 'paper be placed at but a small distance from the lens.'

Mr Wedgewood proved that the muriate of silver was much more sensitive than the nitrate, and that the sensitiveness of both

was increased when the paper was moist. In order to obtain the muriate, he immerses the paper moistened with the nitrate solution in very dilute muriatic acid. He promised to publish any additional results which he might obtain, and concluded his paper thus,—'Nothing but a method of preventing the unshaded parts 'of the delineation from being coloured by exposure to the day, 'is wanting to render the process as useful as it is elegant.

So long ago as 1803, a Notice of Mr Wedgewood's interesting process was published in an Edinburgh Journal, but the subject does not seem to have excited any attention either in Britain or on the continent. A friend of Mr Talbot's, indeed, who had entertained the idea of fixing the images of the camera obscura, was discouraged from the attempt by the recorded failure of Mr Wedgewood. Mr Talbot himself, however, without any knowledge of Mr Wedgewood's previous invention, had, some time previous to 1834, been led to the same process, of taking pictures by the agency of light upon nitrate of silver; and, in the spring of that year, he had actually applied it to several useful purposes, and had even overcome the difficulty of fixing the images of the camera obscura, before he knew that that difficulty had stopped the progress of Mr Wedgewood and his own friend. Mr Talbot continued to improve his new art, to which he gave the name of *Calotype*, for it had now become entirely his; and, by the aid of his intimate knowledge of chemistry and physics, he has succeeded in bringing it to a very high degree of perfection.

But before we proceed to give an account of his labours, we must return to a period prior to their commencement, when a similar art—the splendid art of the *Daguerreotype*—took its rise in France. So early as 1814, M. Niepce, a private gentleman, who resided on his estate near Chalons, on the Saone, had turned his attention to the subject of Photography. His object was to fix the images of the camera, but more especially to perfect his methods of copying engravings when laid upon substances sensible to the action of light. In 1824, M. Daguerre had begun a series of experiments for the purpose of fixing the images in the camera. He had made some progress in 1826; and in that year a Parisian optician had indiscreetly disclosed to M. Niepce some of the results at which Daguerre had arrived. In 1827, M. Niepce made a journey to England, and, in December of that year, he communicated an account of his photographic experiments to the Royal Society of London, accompanying his memoirs with several sketches on metal, in the state of advanced etchings, which proved that he had a method of

making the shadows correspond to shadows, and of preventing his copies from being injured by the light of the sun. The Royal Society appears to have attached no value to the discovery of Niepce, though they had ocular demonstration of its reality. His Paper does not even seem to have been read, and the plates which accompanied it appear to have passed into the repositories of some of its members. One would have expected that a picture, painted or copied by the agency of light, would have fixed the attention of any body of men to which it was submitted; and we should have experienced some difficulty in giving credit to the statement, did we not know that the same body has refused to publish the photographic discoveries of Mr Talbot!

Having become acquainted with each other's labours, MM. Niepce and Daguerre entered into a copartnery in 1829; the object of which was to pursue for their mutual benefit the photographic researches which they had respectively begun. The process of Niepce differed entirely from that of Daguerre. The principle on which it rests is, that light renders some substances more or less insoluble, in proportion to the duration or intensity of its action. The substance in which he found this property, was a solution of asphaltum in essential oil of lavender. A thin film of this substance spread over the clean surface of a plate of silvered copper was exposed, so as to receive the image of a landscape in the camera obscura: The parts on which no light fell were thus made more soluble than the rest; and when a solvent, consisting of one part of essential oil of lavender, and ten parts of oil of white petroleum, was made to cover the plate, the image gradually unfolded itself; and, after being washed with water, the picture was completely developed. The plate was then dried, and kept from humidity and the action of light.

Into this process, which was doubtless both troublesome in its details, and uncertain in its results, M. Daguerre introduced essential improvements; but in the course of his researches, he was led into an entirely new field of discovery, and soon abandoned the process of his colleague. M. Niepce died in July 1833, and a new agreement was entered into between Daguerre and his son, M. Isidore Niepce; in which it was admitted that the former had discovered an entirely new process, and it was at the same time provided, that it should bear the name of Daguerre as its sole inventor.

The following is a general description of the art of the *Daguerreotype*, as practised by its distinguished inventor: A plate of silvered copper, after having been well cleaned, and freed from any greasy substance, by polishing it with dilute nitric

acid, fine Tripoli, or colcothar of vitriol, is placed in a box containing iodine, till its surface is covered with a golden yellow film of that evaporable substance. The plate being carefully kept from light, is placed in the camera obscura, so as to receive upon its surface a distinct image of the landscape, or of the single figure, or group of figures, to be painted. After remaining a number of minutes, depending on the intensity of the light, the plate is taken out of the camera, and placed in what is called a mercury box. There it is exposed to the vapour of mercury, raised by a spirit lamp; and, after a certain time, the operator, looking through a little window in front of the box, observes the landscape, or figures, gradually developing themselves on the surface of the plate, by the adhesion of the white mercurial vapour to those parts of the picture which had been acted upon by the light. When the development appears complete, the plate is placed in a vessel containing either a saturated solution of common salt, or a weak solution of the hypo-sulphite of pure soda. By the action of either of these fluids, the coat of iodine is dissolved, and the picture is permanently fixed. It is then simply washed in distilled water, dried, and placed in a square of strong pasteboard, covered with glass. If we now carefully examine the picture thus produced, we shall find that its shadows are nothing more than the original polished surface of the silver, reflecting a dark ground, and that the lights are the parts of the silvered surface, which have been more or less whitened by the vapour of mercury. If the plate is made to reflect a luminous surface, such as a white dress, or the sky, the shadows will appear luminous and white, and the lights dark, so as to give what may be called a *negative* picture. In this remarkable representation of nature, there is depicted, with the minutest accuracy, all her finest forms; but her gay colours are wanting; and the blue sky and the green turf are exhibited in the same monotony of light and shadow, as when we view a highly-coloured landscape, in water-colours or in oil, by the light of a monochromatic lamp.

But notwithstanding this defect, which, sanguine as we are, we can scarcely hope will ever be supplied, there is a power and truth in the delineation which almost compensates its want of colour. Self-painted by the rectilineal pencils of light, every fixed object transfers its mimic image to the silver tablet; and the only deviation from absolute truth which can intervene, is the imperfection of the lenses by which the image is formed. By an ordinary observer this defect, if it can be called one, is so inappreciable, that the perfection of the picture exceeds as it were the accuracy of the eye as its judge; and by means of a magnifying glass we can make discoveries of minute features, in the same manner as we can do

in the real landscape by the application of a telescope.* But it is not merely the minuteness of its delineations that surprise us in the Daguerreotype. Every object is seen in true geometrical perspective; and even the aerial perspective is displayed in the diminution of sharpness which marks the outlines of all objects that recede from the eye. The combination of these two effects, the last of which is often beyond the reach of art, gives a depth—a third dimension—to the picture, which it is scarcely possible to conceive without actually seeing it. In the representation, for example, of a Grecian portico with two or three columns deep, the actual depth of the recess is more distinctly seen with a magnifying glass than by the naked eye.

If any object in the picture either moves or changes its place, that object, of course, must be imperfectly delineated in the Daguerreotype. The agitated foliage, the running stream, the flying clouds, and the motions of living animals, all destroy the picture in which they occur. This great imperfection is capable of only one remedy. We must increase the sensitiveness of the ground upon which the lights act, so as to diminish the time that the plate remains in the camera. M. Daguerre saw very early the consequences of this defect in his process; and in the course of a series of experiments on the subject, he made the important discovery, that by electrifying the plate, the action of light upon the film of iodine was so instantaneous, that the part of the plate first exposed was overdone before the action had begun on the other part of the plate.†

Two other methods have been invented for accelerating the action of light upon the plate. The first of these is founded on a beautiful optical discovery by M. Edmund Becquerel. If we conceive the solar spectrum to be divided into two halves, the *first* half containing the *violet* and *blue* rays, and the *second* the *green*, *yellow*, and *red*, M. Becquerel found that the first half, containing the *violet* and the *blue* rays, were those which formed the picture on the plate; and hence he called them the *exciting* rays, (*rayons excitateurs;*) while the other half, the *green*, *yellow*, and *red* rays, had no power of excitation, but *continued* the excitement when passed

* Every picture formed by a camera obscura, in which the focal lengths of the lens exceeds the distance at which we see objects distinctly, is magnified, and on this account objects are recognized in the perfect image which the eye cannot see in the original landscape.

† The particulars of this process have not been published; but we have no doubt that M. Daguerre, with his usual success, will find some way of reducing the speed of this new method.

over the surface of the plate after it was taken out of the camera, and when the *exciting* rays no longer acted upon it. Hence he called them the *continuing* rays, (*rayons continuateurs.*) The power of *exciting* was a *maximum* at the violet extremity of the spectrum, and gradually diminished towards the middle or green space; while the power of *continuing* the action was a *maximum* at the *red* extremity, and gradually diminished towards the *green* space, where a sort of neutral state existed. Hence, as the solar spectrum consists of three equal spectra, viz. violet, yellow, and red superposed, with their *maximum* illumination at different points, we may conceive the *exciting* power to be diffused along with the *violet* rays throughout the whole spectrum; the continuing rays to be diffused throughout the same along with the *red;* while the neutral *yellow* possess only the powers of heat and illumination. In this way only we can account for the diminution of the exciting and continuing powers towards the middle of the spectrum; and the entire disappearance of both these actions will take place, at the point where the ordinates of *excitation* and *continuation* are equal.

In applying this principle to the Daguerreotype, the plate is exposed only a short time to the action of the lights in the original picture—so short a time, indeed, that the vapour of mercury would not form a picture upon the plate. The plate being taken out of the camera, the sun's rays, passing through a red glass, are made to shine upon it for a few minutes. The action already excited is thus continued; and the plate, when exposed to the mercurial vapour, yields a picture as perfect as it would have done had it remained the proper time in the camera.

Beautiful, however, as this process is in its scientific relations, it is obviously one which is not fitted for the professional artist: for if the sun does not shine, the picture cannot be formed, and may be lost before the luminary reappears. This defect, however, we need not regret; for a practical and simple process of hastening the production of the picture has been discovered by M. Claudet, the ingenious artist who superintends the photographical department in the Adelaide Gallery. He discovered that the sensitiveness of the iodine film was singularly increased by passing it over the mouth of a bottle, containing the *chloride of iodine* or of *bromine.* As soon as the vapour of either of these bodies has spread itself over the film of iodine, the plate is placed in the camera, and in a very few seconds the action of light is completed.

In consequence of these improvements, the Photographic art has assumed a new character. When the patient (for so the sitter must be described) sat for five or ten minutes in a constrained

attitude, with his face exposed to a strong light, the portrait thus taken could neither be correct nor agreeable. A look of distress pervaded almost every feature; the eye, exposed to the strongest light, was half closed; the cheek was drawn up, and wrinkles, never seen in society, planted themselves upon the smooth and expanded forehead of youth and beauty. These evils are now entirely removed from the Daguerreotype. Even the momentary expression of passion or feeling may be seized, and the graceful form, which never fails to accompany it, simultaneously arrested. Motion of course it is impossible to represent; but the expressions of the face, and the positions of the muscles and limbs, which precede and follow motion, and therefore necessarily indicate it, are given as they existed at the moment when the exposure of the plate took place.

Such is the invention, in its improved state, which, after fifteen years of laborious research, M. Daguerre has given to the world—an invention with which his name will be indissolubly associated. It is, more than any other art we know, peculiarly his own; for the previous labours of Wedgewood and Niepce have with it nothing in common. It belongs, therefore, to France alone; and the liberality with which she has purchased it for the benefit of universal science, will secure to her the gratitude of all nations. This wise and generous step was, we believe, the suggestion of her most eminent philosopher, M. Arago, to whom M. Daguerre had unhesitatingly confided the secrets of his art. Struck with the splendour of the discovery, and foreseeing the advantages which science and art would receive from its application, he induced the government to offer M. Daguerre an annual pension of 6000 francs, and M. Niepce a pension of 4000 francs,* for surrendering to the public the use of their inventions; and, on the 3d July 1839, he presented to the Chamber of Deputies the report of a Commission, of which he was the chief, explaining the nature and estimating the value of the invention. Baron Gay Lussac submitted a similar report to the Chamber of Peers, breathing the same sentiments, and recommending the same national reward. The following passages from these reports, which were unanimously adopted by the Chambers, may be usefully perused in England, and show the entire unanimity of feeling which animated all parties in completing this interesting transaction:—

'The members of this Chamber, (M. Arago,) to whom the Ministry gave full powers, never bargained with M. Daguerre. Their communications had no other object than to determine whether the recompense,

* One-half of each is settled in reversion on their widows.

so justly due to the accomplished artist, should be a pension or a sum of money. From the first M. Daguerre perceived, that the payment of a stipulated sum might give to the transaction the base character of a sale. The case was different with a pension. By a pension you recompense the warrior who has been wounded in the field, and the magistrate who has grown grey on the bench. It is thus that you honour the families of Cuvier—of Jussieu, and of Champollion. Reflections like these could not fail to present themselves to a man of his exalted character, and M. Daguerre decided on a pension. He fixed the amount at 8000 francs, to be divided equally between himself and his partner, M. Niepce, junior. The proportion payable to M. Daguerre has been since raised to 6000 francs, making 10,000 in all; both on account of the condition specially imposed upon that artist of publishing *the secret of painting and illuminating the dioramic views*, and making known all future improvements with which he may enrich his photographic methods.'

'From these considerations,' says Baron Gay Lussac, 'it was thought desirable that this process should become public property. From a different motive it merited the attention of government, and ought to procure for its author a conspicuous reward. To those who are not insensible to national glory—who know that a people shine with greater splendour among the nations of the earth, only as they have realized a higher advancement in civilization—to those, we say, the process of M. Daguerre is a noble discovery. It is the origin of a new art in the middle of an old civilization;—an art which will constitute an era, and be preserved as a title of glory. And shall it descend to posterity companioned with ingratitude? Let it rather stand forth a splendid evidence of the protection which the Chambers—the Government of July—the whole country—offered to great inventions.

'It is, in reality, an act of national munificence which consecrates the bill in favour of M. Daguerre. We have given it our unanimous assent, yet not without marking how elevated and honourable is a reward voted by the country. And this we have done on purpose to remind the nation—not without some sad remembrances—that France has not always shown herself so grateful; and that too many useful labours—too many works of genius—have often procured for their authors only a barren glory. These are not accusations which we urge—they are errors which we deplore, in order now to avoid a new one.'

From the homage which we have cheerfully paid to the liberality of French philosophers and legislators, we could have desired to make no deduction; but there has been an *omission* in the transaction with M. Daguerre, which affects all nations, and which we would almost venture to request M. Arago still to supply. It is evident, from the whole tenor of the two Reports to the Chambers, that France purchased Daguerre's invention *for the benefit of all nations*, and not exclusively for the French people. It would be an insult to the two distinguished Reporters, and, indeed, to all parties concerned, to suppose that they had any other object in view. M. Arago emphatically says, 'This

'discovery France has adopted; from the first moment she has 'cherished a pride in liberally bestowing it—A GIFT TO THE 'WHOLE WORLD!' And M. Duchatel, the Minister of the Interior, on presenting the bill to the Chambers, distinctly declares, as an argument for a public reward, '*that Daguerre's* '*invention does not admit of being secured by patent.* So soon as 'it becomes known, every one may avail himself of its advantages. 'The most unskilful will produce designs with the same exactness 'as the most accomplished artist. Of necessity, then, this pro- 'cess must belong to all, or remain unknown.'

The Daguerrian Bill had scarcely passed the legislature, when 'on or about the 15th July 1839, *a certain foreigner residing* '*in France*, instructed Mr Miles Berry, patent agent in London, "immediately to petition her Majesty to grant her Royal Letters 'Patent for the exclusive use of the same within these kingdoms;"' and in consequence of these instructions, Mr Miles Berry 'did 'apply for such letters patent; and her Majesty's solicitor-general, '(Sir Thomas Wilde,) after hearing *all parties who opposed the* '*same*, was pleased on or about the 2d of August, now last past, 'to issue his report to the Crown *in favour of the patent being* '*granted*; and it consequently passed the great seal in the usual 'course, being sealed on the day above named, *which is* SOME 'DAYS PRIOR to the date of the exposition of the said invention or 'discovery to the French Government at Paris, by MM. Da- 'guerre and Niepce, according to the terms of their agreement.'

This remarkable statement, the object of which is very palpable, is thrust into the specification of the patent, after the usual preamble to all such deeds; and the patentee states with great *naiveté*, that *he believes* it to be the invention or discovery of Messrs Louis Jacques Maude Daguerre, and Joseph Isidore Niepce, junior, both of the kingdom of France; from whom the French Government have purchased the invention, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THAT COUNTRY!

The purpose of the preceding statement is obviously to create a belief, that M. Daguerre was not the foreigner who instructed the patent agent to petition her Majesty, and that he had transferred the benefit of his invention only to his own country. It is not our desire to investigate this part of the transaction any further: but we are bound to say, that the Solicitor-General of England would have done better, to advise her Majesty not to withhold from *her subjects*, that very invention which the King of the French had purchased for the benefit, not only of *his own people*, but of *all nations*. The patent cannot stand a moment's examination, and we would exhort the interested parties to apply for a writ of *scire facias*, for its immediate repeal.

It is a singular fact, though not without its parallel in the history of science, that when Daguerre in France was engaged in his beautiful experiments, another philosopher in England should have been occupied in analogous researches. Mr Henry Fox Talbot, of Lacock Abbey, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and well known as a mathematician and natural philosopher, had, as we have seen, previous to 1834, been attempting to fix the images of the camera obscura, and to copy objects and pictures by the action of light upon nitrate of silver. The first account which he gave of his labours, was in a Paper entitled *Some Account of the art of Photogenic Drawing, or the process by which natural objects may be made to delineate themselves without the aid of the artist's pencil.* This Paper was read to the Royal Society, on the 31st January 1839, several months before the disclosure of Daguerre's invention and methods.* We mention this fact, not for the purpose of claiming for our countryman any priority in reference to Daguerre; but merely to show that his labours, whatever analogy there may be between them, were wholly independent of those of the French philosophers. In this Paper, Mr Talbot did not give any account of his processes; but in a subsequent letter addressed to the Secretary of the Royal Society, and read to that body on the 21st February 1839,† he described his method of preparing the paper, and the process by which he fixed the design.

A sheet of superfine paper, after being dipped in a weak solution of common salt, is wiped dry; a solution of nitrate of silver, not saturated, but six or eight times diluted with water, is then spread on one surface only, and when dry the paper is fit for use. Leaves of flowers, and lace, laid upon the nitrated surface of this paper will be self-delineated by exposure to the sun, the lights and shades being reversed. In fixing these images, Mr Talbot at first tried ammonia and other re-agents with very imperfect success. His first good result was obtained by using a weak aqueous solution of iodide of potassium. He afterwards obtained better fixation by immersing the picture in a strong solution of common salt, and then wiping off the superfluous moisture and drying it. In order to make the prepared paper sufficiently sensitive to receive the images of the camera obscura, he washed it several times, alternately, with the solutions of salt, and nitrate of silver.

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* It was printed in the *Lond. and Edin. Phil. Mag.* for March 1839. Vol. xiv. p. 196.

† Id. Id. vol. xiv. p. 209.

Beautiful as some of the photographic drawings were, which Mr Talbot thus produced and exhibited to the Royal Society, he felt that the art had not yet attained great perfection; and he set himself diligently to improve his processes, but particularly to obtain a paper which should be in a high degree sensitive to light. Without such a paper, landscapes might be taken, and pictures of fixed natural objects copied with great accuracy; but portraits of living persons, who could not keep the same position for more than two or three minutes, at this time defied the photographic art, as practised both by Daguerre and Talbot.

In this new field of enquiry Mr Talbot met with perfect success. He discovered a method of making the paper so sensitive, that with a camera, whose lens is one inch in diameter, and focal length fifteen inches, a picture eight or nine inches square may be taken in general in *ten seconds.* In the darkest day of winter, a sheet of this paper becomes entirely dark *in a small fraction of a second.* In five or six seconds, it will darken when held close to a wax candle; and it is even so distinctly acted upon by the light reflected from the moon, that Mr Talbot has taken impressions of leaves on it by moonlight!

To this invention, Mr Talbot, as already mentioned, has given the name of *Calotype*, and has secured the exclusive privilege of it for England, by a patent sealed on the 8th February 1841.* We shall now endeavour to give our readers a popular account of the beautiful methods contained in the specification.

In order to obtain a *negative* picture, (the first and by far the most important part of the process,) or one in which the lights are dark and the shades light, take paper with a smooth surface and close texture; mark one side of it with a pencil cross, and by a camel's hair brush wash the marked side with a solution of 100 grains of *nitrate of silver* in six ounces of distilled water. After having been cautiously dried, it is immersed for a few minutes in a solution of *iodide of potassium*, consisting of 500 grains in one pint of distilled water. The paper when taken out is dipped in water, and dried by blotting-paper and heat gently applied, or it may be dried spontaneously after it comes from the blotting-paper. This operation is carried on in candle light, and the paper thus prepared is called *iodized* paper. It is insensible to light, and will keep for any length of time without spoiling.

When this paper is required for use, a sheet is washed with a camel's hair brush on the one side, with the following solution:

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* See Newton's *London Journal and Repertory of Patent Inventions.* Vol. xix. p. 189.

To a solution of 100 grains of *nitrate of silver*, in *two* ounces of distilled water, add *one third* of its volume of strong *acetic acid;* then dissolve a small quantity of crystallized *gallic acid* in distilled water, and mix the two solutions together in equal proportions; but in no greater quantity than is required for immediate use, for it will not keep long. This mixture is called *gallo-nitrate of silver*, and is to be applied with the light of a candle; and after allowing the paper to remain half a minute to absorb the gallo-nitrate of silver, it should be dipped in distilled water and dried lightly; first with blotting-paper, and then by means of a fire—holding the paper at a considerable distance from it. The paper is fit for use when thus dried, and should be used within a few hours.

Mr Talbot calls this paper *calotype* paper, and it is now placed in the camera obscura, to receive upon its surface a distinct image of the landscape or person to be drawn; no light being allowed to fall upon the paper till its surface is exposed to the image which it is to receive. The time of impressing the paper with an *invisible* image, varies from *ten seconds* to several minutes, according to the intensity of the light. In the light of a summer sun from *ten* to *fifty* seconds will be sufficient; but when the sun is not strong, *two* or *three* minutes in summer is necessary.

When the paper is removed from the camera, in candle light of course, there is generally *nothing visible upon its surface;* but by washing it all over by a camel's-hair brush, with the *gallo-nitrate of silver*, and holding it before a gentle fire, the picture will soon begin to appear, and the most luminous parts of the real object will, in its picture, be brown or black, while the other parts remain white. When the picture is sufficiently distinct, it must then be *fixed*, so that it will not be further acted upon by the strongest light. For this purpose it must be first dipped in water, then partly dried by blotting-paper, and afterwards washed with a solution of *bromide of potassium*, consisting of 100 grains of this salt, dissolved in eight or ten ounces of water; or in place of this it may be dipped in a strong solution of common salt. The picture is now fixed, and must be finally washed with water, and dried as before by blotting-paper.

When a *negative* picture has been thus obtained, many *positive* ones may be taken from it in the following manner: Take a sheet of good paper, and having dipped it for a minute or so in a solution of common salt, consisting of one part of a saturated solution to eight parts of water, dry it first in blotting-paper, and then spontaneously. Wash one of its sides (having previously marked that side) with a solution of nitrate of silver,

consisting of eighty grains of that salt dissolved in one ounce of distilled water. Allow this to dry, and then place the paper with its marked side upwards upon a flat surface. Above it, place the negative picture, and having put a plate of glass above, then press them together by screws or otherwise, and expose them to the light of the sun. In ten or fifteen minutes of bright sunshine, or in several hours of common daylight, a *positive* and beautiful picture will be found on the paper beneath the *negative* picture, in which the lights and shadows are now corrected. This picture, after being washed in water and then dried, is fixed by brushing it over with the solution of *bromide of potassium*, above mentioned, or by dipping it in a strong solution of *common salt*.

Mr Talbot next proceeds to describe an entirely new method of obtaining, directly, positive pictures by a single process.* As this process is one less certain, we believe, or rather one which requires more delicate and careful manipulation than the other, we shall describe it in Mr Talbot's own words :—

'A sheet of sensitive calotype paper is exposed to the daylight for a few seconds, or until a visible discoloration or browning of its surface takes place; then it is to be dipped into a solution of iodide of potassium, consisting of 500 grains to one pint of water. The visible discoloration is apparently removed by this immersion; such, however, is not really the case, for if the paper were dipped into a solution of gallo-nitrate of silver it would speedily blacken all over. When the paper is removed from the iodide of potassium, it is washed with water, and then dried with blotting-paper. It is then placed in the camera obscura, and after five or ten minutes it is removed therefrom, and washed with gallo-nitrate of silver, and warmed as before directed. An image of a positive kind is thereby produced, and represents the lights of objects by lights, and the shades by shades, as required.'

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* Positive photographic pictures were first obtained by a *single* process by Dr Andrew Fyfe of Edinburgh, and M. Lassaigne of Paris, nearly about the same time; but we have not heard that their methods have given satisfactory results. By the *double* process great advantages are obtained—the realization of the reverted pictures, and the power of multiplying copies. Mr Talbot, Sir John Herschel, and Mr Hunt, seem to have independently discovered the property of hydriodate of potash to whiten paper darkened by exposure to light. See a 'Popular Treatise on the Art of Photography, including Daguerreotype, and all the new Methods of producing Pictures by the Chemical Agency of Light. By Robert Hunt, Secretary to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society. Glasgow, 1841;' forming *Griffin's Scientific Miscellany*, No. VII. A work which we warmly recommend to the attention of photographers.

We have had an opportunity of seeing one of the pictures taken in this way, which is very good; but the only advantage of this direct process, is, that it necessarily gives a picture with sharper lines—lines as much sharper as those in the *ordinary negative* are sharper than those in the *ordinary positive*, which must always be copied through a certain thickness of paper. This process, however, is quite inferior to the other in two essential points. It requires such a length of time that portraits could not be taken by it, and, when we do obtain good pictures, we cannot multiply them as we do in the other process. The landscape must be appealed to for every picture of it, and the sitter must sit for every portrait.*

The patent right, and the important discovery which it secures, have now been brought into actual operation and use as a branch of the fine arts. Mr Henry Collen, a distinguished miniature-painter, has quitted his own beautiful art, and devoted his whole time to the calotype process. The portraits which he has produced, one of which is now before us, are infinitely superior to the finest miniatures that have ever been painted. Devoting his chief attention to the correct and agreeable delineation of the face by the action of light alone, he corrects any imperfection in the drapery, or supplies any defects in the figure, by his professional skill; so that his works have an entirely different aspect from those of the amateur, who must, generally speaking, be content with the result which the process gives him. In making this comparison we do not intend to convey the idea, that *perfect pictures*, both landscapes and portraits, cannot be produced without additional touches from the pencil of an artist. Without referring to the fine calotype delineations by Mr Talbot himself, who could not be otherwise than master of his own art, we have now before us a collection of admirable photographs executed at St Andrew's, by Dr and Mr Robert Adamson,† Major Playfair, and Captain Brewster. Several of these have all the force and beauty of the sketches of Rembrandt, and some of them have been pro-

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* Mr Talbot's patent includes also methods of obtaining photographic images upon copper—and of obtaining coloured or otherwise diversified photogenic images upon metallic surfaces covered with a thin layer of silver, and that by means of coloured films produced from a solution of acetate of lead by a galvanic current.

† All these calotypes were taken by means of excellent camera-obscuras constructed by Mr Thomas Davidson, optician, Edinburgh.

Mr Robert Adamson, whose skill and experience in photography is very great, is about to practise the art professionally in our northern metropolis.

nounced by Mr Talbot himself to be among the best he has seen.

Although the calotype art has attained, by Mr Talbot's labours alone, a singular degree of perfection in its ordinary results, there is yet a good deal to be done in simplifying its processes;* in obtaining a more perfect material than common writing-paper for the negative pictures; in giving it additional sensitiveness to enable it to succeed with the light of gas; and in rendering the result of the whole process more certain than it now is. The extension of the art, which is at this moment exciting great attention throughout the continent of Europe and also in America, will, doubtless, add to its methods and its resources; and bring it to a degree of perfection which Mr Talbot himself had never contemplated. In the mean time, it gives us great pleasure to learn, that though none of his photographical discoveries adorn the transactions of the Royal Society, yet the president and council have adjudged to him the Rumford Medals for the last biennial period.

Having thus given our readers a pretty ample account of the history of the Daguerreotype and Calotype, we shall now attempt to point out the advantages which these two arts, considered as the science of Photography, have conferred upon society; and shall afterwards endeavour to form an estimate of their respective merits and applications.

It would be an idle task to eulogize the arts of painting and sculpture, whether we view their productions as works of fancy, or as correct representations of what is beautiful and grand in nature. The splendid galleries of art throughout Europe, private as well as public, form their most appropriate eulogy. Any art, therefore, which should supersede that of the painter, and deprive of employment any of its distinguished cultivators, would scarcely be hailed as a boon conferred upon society. An invention which supersedes animal, or even professional labour, must be viewed in a very different light from an invention which supersedes the efforts of genius. That the art of painting will derive incalculable advantages from Photography it is impossible to doubt. M. Delaroche, a distinguished French painter, quoted by M. Arago, considers it as 'carrying to such perfection cer-

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* Mr William F. Channing of Boston gives a simpler process than Mr Talbot's; but it is only by omitting some of the steps of it. The calotype paper is therefore less sensitive. We have tried this simplified process, but without any desire to repeat it; for a good negative picture is worth all the trouble of Mr Talbot's process.—See the *American Journal of Science and the Arts*, July 1842, vol. xliii. p. 73,

'tain of the essential principles of art, that they must become 'subjects of study and observation even to the most accomplished 'artist. * * * The finish of inconceivable minuteness disturbs in 'no respect the repose of the masses, nor impairs in any manner 'the general effect.' 'The correctness of the lines,' he continues, 'the precision of the forms in the designs of M. Daguerre, are as 'perfect as it is possible they can be, and yet at the same time 'we discover in them a broad and energetic manner, and a whole 'equally rich in tone as in effect. The painter will obtain, by 'this process, a quick method of making collections of studies 'which he could not otherwise procure without much time and 'labour, and in a style very far inferior, whatever might be his 'talents in other respects.' * The same remarks are equally applicable to the arts of sculpture and architecture.

But if the artist is thus favoured by the photographer, what must be the benefit which he confers on the public—the addition which he makes to our knowledge—the direct enjoyment which he affords to our senses. How limited is our present knowledge of the architectural ornaments of other nations—of the ruined grandeur of former ages—of the gigantic ranges of the Himalaya and the Andes—and of the enchanting scenery of lakes, and rivers, and valleys, and cataracts, and volcanoes, which occur throughout the world! Excepting by the labours of some travelling artists, we know them only through the sketches of hurried visitors, tricked up with false and ridiculous illustrations, which are equal mockeries of nature and of art. But when the photographer has prepared his truthful tablet, and 'held his mirror up to na-'ture,' she is taken captive in all her sublimity and beauty; and faithful images of her grandest, her loveliest, and her minutest features, are transferred to her most distant worshippers, and become the objects of a new and pleasing idolatry. The hallowed remains which faith has consecrated in the land of Palestine, the scene of our Saviour's pilgrimage and miracles—the endeared spots where he drew his first and his latest breath—the hills and temples of the Holy City—the giant flanks of Horeb, and the awe-inspiring summits of Mount Sinai, will be displayed to the Christian's eye in the deep lines of truth, and appeal to his heart with all the powerful associations of an immortal interest. With feelings more subdued, will the antiquary and the architect study the fragments of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman grandeur—the pyramids, the temples, the obelisks of other ages. Every inscription, every stone, will exhibit to them its outline; the gray moss will lift its hoary frond, and the fading inscription unveil

* *History and Practice of Photogenic Drawing*, pp. 16, 17.

its mysterious hieroglyphics. The fields of ancient and modern warfare will unfold themselves to the soldier's eye in faithful perspective and unerring outline; and reanimated squadrons will again form on the plains of Marathon, and occupy the gorge of Thermopylæ.

But it is not only the rigid forms of art and of external nature —the mere outlines and subdivisions of space—that are thus fixed and recorded. The self-delineated landscape is seized at one epoch of time, and is embalmed amid all the co-existing events of the social and physical world. If the sun shines, his rays throw their gilding upon the picture. If rain falls, the earth and the trees glisten with its reflections. If the wind blows, we see in the partially obliterated foliage the extent of its agitation. The objects of still life, too, give animation to the scene. The streets display their stationary chariots, the esplanade its military array, and the market-place its colloquial groups;—while the fields are studded with the various forms and attitudes of animal life. Thus are the incidents of time, and the forms of space simultaneously recorded; and every picture becomes an authentic chapter in the history of the world.

In considering the relations of Photography to the art of portrait painting, we are disposed to give it a still higher rank. Could we now see in photogenic light and shadow Demosthenes launching his thunder against Macedon—or Brutus at Pompey's statue bending over the bleeding Cæsar—or Paul preaching at Athens—or Him whom we must not name, in godlike attitude and celestial beauty, proclaiming good-will to man, with what rapture would we gaze upon impersonations so exciting and divine! The heroes and sages of ancient times, mortal though they be, would thus have been embalmed with more than Egyptian skill; and the forms of life and beauty, and the lineaments of noble affections and intellectual power, the real incarnations of living man, would have replaced the hideous fragments of princely mortality scarcely saved from corruption.

But even in the narrower, though not less hallowed, sphere of the affections, where the magic names of kindred and home are inscribed, what a deep interest do the realities of photography excite! In the transition forms of his offspring, which link infancy with manhood, the parent will discover the traces of his own mortality; and in the successive phases which mark the sunset of life, the child, in its turn, will read the lesson that his pilgrimage too has a period which must close.

Nor are these delineations interesting only for their minute accuracy as works of art, or for their moral influence as incentive to virtue. They are instinct with associations equally vivid and

endearing. The picture is connected with its prototype by sensibilities peculiarly touching. It was the very light which radiated from his brow—the identical gleam which lighted up his eye—the pallid hue which hung upon his cheek—that penciled the cherished image, and fixed themselves for ever there.

But the useful arts, too, and even the sciences themselves, have become the willing eulogists of the photographer. As the picture in the Daguerreotype is delineated by vapours of mercury, which are effaced by a touch of the finger, it became desirable to fix them upon the silvered copper by a more permanent tracery. Dr Berres of Vienna is said to have discovered a method of doing this, in such an effective manner, that copies can be taken from the plate as from ordinary copperplates; and it has been asserted by Dr Donné, that the Daguerreotype plates may be directly etched by very dilute nitric acid, which acts most powerfully upon the parts of the picture that have the least quantity of mercurial vapour. As we have not seen any of these results, and are not able to adduce the testimony of others who have seen them, we cannot form an idea of the accuracy with which they may represent the original Daugerreotype picture. We have now, however, before us *four* engravings, obtained from Daguerreotype plates by the process of Mr Boscawen Ibbetson. *One* of these is from a Daguerreotype portrait, in which the original picture on the silvered plate is stippled by an engraver, and an impression thrown off in the usual way; and *three* of them represent objects of natural history obtained in the following manner. The exact outline of all the parts of the picture was traced by the engraver in the Daguerreotype plate by stippling; a print was next taken from the plate and transferred to stone; and the lithographer then filled in the necessary shading. One of these specimens is a thin section of a madrepore, taken by the oxy-hydrogen microscope, and magnified 12½ times. The other specimens represent a silicified Pentagonaster, and a Scaphite, accompanied with other fossils; and we venture to say, that these specimens possess every requisite that the naturalist could desire. Had the drawings been taken by *the Calotype, that is, upon paper, they could have been transposed* at once to stone with all their minute details, and without the intermediate step of an imperfect etching, depending on the engraver for its accuracy.

But there is still a simpler process by which the fine arts are aided by the Daguerreotype, and the results of this process are now before the world. Foreseeing the advantages of photographic pictures of the most interesting scenery in Europe, M.

Lerebours, well known as one of the most distinguished opticians in Paris, has collected more than twelve hundred Daguerreotype views of the most beautiful scenery and antiquities in the world. The remarkable views from the East were taken by MM. Horace Vernet and Goupil. M. Las Cases has furnished the interesting scenery of St Helena; and M. Jomard has been occupied with Spanish scenery and the beauties of the Alhambra. These Daguerreotype pictures, of which it is impossible to speak too highly, are engraved in *aqua tinta*, upon steel, by the first artists; and they actually give us the real representation of the different scenes and monuments at a particular instant of time, and under the existing lights of the sun and the atmosphere. The artists who took them, sketched separately the groups of persons, &c., that stood in the street, as the Daguerreotype process was not then sufficiently sensitive to do this of itself; but in all the landscapes, which shall now be reproduced by this singular art, we shall possess accurate portraits of every living and moving object within the field of the picture.*

It would be almost an insult to our readers to dwell with any detail on the utility of the new art, in promoting and extending science. We have already seen its advantages in giving the most faithful representation of objects of natural history; and it cannot fail to be equally useful in all the sciences of observation, where visible forms are to be represented. The civil engineer and the architect have claimed it as an art incalculably useful in their profession; and the meteorologist has seized upon it as a means of registering successive observations of the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, and magnetometer, in the observer's absence; and thus exhibiting to his eye, at the end of every day, accurate measures of all the atmospheric changes which have taken place.† We shall not say any thing at present of the great discoveries to which it has already conducted us in physical

* M. Lerebours' work is entitled *Excursions Daguerriennes, collection de 50 planches, representant les Vues et les Monumens les plus remarquable du Globe.* The views are from Paris, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Switzerland, Germany, London, Malta, Egypt, Damascus, St Jean D'Acre, Constantinople, Athens, &c.

† This application will be understood by supposing a sheet of sensitive paper to be placed *behind* the mercurial column of the barometer, and a light before the same column: the shadow of the top of the mercury will leave a white image on the paper blackened by the light, and the paper itself being moved behind the mercury by a clock, we shall thus observe the various heights of the mercury depicted at every instant of time.

optics, as we must devote a separate part of this article to their discussion.

In thus stating the peculiar advantages of Photography, we have supposed the Daguerreotype and Calotype to be the same art. Our readers have already seen in what the difference really consists; but it is still necessary that we should attempt to draw a comparison between them, as sister arts, with advantages peculiar to each.

In doing this, our friends in Paris must not suppose that we have any intention of making the least deduction from the merits of M. Daguerre, or the beauty of his invention; which cannot be affected by the subsequent discovery of the Calotype by Mr Talbot. While a Daguerreotype picture is much more sharp and accurate in its details than a Calotype, the latter possesses the advantage of giving a greater breadth and massiveness to its landscapes and portraits. In the one, we can detect hidden details by the application of the microscope; in the other, every attempt to magnify its details is injurious to the general effect. In point of expense, a Daguerreotype picture vastly exceeds a Calotype one of the same size. With its silver plate and glass covering, a quarto plate must cost five or six shillings, while a Calotype one will not cost as many pence. In point of portability, permanence, and facility of examination, the Calotype picture possesses a peculiar advantage. It has been stated, but we know not the authority, that Daguerreotype pictures have been effaced before they reached the East Indies; but if this be true, we have no doubt that a remedy will soon be found for the defect. The great and unquestionable superiority of the Calotype pictures, however, is their power of multiplication. One Daguerreotype cannot be copied from another; and the person whose portrait is desired, must sit for every copy that he wishes. When a pleasing picture is obtained, another of the same character cannot be produced. In the Calotype, on the contrary, we can take any number of pictures, within reasonable limits, from a negative; and a whole circle of friends can procure, for a mere trifle, a copy of a successful and pleasing portrait. In the Daguerreotype the landscapes are all reverted, whereas in the Calotype the drawing is exactly conformable to nature. This objection can of course be removed, either by admitting the rays into the camera after reflection from a mirror, or by total reflection from a prism; but in both these cases, the additional reflections and refractions are accompanied with a loss of light, and also with a diminution, to a certain extent, of distinctness in the image. The Daguerreotype may be considered as having nearly attained perfection, both in the

quickness of its operations and in the minute perfection of its pictures; whereas the Calotype is yet in its infancy—ready to make a new advance when a proper paper, or other ground, has been discovered, and when such a change has been made in its chemical processes as shall yield a better colour, and a softer distribution of the colouring material.

In the preceding pages we have treated of the history, the processes, the advantages, and the relative merits of the Daguerreotype and the Calotype, considered as two existing arts which we owe to M. Daguerre and Mr Talbot; and, under this restriction, we have not felt ourselves called upon to give any particular account of the experiments and improvements of Dr Fyfe, M. Claudet, Mr Hunt, Mr Ponton, M. Lassaigne, M. Netto, and many other writers. The necessary restriction of our limits, indeed, renders it impossible to enter into those minute details and discussions, which, though they might be less acceptable to a general reader, could not fail to be extremely interesting to those who may be engaged in the practice of these fascinating arts. The same cause has prevented us from describing the construction and use of the different camera-obscuras, with lenses and mirrors, which have been, or which may be, successfully employed in Photography.

Extensive, however, as the subject is, and restricted as we are, there are three philosophers, Sir John Herschel, Dr Draper of New York, and Professor Moser of Konigsberg, who have applied the photographic processes with such distinguished success to the advancement of optical science, that it would be unpardonable to withhold from our scientific readers an account of their discoveries; even had they been less important and of a less popular character than they are.

The researches of Sir John Herschel were both practical and theoretical.* In the first portion of the paper which contains them, he treats of the various parts of the photographic processes; and in the second, he treats of the chemical and calorific action of the solar rays. In the very important process of fixing photographs, whether negative or positive, Sir John gives the preference to the *hyposulphite of soda.*† The photograph is first

* 'On the Chemical Action of the Rays of the Solar Spectrum on 'Preparations of Silver and other Substances, both Metallic and Non-'Metallic, and on some Photographic Processes. By Sir John F. W. 'Herschel, Bart., K.H. V.P.R.S.,' *Phil. Trans.* 1840; pp. 1–60.

† The use of *ammonia* for fixing *positive* photographs was tried, but

well washed by soaking in water. When thoroughly dried, it is then brushed over very quickly with a flat camel-hair brush, dipped in a saturated solution of the hyposulphite, first on the face, then on the back. When the picture has been thus completely penetrated by the fluid, it must be washed repeatedly and copiously with water, until the water comes off without the slightest sweetness. Sir John recommends the repetition of this process, especially if the paper be thick. The use of common salt he has never found satisfactory; and though he regards the hydriodate of potash as good for fixation, if the right strength be hit, yet in the case of negative photographs its use would be injurious, from the yellow tint which it gives to the ground of the picture. In using a weak solution of corrosive sublimate, Sir John discovered a very singular effect of it. When the picture was washed over with this solution, and then laid for a few minutes in water, the picture was *completely obliterated.* But though invisible, it was only *dormant,* for it could easily be revived, in all its force, by merely brushing it over with a solution of a neutral hyposulphite. In this way it may be successively obliterated and revived as often as we please.

The 'numberless combinations' of chemical substances which were tried by Sir John Herschel, with the view of increasing the sensitiveness and facility of preparation of photographic paper, did not lead him to any very satisfactory results; and with the candour which distinguishes him, he 'most 'readily admits that the specimens (of photographic paper) recent-'ly placed in his hands by Mr Talbot, far surpass, in point of sen-'sitiveness, any that he had yet produced of a manageable kind.' Following Mr Talbot's principle of successive alternate washes with salt and nitrate of silver, Sir John adopted the following series of washes, viz.:—

1. Nitrate of silver. Spec. grav. 1.096, (say 1.1).
2. Muriate of soda. 1 salt, 19 water.
3. Nitrate of silver. Spec. grav. 1.132, (say 1.15).

saturating the muriatic solution with chloride of silver, and occasionally dividing the last, or third, application into two conse-

abandoned by Mr Talbot. Mr Constable of Jesus College, Cambridge, afterwards found it to be efficacious; and we have ourselves found it to be preferable to any other fixing liquid. When applied copiously and repeatedly, the photographs will resist the direct and continued light of the sun. As the ammonia always weakens the picture, the positive photographs should be strongly brought out by the sun. When they are weak, the bromide of potassium is preferable as the fixing material.

cutive washes of nitrate of silver, of equal strength, by dilution. As an ordinary working paper easily prepared, Sir John considers it as having sensibility enough for most purposes. It gives, he says, good camera pictures, and when smooth demy paper is used, it retains its whiteness even in the dark. As all other papers suffered discoloration under the preceding process, and as the smooth demy might not always be obtained of the same quality, Sir John was induced to adopt, for camera pictures, a process which proved both convenient and effectual; and which he found to apply equally well to both descriptions of paper—that is, the *blue wove post* and *smooth demy*. He simply ' delays the last or ' efficient wash of nitrate of silver, on which the sensitive quality ' depends, till the moment of using it; and, in fact, using the ' paper actually wet with the nitrate, and applied with its sensi- ' tive face against a glass plate, whose hinder surface is in the ' focus of the camera. This affords other collateral advantages: ' 1st, That all crumpling or undulation of the paper is avoided; ' 2d, That being rendered in some degree transparent, the light ' is enabled to act deeper within its substance.'

In the practice of Photography, the artist is often disturbed with imperfections in his paper, even when it has been prepared with the utmost attention. Both Mr Talbot and Sir John Herschel have paid particular attention to this imperfection; and have, we have no doubt, ascertained the general cause of these spots, as well as a probable means of preventing them.

'I will now add,' says Mr Talbot, 'a few remarks concerning the very singular circumstance which I have before briefly mentioned—viz, that the paper sometimes, although intended to be prepared of the most sensitive quality, turns out on trial to be wholly insensible to light, and incapable of change. The most singular part of this is the very small difference in the mode of preparation, which causes so wide a discrepancy in the result. For instance, a sheet of paper is all prepared at the same time, and with the intention of giving it as much uniformity as possible; and yet, when exposed to sunshine, this paper will exhibit large white spots of very definite outline, where the preparing process has failed; the rest of the paper, where it has succeeded, turning black as rapidly as possible. Sometimes the spots are of a pale tint of cerulean blue, and are surrounded by exceedingly definite outlines of perfect whiteness, contrasting very much with the blackness of the part immediately succeeding. With regard to the theory of this, I am only prepared to state as my opinion at present, that it is a case of what is called "unstable equilibrium." The process followed is such as to produce one of two definite chemical compounds; and when we happen to come near the limit which separates the two cases, it depends upon exceedingly small and often imperceptible circumstances, which of the two compounds shall be formed. That they

are both definite compounds, is of course at present merely my conjecture; that they are signally different, is evident from their dissimilar properties.' *

Both Sir John Herschel and Mr Hunt concur in the theory given of these spots by Mr Talbot; and the former has suggested the following method of preventing their occurrence.

'It frequently happens that, however carefully the successive washes are applied, so as apparently to drench completely every part of the paper, irregular patches in the resulting sheet will be of a comparatively much lower degree of sensibility; which degree is nevertheless uniform over their whole area. These patches are always sharply defined and terminated by *rounded* outlines, indicating, as their proximate cause, the spreading of the wash last applied within the pores of the paper. They have been noticed and well described by Mr Talbot, and ascribed by him, I think justly, to the assumption of definite and different chemical states of the silver within and without their area, which it would be highly interesting to follow out. They are very troublesome in practice, but may be materially diminished in frequency, if not avoided altogether, by saturating the saline washes used, previous to their application, with chloride of silver. By attending to this precaution, and by dividing the last wash of the nitrate into two of half the strength, applied one after the other, drying the paper between them, their occurrence may be almost entirely obviated.

The occurrence of these white spots on the paper used for *positive* photographs, is particularly distressing. When a favourable sun and a fine *negative* drawing should have produced a powerful picture, the figures often appear without heads or hands, or with such numbers of white spots as to destroy the picture. In order to be secure against this disappointment, Sir David Brewster exposes the nitrated paper to such a degree of light as to produce a sort of neutral brownish tint over the whole.† The uniformity of this tint indicates the absence of white spots; and when the white spots do appear, we may either reject the paper or place the *negative* upon that part of it which is uniformly tinged. This tinge has another advantage. It prevents that disagreeable change of colour, which, in the course of time, comes over all photographs that have been fixed with the bromide of potassium; and it greatly adds to the effect of a picture with very deep shadows produced by an excess of light, and which has been fixed by ammonia.

Within our present limits, we cannot stop to give our reader

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* 'Some account of the Art of Photogenic Drawing, &c.' p. 13.

† Instead of using for positives the strong nitrate of 80 grains to 1 oz. of water, he uses the aceto-nitrate, with only 50 grains to $1\frac{1}{3}$ oz. of fluid, that is, of water and acetic acid. The acetic acid may be replaced by common vinegar in taking positives.

an adequate idea of the discoveries made by Sir John Herschel during his photographic researches. We must, therefore, content ourselves with little more than an enumeration of them.

1. By concentrating the prismatic spectrum with a large lens of crown glass, and receiving it on paper prepared, as already described, the paper was tinged with colours 'imitating those of 'the spectrum itself.' The *red* rays give *no tint;* the *orange* a *faint brick red;* the *orange yellow*, a pretty strong *brick red;* the *yellow* give a *red passing into green;* the *yellow green* give a *dull bottle green;* the *green* a *dull bottle green*, passing into *bluish;* the *blue green* give a *sombre blue*, almost *black;* the *blue* give a *black*, which, by long exposure, becomes a *metallic yellow*, like imperfect gilding; the *violet* produced a *black*, passing into the same *yellow*, by long exposure in the less refrangible portions of the violet ray; the part *beyond the violet* gave a *violet black* or *purplish black.*

2. The rays beyond the violet were found by concentration to have a decided colour, to which Sir John has given the name of *lavender grey.*

3. When hydriodate of potash, of moderate strength, is applied to darkened Photographic papers, they become susceptible of being *whitened* or *oxidized* by further exposure to light: The whitening begins in the violet rays, but when we come to the red rays a *blackening* or *deoxidizing* effect takes place, which extends distinctly beyond the *red* extremity.

4. When the sun's rays pass through different transparent bodies before they fall upon nitrated paper, these bodies have the property some of *exalting*, and others of *depressing* the effect of the direct light of the sun. Colourless plates of *Saxon topaz, sulphate of lime, Iceland spar, Rochelle salt, and quartz*, exalted the solar action in different degrees when the paper was in contact with them. Capricious results, however, were obtained with different kinds of glass, and different kinds of paper, differently prepared.

5. By a very interesting preparation of paper (thin post) blackened on one side with Indian ink, and washed on the other with rectified spirit of wine, and having this last side exposed to the spectrum, Sir John displayed, by means of the drying or whitening of the paper, the length and structure of the *calorific spectrum.* The chief heating power lay on that side of the yellow ray, D of Fraünhofer, and extended as far on that side as the whole length of the ordinary luminous spectrum. He observed five nearly equidistant centres or *maxima* of action; the first corresponding with the extreme red ray; and the fifth, which was very faint, as far beyond the visible red extremity as the line D is from the extreme violet ray.

In pursuing these researches, this distinguished philosopher has been led to other highly interesting results. The action of light on vegetable colours, he finds to be positive; that is, it either destroys the colour totally, or leaves a residual tint on which light has no further action.* This action is confined to the region of the spectrum occupied by the luminous rays; and the rays which are effective in destroying any given tint, are in a great many cases 'those whose union produces a colour *complementary* to the tint 'destroyed.' A still more interesting result of this enquiry has been the discovery of two new Photographic processes; to the latter of which its author has given the name of *Chrysotype*, from its being chiefly produced by a solution of *gold*. When paper has been first washed over with a solution of *ammonio-citrate* of *iron*, then dried, and afterwards washed over with a solution of *ferro-sesqui-cyanuret of potassium*, it becomes capable of receiving with great rapidity a *positive* photographic impression. When a *negative* picture has been impressed upon paper washed with the former of these solutions, but which is originally faint and sometimes scarcely perceptible, it is immediately called forth upon being washed over with a neutral solution of GOLD. The picture does not at once acquire its full intensity, but rapidly blackens up to a certain point; when the photograph acquires a sharpness and perfection of detail which nothing can surpass. A solution of *silver* produces a similar effect with greater intensity, but much more slowly.†

To Professor Draper of New York, we owe many interesting facts and views connected with the photographical art. He was the first, we believe, who, under the brilliant summer sun of New York, took portraits with the Daguerreotype. This branch of Photography seems not to have been regarded as a possible application of Daguerre's invention; and no notice is taken of it in the reports made to the legislative bodies of France. We have been told that Daguerre had not at that period taken any portraits; and when we consider the period of time, twenty or twenty-five minutes, which was then deemed necessary to get a Daguerreotype landscape, we do not wonder at the observation of a French author, who describes the taking of portraits as *toujours un terrain un peu fabuleux pour le Daguerreotype.* Daguerre, however, and his countryman, M. Claudet, have

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* This effect is perfectly analogous to that of the action of heat upon the colour of minerals. In Brazil topaz the residual tint is always a light pink. See *Phil. Trans.* vol. xix. p. 25.

† Hence Sir J. Herschel considers the name *Siderotype*, taken from the *iron* employed in one of the solutions, as preferable to *Chrysotype*.

nobly earned the reputation of having perfected this branch of the art.

It had been long known, that if we write upon a piece of glass with a pencil of Soapstone or Agalmatolite, the written letters, though wholly invisible, may be read by simply breathing upon the glass; and this even though the surface has been well cleaned after the letters had been written. Dr Draper observed, that if a piece of metal, a shilling for example, or even a wafer, is laid upon a cool surface of glass or polished metal, and the glass or metal breathed upon, then, if the shilling is tossed from the surface, and the vapour dried up spontaneously, a spectral image of the shilling will be seen by breathing again upon the surface; the vapour depositing itself in a different manner upon the part previously protected by the shilling.* More recently, Professor Draper has shown, that this spectral image could be revived during a period of several months of the cold weather in the winter of 1840-1; but he has stated that he cannot find the reason of this result, though he regards it as analogous to the deposition of mercurial vapour in the Daguerreotype.† We have often repeated this interesting experiment, by keeping the protecting body, the shilling or wafer, *at a distance* from the glass or metallic surface, or by putting it under a watch-glass; and we found that the result was always the same, (even after cleaning the surface with soft leather,) so that change of temperature, or any pressure upon the glass surface, were excluded as causes of the phenomenon.

Professor Draper was led also to the interesting conclusion, 'that the chemical action produced by the rays of light, depends 'upon the rays being rendered latent or absorbed by sensitive bodies;' that 'by some unknown process, photographic effects on 'sensitive surfaces gradually disappear, and that it depends on 'the chemical nature of the sensitive material, which rays shall 'be rendered latent or absorbed.'‡

During a long journey, undertaken during the last summer for the purpose of trying the photographical power of the sun's rays in lower latitudes, Professor Draper has been conducted to a very remarkable discovery. No similar result could be obtained at New York, and therefore we can have no expectation of witnessing it in England. From photographic impressions of the solar spectrum, obtained in the South of Virginia, when the thermometer was 96° of Fahrenheit in the shade, Professor Draper found, that 'under a brilliant sun, there is a class of rays com-

* *Lond. and Edin. Phil. Magazine*, vol. xviii. p. 218, Sept. 1840-41.
† *Id. Id.* v. xix. 198. ‡ *Id. Id.* 195-6.

'mencing precisely at the termination of the *blue*, and extending 'beyond the extreme *red*, which totally and perfectly arrest the 'light of the sky. The *negative* rays seemed almost as effective 'in *protecting*, as the *blue* rays are in *decomposing* iodide of 'silver.'

'The most remarkable part of the phenomenon,' says Professor Draper, 'is, that the same class of rays makes its appearance again beyond the extreme lavender rays. Sir J. Herschel has already stated, in the case of bromide of silver, that these negative rays exist low down in the spectrum. This specimen, however, proves that they exist at both ends, and do not at all depend on the refrangibility. It was obtained with yellow iodide of silver, Daguerre's preparation, the time of exposure to the sun fifteen minutes.

'In this impression, six different kinds of action may be distinctly traced, by the different effects produced on the mercurial amalgam. Those, commencing with the most refrangible rays, may be enumerated as follows:—1st, protecting rays; 2d, rays that whiten; 3d, rays that blacken; 4th, rays that whiten intensely; 5th, rays that whiten very feebly; 6th, protecting rays.

'It is obvious we could obtain negative photographs by the Daguerreotype process, by absorbing all the rays coming from natural objects, except the red, orange, yellow, and green, allowing at the same time diffused daylight to act on the plate.

'This constitutes a great improvement in the art of Photography, because it permits its application in a negative way to landscapes. In the original French plan, the most luminous rays are those that have least effect, whilst the sombre blue and violet rays produce all the action. Pictures produced in that way never can imitate the order of light and shadow in a coloured landscape." *

From these observations, Professor Draper considers that 'there are strong reasons for believing that the sun's light, in 'tropical seasons, differs intrinsically from ours.' With a French achromatic lens, which performed admirably in a camera at New York, the Chevalier Fredrichstal, who travelled in Central America for the Prussian government, found very long exposures in the camera necessary, to produce impressions of the ruined monuments of the deserted cities. Professor Draper says that these Daguerreotypes 'are of a very remarkable aspect; and he 'assures us that other competent travellers experienced similar 'difficulties, and even *failed to get any impressions whatever*.' These difficulties must certainly be due, as Professor Draper conjectures, to the antagonist action of the negative and positive rays.

We shall now give our readers a very condensed account of the extraordinary discoveries recently made by M. Ludwig Moser,

* *Lond. and Edin. Phil. Magazine*, vol. xxi. p. 349.

of the University of Königsberg; and we are fortunately able to do this with accuracy, from a detailed abstract of them communicated in manuscript by Professor Moser himself to Sir David Brewster. According to his views, light produces the same general effect upon all substances, and this effect consists in its modifying their surfaces, so as to make them condense vapours differently. The quantity of vapours thus condensed, depends on the intensity of the light and the duration of its action; and also on the elasticity of the vapour and the duration of its action. The iodide of silver is *at first* blackened by the action of light; and this effect is produced most rapidly by the *blue* and *violet* rays, and more slowly by the other rays in the ratio of their lesser refrangibility. But when the action of light upon the iodide is prolonged, the *blackened iodide* is brought back to a *coloured iodide;* and this restoration is produced most rapidly by the *red* and *yellow* rays, and less rapidly by the *blue* and *violet,* in the ratio of their greater refrangibility.

All bodies, according to Professor Moser, emit light even in absolute darkness, and this light differs entirely from that which is emitted by phosphorescent bodies. It is called by Professor Moser the *proper* light of bodies. It acts upon all substances in the same manner as ordinary light—that is, it modifies their surfaces, so as to enable them to condense vapours differently. The leading experiment from which this doctrine is deduced, consists in placing a polished surface of silver within the twentieth of an inch of a cameo of horn or agate, with white figures upon a dark ground. After remaining at that distance ten minutes, the figures engraved on the cameo have impressed themselves on the silver surface, and may be rendered visible by throwing upon that surface the vapours of mercury, water, oil, &c. If the image in a camera obscura is received upon a surface of silver, glass, wood, leather, &c., the image may, in like manner, be rendered visible. The proper light of bodies, which has a great refrangibility, is the most suitable for commencing the action upon bodies. From these results, Professor Moser has drawn the important conclusion, that there exists *latent light,* analogous to *latent heat;* and that a portion of light becomes latent when any liquid evaporates, and is again disengaged when the same vapour is condensed. The condensation of vapours, therefore, acts like light upon the condensing bodies; particular vapours acting like particular coloured rays of the spectrum. The latent light of *mercurial* vapours is *yellow,* and their condensation produces all the effects of *yellow* light. The latent light of the vapours of *iodine* is *blue* or *violet.* The latent light of *chlorine, bromine,* and their combinations, differs a little in refrangibility from those of iodine. The latent light of the vapour of *water* is neither *green, yellow,*

orange, nor *red*. The latent light of the hydro-fluoric vapours, surpasses in refrangibility that of the visible rays. Hence Professor Moser concludes, that the *iodide of silver* derives its great sensibility to ordinary light, from the circumstance that the latent light of the vapour of iodine is disengaged, and acts on the substance of the metal; and that the iodide of silver has not a greater sensibility to the invisible rays than pure silver.*

These general results are deduced from various experiments detailed in three memoirs; only one of which is yet published in Poggendorff's *Annalen der Physik*. This *first* memoir is *On Vision, and the Action of Light upon all Bodies;* the *second*, *On the Latent State of Light;* and the third, *On Invisible Rays.* The published Memoir indicated at the head of this article, contains many interesting experiments connected with the Daguerreotype; but the most important part of it is that in which its author assimilates the phenomena of vision to those of Photography. In developing his particular views on this subject, he founds them on the following experiment made by Sir David Brewster, which he regards as a complete proof of his theory:—

'If, when two candles are placed at the distance of eight or ten feet from the eye, and about a foot from each other, we view the one directly, and the other indirectly; the indirect image will swell, as we have already mentioned, and will be succeeded with a bright ring of *yellow* light, while the bright light within the ring will have a *pale-blue* colour. If the candles are viewed through a prism, the *red* and *green* light of the *indirect* image will vanish; and there will be left only a large mass of *yellow*, terminated with a portion of *blue* light. In making this experiment, and looking steadily and directly at one of the prismatic images of the candles, I was surprised to find that the *red* and *green* rings began to disappear, leaving only *yellow* and a small portion of *blue;* and when the eye was kept immovably fixed on the same point of the image, the *yellow light became almost pure white;* so that the prismatic image was converted into an *elongated image of white light*.'—(*Treatise on Optics*, p. 296, 297.)

Professor Moser regards this experiment as inexplicable by the ordinary theory of accidental colours; and ascribes the phenomena to a peculiar vital action not yet understood.

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* We have found that many of the phenomena ascribed to *latent light*, or to *heat*, are owing to the absorption of matter in the state of vapour or minute particles, passing from the object to the surface of the glass or metal upon which the image of that object is impressed; and by this means we have obtained very fine pictures upon glass, which are *positive* when seen by reflection, and *negative* when seen by transmitted light. These pictures are rendered visible by the vapour of water, &c.

In the middle of this physiological difficulty, our exhausted limits compel us to stop. But we cannot allow ourselves to conclude this article without some reflections, which the preceding details must have excited in the minds of our readers, as well as in ours. Two great inventions, the produce of two of the greatest and most intellectual nations in the world, have illustrated the age in which we live. With a generous heart and open hand, France has purchased the secret of the Daguerreotype; and while she has liberally rewarded the genius which created it, she has freely offered it as a gift to all nations—a boon to universal science—a donation to the arts—a source of amusement and instruction to every class of society. All the nations of Europe—save one—and the whole hemisphere of the New World, have welcomed the generous gift. They have received the free use of it for all their subjects; they have improved its processes; they have applied it to the arts; they have sent forth travellers to distant climes to employ it in delineating their beauties and their wonders. In England alone, the land of free-trade—the enemy of monopoly—has the gift of her neighbour been received with contumely and dishonour. It has been treated as contraband—not at the Custom-house, but at the Patent-office. Much as we admire the principle of our Patent laws, as the only reward of mechanical genius under governments without feeling and without wisdom, we would rather see them utterly abrogated, than made, as they have in this case been made, an instrument of injustice. While every nation in the world has a staff of pilgrim philosophers, gathering on foreign shores the fragments of science and practical knowledge for the benefit of their country, England marshals only a coast-guard of patent agents, not to levy duties, but to extinguish lights; not to seize smugglers, but to search philosophers; not to transmit their captures to the national treasury, but to retain them as fees and profits to interested individuals.

Nor does the fate of the Calotype redeem the treatment of her sister art. The Royal Society—the philosophical organ of the nation—has refused to publish its processes in their Transactions. No Arago—no Gay Lussac, drew to it the notice of the Premier or his Government. No representatives of the People or the Peers unanimously recommended a national reward. No enterprizing artists started for our colonies to portray their scenery, or repaired to our insular rocks and glens to delineate their beauty and their grandeur. The inventor was left to find the reward of his labours in the doubtful privileges of a patent;—and thus have these two beautiful and prolific arts been arrested on English ground, and doomed to fourteen years' imprisonment in the labyrinths of Chancery Lane!

ART. II.—*Speeches of* LORD CAMPBELL, *at the Bar, and in the House of Commons; with an Address to the Irish Bar as Lord Chancellor of Ireland.* 8vo. Edinburgh: 1842.

WE regard the publication of this volume with interest, not derived merely from the intrinsic merit of some of the speeches which it contains, and the importance of the events with which they are associated; but from the memorials it presents of a career which it is pleasant to contemplate, and wise to hold out as an encouraging example. The professional life of its author is not illustrated by those sparkling qualities which sometimes attain a sudden triumph, and which few can emulate; nor diversified by those happy accidents which occasionally decide the fate of a bold aspirant, when trembling between obscurity and greatness; but consists of an uninterrupted course of strenuous labours, sustained with unflinching courage and unwearied patience, and, by constant and regular progress, achieving high and merited honours. From the political party to which he attached himself in youth, notwithstanding its attainment of power then beyond all expectation, he has derived no other pecuniary benefits than the office of Attorney-General conferred—the painful and ill-paid duties of which he discharged for a longer period than any of his predecessors, and with industry and care which none of his successors can ever surpass; so that of the numerous lawyers who have attained high rank, and founded noble families, he has, as much as any one within our recollection, directly worked for and earned his fortune, by that persevering toil which inferior minds may imitate with proportionate success, and which none can imitate in vain. His course has also the merit and the beauty—too often wanting, or imperfect in the history of eminent lawyers—of entire political consistency. Early in life he chose his party for better and for worse; clove to it with constancy; and now advocates in the House of Lords those principles which he embraced when their success seemed a distant hope, and which, notwithstanding the present exclusion from office of those by whom they have been supported, are, and will continue triumphant. And without imputing dishonourable motives to those successful lawyers whose career has wanted, or seemed to want, this grace—believing that the changes imputed to them have rarely been attended by feelings consciously base—we may be permitted to regard it as a ground of congratulation, when a long public career wears all the outward symbols of the integrity which has influenced its

secret springs of action; when the objects of youthful and enthusiastic affection are the same with those of matured attachment; *and when the whole course of active and contemplative existence is in keeping and harmony.*

We should have liked this volume better if it had comprised a greater variety of speeches at the Bar, illustrating the stages of its author's progress—many of which, if we recollect rightly, were inspired by occasions of great forensic interest, and which, eminently successful with courts and juries, would have been of much value to the student of common law; and for these we could have spared the ponderous argument on the question of Parliamentary Privilege, though it is a remarkable instance of industry in searching for all possible materials, and of perfect mastery obtained over them. But perhaps the means of reviving those efforts, which were attended with the most signal success, did not remain; or the difficulty of rendering them intelligible, without a full detail of all *the surrounding incidents,* may have presented insuperable obstacles in the way of such a selection. This last difficulty considerably detracts from the effect of the first speech of this volume—the defence of the action of 'Norton v. Lord Melbourne'—which, heard in connexion with the evidence which it dissects and exposes, produced entire conviction of the utter baselessness of the case which the plaintiff had been induced—we believe against his own better judgment—to bring into court, and well entitled the advocate to the cheers with which he was greeted on entering the House of Commons, after the verdict was given. Other objections have been urged to the publication of this speech, which we do not think equally valid. If, indeed, it were possible to obliterate all remembrance of an attempt—made not *by,* but *through* the ostensible plaintiff—to crush the First Minister of the Crown, by sacrificing the reputation and the peace of a beautiful and richly-gifted woman—we grant that such oblivion of the endeavour would be wisely purchased by the suppression of the effort which destroyed it. But this is surely impossible—not only because the position held by the defendant in the councils of his sovereign, from which an adverse verdict must have driven him, renders the attack part of the history of the times, but because the celebrity of the lady, exposed to double envy by the dangerous gifts of genius and beauty, imparts to her sorrows that undying interest which always attends suffering when associated with high endowments. If the splendour of hereditary association, and her own just claims to fame, deny to her the refuges of mediocrity, and preserve the memory of her trials, it is surely better that the record of the exposure of the attempt in which her character was in-

volved should attend the recollection of the wrong, than that posterity should be left to guess at the materials of the charge, and the force of the answer. If regarded apart from the fortunes of the distinguished persons which it involved, this cause affords an egregious instance of that peculiar action which, to the disgrace of the English Law, it not only permits, but absolutely requires, before a husband, however wronged, can obtain the severance of the violated marriage-tie. It is assuredly a reproach to civilization itself that such a remedy should be allotted to such a wrong;—that a man should be compelled to seek '*compensation in damages*' for the loss of a life of affection, and the blighting of hopes which extend through human life and overstep the grave, by pouring on the greedy ears of 'his friends and the public,' all the shameful details of his wife's crime and his own dishonour. In vain does his advocate represent his loss and his misery as beyond the power of money to compensate—it is still money that he asks; and those in whose presence that degrading appeal is made, ought to feel, not that money is inadequate in degree to the purpose for which it is sought, but wholly inapplicable in kind—that to require a jury to determine on their oaths how much in pounds, shillings, and pence the adulterer ought to pay to the friend whose wife he has seduced, is as absurd as to propound to them the child's question, *How many miles is it to Christmas-day?* Among the many varieties of injustice which the prosecution of such a complaint involves, perhaps the worst is that which denies to the party whose interests are most fearfully affected by its conduct and its issue—the lady whose imputed frailty is directly in question—any representative or protector; for, if she is innocent, he who should defend her is her accuser, and she has no claim on the defendant, whose relation to her is erroneously charged. In this case the injustice would have been bitterly felt, if the tissue of misapprehension and falsehood which constituted the evidence for the plaintiff had been more artfully woven; for the duty of the Counsel for the defendant to their client might still have compelled them to abstain from assailing it by proof; and thus, although successful in the result, might have left the vindication of the lady imperfect. The practice of *nisi prius*, which enables a plaintiff's advisers to select fragments of the truth, and to arrange them, so as to compel or provoke their opponents to supply the deficiencies in the picture, at the peril of all those casualties which often occur in the course of evidence, and which a defendant can neither anticipate nor explain, produced on this occasion appearances essentially deceptive; which, though inadequate at the worst to influence the verdict, might have been sufficient to leave a taint on the repu-

tation of the lady, if happy accident, wisely employed by Sir John Campbell, had not dispelled them. As the case for the plaintiff appeared in proof almost until its close, it must have been inferred that, on some discovery, a separation took place between the husband and wife, of which the action was the direct consequence; and such would have remained the conviction of the judge, jury, and spectators, if the accidental appearance in the witness-box of a female servant, to prove the handwriting of the lady to a few most innocent letters to her husband, had not enabled the counsel to elicit the important and hitherto unsuspected fact, that the unhappy difference between them arose on matter *wholly unconnected with a suspicion of her honour*—that they had, in truth, separated because he would not permit their children to accompany her on a visit to her brother, which he was not invited to share; and that weeks had elapsed before he thought of regarding the intimacy, of which he had been naturally and honourably proud, as tainted with the guilt subsequently imputed by the action. Another instance of false appearance, produced by a partial disclosure of truths, passed, in this cause, without detection. The servants of the exemplary daughter of a gallant officer were examined, to prove that they had, on two or three occasions, attended the carriage of their mistress when it conveyed Mrs Norton to the house of the defendant; that mistress sat in a room adjoining the court, expecting to be herself called to explain the objects of those visits to be perfectly innocent, and approved by the plaintiff; but she waited in vain;—the plantiff left the explanation to be given by the defendant; the defendant's counsel thought the weakness of the case on other points rendered it unnecessary to answer it on this; and thus, although the witnesses on this point spoke only truth, the result of their evidence was falsehood. No one will impute to the eminent advocate who conducted the plantiff's case, any desire to suppress or distort truth; probably the entire facts were not known to him, or some urgent reason existed for declining to present particular witnesses *as his own witnesses,* of which a stranger cannot judge: both the circumstances suggest a defect in our judicial system, which deserves serious consideration. Surely when we expose —as we had recently occasion to expose*—the meretricious license of French advocacy, by which much may be asserted and insinuated which cannot be proved, we ought to allow that there is an opposite imperfection in our own practice; which,

* See the Article in Vol. 151, on the 'Trial of Madame Lafarge.'

confining the enquiry within narrower limits and stricter rules, and leaving to either party the option of disclosing just so many of the facts as he may think prudent, often leaves a cause to be decided while much important truth remains untold. At all events, it must be admitted that, however fair this game of *nisi prius* may be to the contending parties, its operation is most unjust when its highest stake is really the character of a woman, who has no share in its management—no power to make her own conduct clear—no organ even to express a wish on her behalf as to the production of evidence—on which her rights as a wife and a mother, and her social existence may depend. Fortunately, in this case, the truths were sufficiently developed to render a belief in the charge impossible; and the unhesitating verdict of the jury—pronounced without the production of the proofs which might have shattered the case, if it had not fallen to pieces in its progress, and been trampled into dust by the speech for the defence—left the lady whose peace it involved, to receive all the consolation which public sympathy can minister to such trials and such sorrows.

The merits of this speech, consisting, for the most part, in masterly analysis of the evidence, and indignant exposure of the falsehood of some portions of it, and of the inferences drawn from others—does not admit of exemplification by extract; nor, indeed, does the general style of Lord Campbell's pleading, which consists in the exact adaptation of subtle reasoning to the aim which it rarely fails to reach, afford frequent opportunities for the exhibition of passages which look remarkable even when torn asunder from the framework of the argument they illustrate. Yet the next speech—the defence of Mr Medhurst—delivered on an occasion of deep individual interest, and applicable to a very simple state of facts, contains passages of pure diction and manly pathos, which a short statement of the circumstances attendant on its delivery will enable every reader to appreciate. The client of Sir John Campbell, a young gentleman of nineteen years of age, had the misfortune to kill a fellow-pupil of about the same age named Alsop, who, with himself, had been pursuing his studies in the interval unwisely interposed between school and the university, under the direction of a clergyman with whom they both boarded. Some alienation had occurred between the youths, which gave a fiercer character to a casual encounter, in the course of which Medhurst, under the influence of rage, and perhaps of apprehension, inflicted a wound on his adversary with a knife which he unfortunately had on his person, which shortly after terminated in death. A coroner's jury—always the worst selected, and sometimes the worst directed of all English tribunals—returned a verdict

of *wilful murder* against the poor lad, who was abundantly punished by the wretchedness which the issue of his sudden act entailed on him, and he was committed to take his trial for that crime. When the indictment was preferred, however, the grand jury returned a *true bill* for manslaughter; for which offence Sir John Campbell was retained to defend him at the Central Criminal Court; but the presiding Judges thought themselves bound to direct the trial to proceed on the inquisition, and the young prisoner stood on his deliverance for life or death—an issue which strong prejudices rendered doubtful. After describing the melancholy contest according to the truth, as forcibly elicited from the witnesses, Sir John Campbell thus alluded to the subsequent conduct of the sufferers :—

'If a desire of vengeance and not self-defence had been the motive of the prisoner, what then would have been his demeanour? His passion would have been gratified. He would have enjoyed at least that momentary satisfaction, though to be followed by remorse, which is felt in accomplishing any object, however wicked. But he was instantly horror-struck—"O God!" he exclaimed—no other utterance could he find for grief and anguish. From that moment he could not have shown more sympathy and tenderness for his recovery, had he been a beloved brother, who, by some mischance, had met a similar fate from the hand of a stranger. Nor was this from any sordid regard to his own safety. I believe, though unconscious of ever having entertained any bad feeling towards Alsop, and certain that the offence with which he now stands charged never could be truly imputed to him, he would willingly have sacrificed his own existence to rescue his friend from the consequence of the wound of which he was the unfortunate cause. Need I remind you how kindly he conducted him to his chamber, how affectionately he hung over him in bed, trying to assuage his pain, and the earnestness he displayed that the sufferer might be surrounded by his relations? If my client had felt any consciousness of guilt, or alarm for his own safety, he might at any time have fled to await the event. But he continued by the sick-bed to the last; he still remained in the house when the scene had closed—and being informed of the finding of the coroner's jury accusing him of murder, he voluntarily went to a magistrate, and surrendered himself that he might be tried by God and his country.

'Is this the conduct of a murderer?—of one who thirsted for blood?—who planned assassination?—who had such a wicked and depraved heart, that, without provocation or excuse, he would take the life of him who, with the exception of a boyish dispute which might have been easily appeased, had never done any thing to offend him, and whom he had always loved and cherished?

'But, gentlemen, there is a witness whose evidence you must believe, and whose evidence conclusively proves the innocence of my client. That witness is the unfortunate Alsop—whose voice is heard by you from the grave. I am afraid, gentlemen, to approach the touching scenes of the reconciliation and mutual forgiveness of these two young men—whose fate, though different, is perhaps equally to be deplored—

lest I should be overpowered by my feelings, and entirely disqualified for the further discharge of my duty before you. When it was announced to Alsop that his recovery was hopeless, he pressed the hand of Medhurst—embraced him—exclaimed, "We were both to blame, and I forgive you"—asked and received forgiveness. The last words he ever spoke amounted to a verdict of Not Guilty in favour of my client. When his eye was becoming dim, his hand cold, and his voice tremulous, and it was evident to himself and those around him that his earthly career was rapidly drawing to a close, the surgeon asked him if Medhurst had been actuated by malice. He answered, "Certainly not!"—and expired. That declaration of innocence was not accompanied by the form of a judicial oath to speak the truth. But is it entitled to less credit? He knew that he had nothing to hope or to fear on this side the grave; that he was speedily to appear in the immediate presence of his Maker, and that his eternal doom was to be sealed, according to the purity of his heart, and the sincerity of his parting words. Are you to suppose then, that from a false generosity, from a spurious chivalry, he wished to screen guilt from punishment; and that with this view he perverted the truth, and went out of the world pronouncing a falsehood? As a true Christian, he knew that forgiveness is the condition on which we hope to be forgiven; and, imitating the example of the Divine Founder of our religion, he would have been ready, in his last moments, to pray for mercy from above upon his murderer, if he had come to his end by the blow of premeditation and malice. But he knew that he spoke before the Searcher of all hearts—that he was forthwith to render an account of his words and of his actions to the God of truth—and that, when the commandment of God against murder has been violated, the safety of God's creatures requires that the penalty affixed to this crime should be enforced by human laws.

'He now calls upon you to acquit the prisoner. Perhaps we may, without irreverence, suppose that he is conscious of this solemn proceeding; and his gentle spirit, if it can by any mysterious means influence your minds, must inspire you with the conviction that the accused was free from malice, and that his act was unaccompanied by that criminal intention which alone constitutes guilt.

'His surviving relatives—although the prosecutors—must rejoice in his acquittal. They have done their duty to his memory, by instituting the prosecution, and laying the case fairly before you. The candour and humanity of my learned friend truly represent the spirit by which they are actuated, and show that none would more deeply regret that, from any excess of good feeling in the jury—from any preconceived opinion—from any unfounded rumour—from any desire to discountenance the practice of carrying secret weapons, my client should be in undue peril. It is impossible not to sympathize with them for the heavy loss they have sustained in the untimely death of a young man of such promise—so likely to be a credit and a blessing to his family. It must be some consolation to them to reflect that he did not die unprepared; that repentance, there is every reason to hope, atoned for any youthful errors he might have committed; and that, for his own sake, the change is not to be deplored—as he is taken from the evil to come—withdrawn to

peace and happiness—from a world beset by temptation—where the most prosperous meet with many privations, disappointments, and sorrows.

'But what must be the feelings of the relations of Medhurst—his widowed mother—his little brothers and sisters—old enough to know the nature of the charge brought against him, and its awful consequences? He, gentlemen, as you may perceive, behaves with firmness and resolution, in the consciousness of innocence—ready, with God's assistance, to meet his fate, whatever it may be. What a group would *they* now present to you! Till they suddenly heard the astounding intelligence that he was committed to prison on a charge of murder, they had ever found him quiet, mild, gentle, dutiful, and affectionate. They looked forward to an early visit from him—when, as usual, he would fly into his mother's arms—and his brothers and sisters clinging round him to kiss him, he would remark how they had increased in stature aud beauty since the family was last assembled. These innocents are unacquainted with legal distinctions—they are incapable of appreciating the degree of danger to which, by law, he may be exposed; in an agony of tears they await your verdict. But, gentlemen, their suspense and their suffering will be recompensed by the joy of that moment when you restore him to their embrace—all danger over, and his character unsullied.'—(Pp. 41-44.)

We cannot afford space to follow the advocate over the delicate ground on which he next touches—the possibility that the jury might entirely exonerate his client from guilt, by finding the wounding to have been the immediate result of mere accident; but it is glanced over with consummate skill. To have dwelt on ground so untenable might possibly have offended the jury, and would certainly have called down expressions of strong dissent from the presiding Judge; to have passed it entirely by, would have been not only to throw away a slender chance of acquittal, but to deprive the prisoner of the benefit of that sort of compromise which so often prevails in the jury-box between extremes; it was therefore suggested, and left 'with as much 'modesty as cunning.' The result was just—a conviction of manslaughter, with a sentence of three years' imprisonment—leaving the fate of the two unfortunate fellow-students to answer the description given of a similar calamity by a Scottish tragedian:—

'And happy, in my mind, was he that died;
For many deaths hath the survivor suffer'd."

The speeches in Parliament are, we think, of less interest than those at the Bar; and, though distinguished for moderation and practical sense, afford little occasion for commentary. We must pass them over; and also the speeches for the 'Times,' on the trial of the criminal information obtained by Sir John Conway against the publisher of that Journal—though the suggestions of the injustice and absurdity of our libel law which the defence contains, are particularly edifying from the lips of an Attorney-Gene-

ral—to notice the opening speech on the prosecution of Frost for high-treason, before the Special Commission at Monmouth. This address was in happy accordance with the tone and spirit and forms of that august proceeding—which in all but forms presented a signal contrast to certain trials for treason and sedition still within the recollection of some of us—and which tended to make the administration of justice loved, even more than it caused it to be feared. The charge of the Lord Chief-Justice Tindal, whose gentle wisdom presided over the Commission, had been delivered some time before the assembling of the parties necessary to the trial; and the effect of this grave and mild exposition of the law was felt in the profound tranquillity which reigned through the scene of the enquiry, and the confidence which the most violent partisans of the accused expressed in the impartiality of the tribunal—and never was confidence better justified and repaid! Although the little town of Monmouth lies only at the distance of about twenty miles from the wild country which had, a few weeks before, bristled with armed thousands in sanguinary revolt; and although knots of those deluded men, who rallied under the name of *Charter*, without any more knowledge of its *five points* than of those of Calvin, were sometimes seen in its streets; no tumult, no noises, not a shout or a hiss, broke the silence which prevailed during the three weeks' sitting of the court. The few Lancers who, from proper but needless precaution, had been quartered in the town, only relieved the monotony of its winter aspect by the intermixture of their dark-green uniforms with the coarse dresses of the peasantry, who silently clustered in the market-place; and when a few of them were seen following the prison Van, as it carried the leader of the insurrection between the Court and the Jail on the successive days of his trial, a spectator—who saw the little procession gleaming along the terraced road, which corresponds in beautiful curvature with the softly-swelling hills which closed and surrounded the picture—might have regarded it as some holiday pageant; instead of the guard of an alleged traitor on trial, in the midst of the multitudes whom he recently led to bloody strife. Within the court all was as calm and still as if an action for a builder's bill had been languishing after vain attempts to refer it; and yet the proceedings did not want the excitement which the most ingenious defence could create; for never were the noblest qualities of the English bar more perfectly developed than in the conduct of the prisoner's counsel. Mr Frost, the avowed leader of the Monmouthshire Chartists, with a wise reliance on these qualities, entrusted his defence to two of the most eminent Conservatives in the profession—Sir Frederick Pollock, the present Attorney-General of Sir Robert

Peel, and Mr Fitzroy Kelly; and nothing more strenuous or more fervent than their management of his cause, from first to last, can be imagined. At the earliest possible moment they took their stand, and displayed the character of their defence, by a bold and nervous opposition to the peremptory challenges of the Crown;—in the face of solemn decisions, acted on without controversy, they sustained an argument which, but for these precedents, would perhaps have succeeded, but which, against such precedents, was hopeless—in urging which they probably neither expected nor cared for direct success—but by which they manifested their resolution to cast themselves unreservedly into the struggle, and their power to dare, and persevere, in every legitimate means, however unusual, of rescuing the life committed to their protection. In arguing the subsequent objection to the list of witnesses, which they wisely reserved until the period when, if established, it could not have been obviated, they displayed even greater power—the power of investing a mere technical complaint of an informality, caused by an indulgent concession to the wish of the prisoner's attorney, with the solemnity belonging to the charge and the issue; and their splendid addresses to the Jury, at the close of the evidence for the Crown—urging that the object of the insurgents was less than traitorous—would have been triumphant but for one defect, which no ingenuity could supply, and no eloquence conceal,—the absence of any offer to explain what else that object was. The defences were also illustrated by a speech of great vigour from Mr G. H. Rickards, a young Barrister, who was suddenly associated in the defence of Zephaniah Williams; and whose efforts were the more remarkable, as the topics had been apparently exhausted in the preceding trial; and the more pleasant, as it incidentally afforded an example of the blessings of those institutions which had been assailed, in which such ability can find its scope and its reward.

But we have been led, by the recollection of these impressive scenes, from our immediate subject—the speech of the then Attorney-General in opening the case for the prosecution of Frost. It seems to us a model for all such speeches—lucid, unimpassioned, and candid; singularly abstinent in statement when any doubt existed as to admissibility in the import of evidence; distinct yet cautious in the annunciation of the law of treason; and no further indicating the inference to be drawn from the alleged facts than was necessary to enable the jury to apply the proofs to the charge, and the prisoner's counsel to understand the manner in which the accusation was to be sustained. Its only positive merits as a composition—all that the mild performance of his duty admitted—are the clearness of its narrative, and some touches of picturesque power, seemingly thrown in without con-

sciousness, in mapping out before the jury the wild hill country of Monmouthshire, in which the insurrection was planned; and along the ravines of which the insurgents marched to the central point near Newport. Its details were fully sustained by the proofs, which showed that the three principal prisoners, Frost, Williams, and Jones, had assembled sturdy artisans, to the number of many thousands, in the dead of the night, many of whom were armed with formidable weapons, and conducted them along the deep valleys to the plain near Newport, in such force that, if their junction had not been prevented by rain and tempest, and the division which did arrive had not been dispersed by the troops, aided by the courage and wisdom of Sir Thomas Phillips, (who fortunately filled the office of mayor,) must have caused extensive bloodshed and confusion. Many of the details were singularly instructive—manifesting the utter ignorance of the insurgents of the provisions of 'The Charter,' which they seemed to fancy was 'something to do good to the poor in workhouses;'—showing how a mere love of change and adventure could be wrought on, so as to induce thousands of men, earning excellent wages, to embrace a desperate enterprise, without knowing or caring for its purpose; how even heroic qualities, as in the case of poor George Snell, might be enlisted and urged to the death—for nothing; and all this effected by men, two of whom were stupidly ignorant, and the third, Frost, though a man of intelligence and education, wofully deficient in constancy and every attribute of a leader! The summing up of the Lord Chief-Justice Tindal, in the case of Frost, was so studiously mild, it presented every point in favour of the prisoner with such clearness and force, that an acquittal was anticipated by many; and when the heavy tread of the Jurymen, descending the stairs from the grand jury-room, to which they had retired to deliberate, told as distinctly as words the decision of the prisoner's fate, a strange thrill for the first time became audible among the crowd of expectant spectators. The dispassionate conduct of these prosecutions by Sir John Campbell, and the solemn and gentle manner in which the Judges discharged their high functions, has probably tended more to destroy the influence of turbulent spirits among the workmen of Monmouthshire, than the terror of many executions.

One of the latest duties performed by Sir John Campbell while Attorney-General, was his address on behalf of the Bar to Mr Justice Littledale, on the 8th of February 1841, when that learned and excellent Judge sat in the Court of Queen's Bench for the last time; it gave universal satisfaction to the body in whose name it was delivered; and they will be glad to see it preserved

in this volume, from which we will transfer it to our pages. It consists of unexaggerated truth gracefully expressed.

'Mr Justice Littledale—It having been intimated to the Bar that we are not to have the satisfaction of again seeing you on the Bench, I am deputed by their unanimous voice to express to your Lordship the deep sorrow they feel at this separation. Notwithstanding their entire confidence in the residue of the Court, they most sincerely regret that they should be deprived of a judge of such profound learning, distinguished acuteness, and spotless integrity,—who during the many years he has occupied the judgment-seat in this Court and the Circuits,—while he has ever displayed the utmost impartiality and independence,—yet, from the kindness of his nature, has never given offence to a human being. Though still in the full enjoyment of the high faculties which it has pleased God to bestow upon you, they are sensible that from your eminent services to your country, you are well entitled to that dignified leisure to which you now gracefully retire. In that retirement we earnestly hope that you will long enjoy health and happiness. We rejoice to think that you will find occupation and delight in the renewed pursuit of those abstruse as well as elegant studies in which you early gained distinction, and which have been interrupted by your devotion to your professional and judicial duties. We beg leave to assure your Lordship that you carry along with you the gratitude and good wishes of every member of the profession of which you have so long been a distinguished ornament, and that we shall ever think and speak of you with feelings of respect and affection.'

Mr Justice Littledale did not long enjoy that dignified repose which the gratitude and affection of the Bar desired for him; he has gone to his rest, full of years and honours; leaving behind him the memory of childlike simplicity of character, which has rarely indeed been preserved to old age amidst the anxieties and the labours of the profession which he adorned.

We now take leave of Lord Campbell—renewing our congratulations on the prosperity and honours which his industry has won, and our expression of regret that he has not, by the introduction of earlier speeches, enabled us to trace him through the first stages of his progress. Although his most perfect efforts—those arguments on abstruse questions of law, which for exactness of reasoning and fertility of analogical illustration have never been excelled—are too technical for general appreciation, there have been many of his speeches to Juries which, if not, in the ordinary sense of the term, eloquent, exhibit ingenuity, tact, and sense in so high a degree, as to deserve other records than the verdicts they obtained. One recollection alone is sufficient to enrich his retirement—his share in the abolition of imprisonment for debt on mesne process—with all the wretchedness which it inflicted, and all the iniquity which it fostered. If he had achieved nothing but this, he would not have lived or laboured in vain.

ART. III.—*Introductory Lectures on Modern History.* By THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Head Master of Rugby School. 8vo. Oxford: 1842.

IMPERFECTLY as this volume of lectures, interrupted by the death of its lamented author, answers the promise, to the fulfilment of which we looked so eagerly, little more than a year ago, when he was appointed to the Chair of Modern History at Oxford, we should feel ourselves guilty of no common degree of neglect if we omitted to notice it; for we may perhaps find no other occasion for paying our tribute of respect to one of the noblest minds and highest characters of these days, prematurely taken from us in the middle of a career of usefulness, which we believe we are guilty of no exaggeration in terming unparalleled in that line of life which Dr Arnold had adopted.

As far as they throw light on the literary and intellectual attainments of their author, these lectures are undoubtedly incomplete enough; and, regarded in that point of view, they possess the positive fault of attempting too many things at once. They are impressed with the peculiarly eager temperament, the *perfervidum ingenium*, the active, but somewhat desultory range of thought which display themselves, more or less, in every production of the writer. Who that has read much, and felt strongly, on any subject, and who has not yet acquired that last and somewhat melancholy gift of experience, the art of arranging and chastening the thoughts as they arise, when favoured with some opportunity of giving vent to his accumulated ideas, has not experienced the mixture of pleasurable excitement and embarrassment produced by the throng of multitudinous topics pressing forward for utterance? This argument to be confuted, that to be urged, this long-cherished theory to be advanced, that well-remembered illustration to be furbished up for use—and all to be compressed within the narrow compass prescribed by overruling circumstances! Just so we can conceive of Dr Arnold—from his youth an insatiable reader of history, and at the same time an active controversialist, in whose head every series of phenomena naturally crystallized into a theory—when he suddenly found himself invested with the office of an historical teacher. We perceive at once, in the odd mixture of matters huddled together in these few pages, the variety of subjects which filled his mind, and the necessity under which he lay of disburdening himself of his feelings on each, as if the retention

of any part of his stores oppressed him. The province of history—the provinces of church and state—the characteristics of historical style—military ethics—military geography—national prejudices—religious and political parties in England—these are only some of the prominent topics rather glanced at than discussed in the pages before us; and put forward apparently as if for more extended consideration at some future time—topics on which he longed to speak his mind to the world, and could not abstain from a partial disclosure of it—topics, many of them, on which we shall have long to wait for an instructor as rich at once in zeal and knowledge.

But if this volume is to a certain extent disappointing, rather from the over-richness than meagreness of its contents, it will, if possible, add to the veneration with which its author's character is already regarded as a moral philosopher, and an instructor of the youth of England. It adds one more claim to those which the late head master of Rugby already possessed on public gratitude and veneration.

Every one accustomed to English society has observed the strength of that generous tie which, in after life, connects the pupil, especially when bred in our great public schools, with his former master. Even in ordinary cases, we by no means admit the truth of the ill-natured saying, that there is little of this affectionate remembrance, except where the scholar feels himself superior to his teacher. We believe it, on the contrary, to be the general rule, and that the exceptions arise only from causes discreditable either to the one party or the other. But, common as this feeling is, and derived as it is from many sources—from the instinctive attachment to old places and times—from sensibility to kindness shown and interest manifested—from real gratitude for substantial services—we are bound to add that, as far as our own observation has gone, it rarely, very rarely, has the higher tincture of reverence. The quondam schoolboy may have a host of pleasant recollections associated with the memory of his old tutor: he may regard him as the friend who directed his unformed taste—who introduced his youthful spirit into the magnificent domain of earthly knowledge—to whose counsels he may possibly be indebted for a few valuable hints in the conduct of life—more than this, who has imbued him with much of the spirit of a gentleman, and a love of fairness and honourable dealing; but in very few instances, indeed, does he remember him as his guide towards the accomplishment of the real ends of his being. We do not pause to examine into the cause of this deficiency: much may be owing to old peculiarities in the management of great schools, something to the character of many of our

most successful men in this line of life; but we think the fact will hardly be disputed. By far the most distinguished exception to the rule, with whom we are acquainted, was Dr Arnold. He possessed the art, which is perhaps not very uncommon, of winning in a peculiar manner the affections of boys, and directing their energies to whatever object he might himself hold out; but, what is much more rare, he made it the one great business of his life to give those affections and energies a religious direction. Distinguished as a schoolmaster in many respects, it was in this one that he was unrivalled. The mainspring of his success was his own deep affection for those placed under his care, which makes itself evident in every page of his sermons, chiefly addressed to the young. His was no entraining or engrossing religious eloquence, addressed as it were to minds in the mass, and carrying them away by movements of enthusiasm; but a gentle, watchful influence, directed steadily to individual temperaments; and above all, (which was partly the consequence of the thorough reality of his own religious impressions,) not leaving religion to stand alone, as something to be learnt and studied apart from all things else, but connecting it with all that is most naturally attractive to the honest heart of youth;—with uncompromising love of truth, with manliness and independence, with love and with gratitude.

We dare not venture further on considerations of such deep and sacred importance. It is more to our purpose, and more connected with the subject of these lectures, to trace the steps by which he was wont to lead the mind from feeling to thinking; from the formation of a religious character, his first and main object, to the formation of opinion on religious as well as other subjects. The first rule with him was, to follow the truth at all hazards—regardless in what apparent difficulties it may involve us—regardless into what bad company it may lead us. The absolute right and duty of the mind *to judge for itself*, the total negation of any human authority binding in matters of faith—these are points on which he insisted, in season and out of season, if we may so express ourselves, with an ardour which not only rendered him very unpopular, as well it might, with persons of different opinions, but frequently exposed him to charges of imprudence and rashness from those who in the main agreed with him. This ardour proceeded, no doubt, in part from natural impetuosity of disposition; but it also arose from a deep conviction, that the one great thing wanted, and in these times especially, is, to infuse into the mind the power and the will to rest self-balanced;—to incite it to implant in itself the seeds of principles, which neither the recklessness of business nor pleasure, nor

the thousand influences of party, might afterwards eradicate. The lines of Goethe—

> ' Denn der Mensch, der su schwankenden Zeiten auch Schwankend gesinnt ist,
> Der vermehret das Uebel, und breitet es weiter und weiter;
> Aber wer fest auf dem Sinne beharrt, der bildet die Welt sich,'—

might almost be inscribed as the motto to the whole collection of his ethical and historical works. And his great endeavour—no one could set the example better than himself—was so to discipline the mind, as to reconcile freedom of belief with real humility of spirit; to reconcile the unqualified rejection of authority, when imposed as binding, with docility and submissiveness towards it when propounded as an object of respect;—a reconcilement by no means difficult in itself, and possibly more common in practice than is generally imagined. Clear of his own way between the conflicting claims of authority and individual responsibility, he regarded with utter contempt the charges of presumption, so indiscriminately brought against all those who venture to differ from received opinions. Will-worship, as he well knew, is quite as fatally manifested in wilful and passionate adherence to such opinions, as in wilful and passionate rejection of them. The rule of humility does not mark out the line to be taken by the man of conscience, when authority and argument are in opposition; but the manner and spirit in which his choice must be made. Nor is it difficult to apply, as he would have bidden us, to the controversies of the present day, the lesson intended to be conveyed in the following noble vindication of the Puritan character:—

' To say that the Puritans were wanting in humility, because they did not acquiesce in the state of things which they found around them, is a mere extravagance, arising out of a total misapprehension of the nature of humility, and of the merits of the feeling of veneration. All earnestness and depth of character is incompatible with such a notion of humility. A man deeply penetrated with some great truth, and compelled, as it were, to obey it, cannot listen to every one who may be indifferent to it, or opposed to it. There is a voice to which he already owes obedience—which he serves with the humblest devotion, which he worships with the most intense veneration. It is not that such feelings are dead in him, but that he has bestowed them on one object and they are claimed for another. To which they are most due is a question of justice: he may be wrong in his decision, and his worship may be idolatrous; but so also may be the worship which his opponents call upon him to render. If, indeed, it can be shown, that a man admires and reverences nothing, he may justly be taxed with want of humility; but this is at variance with the very notion of an earnest character, for its earnestness consists in its devotion to some one object, as opposed to a proud or contemptuous indifference. But if it be meant that reverence in itself is good, so

that the more objects of veneration we have the better is our character, this is to confound the essential difference between veneration and love. The excellence of love is its universality; we are told that even the Highest Object of all cannot be loved if inferior objects are hated. And with some exaggeration in the expression, we may admit the truth of Coleridge's lines—

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast:"

Insomuch that, if we were to hear of a man sacrificing even his life to save that of an animal, we could not help admiring him. But the excellence of veneration consists purely in its being fixed upon a worthy object; when felt indiscriminately, it is idolatry or insanity. To tax any one, therefore, with want of reverence, because he pays no respect to what we venerate, is either irrelevant or is a mere confusion. The fact, so far as it is true, is no reproach, but an honour; because to reverence all persons and all things is absolutely wrong: reverence shown to that which does not deserve it, is no virtue—no, nor even an amiable weakness, but a plain folly and sin. But if it be meant that he is wanting in proper reverence, not respecting what is to be really respected, that is assuming the whole question at issue, because what we call divine he calls an idol; and as, supposing that we are in the right, we are bound to fall down and worship; so, supposing him to be in the right, he is no less bound to pull it to the ground and destroy it.'—(P. 268.)

Those who have thus learnt the real characteristics of veneration and humility, will understand the lesson which the history of the world so abundantly teaches—that self-will and pride play their vagaries quite as wantonly under the banner of authority as under that of private judgment;—a lesson renewed to us by the experience of every day, to the great astonishment of that part of the world which is taken in by fine professions.

It will be readily perceived, from this as well as a hundred other passages in his works, that Dr Arnold made it a great part of his business to carry on war against prejudices; and certainly a more determined—we might almost say a more indiscriminating warfare, was never waged. Those among our prejudices to which we are apt to give the tenderest names, and treat as peculiarly creditable to ourselves, met from him with no more quarter than the rest. Perhaps it may be thought, even by those who most admire the singleness of his devotion to truth, that in some instances his zeal was so unscrupulous that he ran the risk of rooting out good feelings along with mere weaknesses; but such was the character of the man. Take, for instance, the following attack on the virtue of patriotism, as vulgarly understood:—

'But here that feeling of pride and selfishness interposes, which, under the name of patriotism, has so long tried to pass itself off for a virtue.

As men, in proportion to their moral advancement, learn to enlarge the circle of their regards; as an exclusive affection for our relations, our clan, or our country, is a sure mark of an unimproved mind; so is that narrow and unchristian feeling to be condemned, which regards with jealousy the progress of foreign nations, and cares for no portion of the human race but that to which itself belongs. The detestable encouragement so long given to national enmities—the low gratification felt by every people in extolling themselves above their neighbours—should not be forgotten amongst the causes which have mainly obstructed the improvement of mankind.

'Exclusive patriotism should be cast off, together with the exclusive ascendency of birth, as belonging to the follies and selfishness of our uncultivated nature. Yet, strange to say, the former at least is upheld by men who not only call themselves Christians, but are apt to use the charge of irreligion as the readiest weapon against those who differ from them. So little have they learned of the spirit of that revelation, which taught emphatically the abolition of an exclusively national religion and a local worship, that so men, being all born of the same blood, might make their sympathies co-extensive with their bond of universal brotherhood.'—(*Appendix to Thucydides*, Vol. i.)

This scrupulousness of conscience is carried by him into the minutest details: and we have been rather amused to observe how he labours to disabuse his class, in these lectures, of the delusive notion that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen; assuring us that we were quite as satisfactorily beaten by them, under William the Third and the Duke of Cumberland, as they by us under Marlborough and Wellington.

It is in a similar spirit that he warns readers of history against the ordinary seduction of favourite party names and watchwords, outliving the immediate occasion which gave birth to them.

'This inattention to altered circumstances, which would make us be Guelfs in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, because the Guelf cause had been right in the eleventh or twelfth, is a fault of most universal application in all political questions, and is often most seriously mischievous. It is deeply seated in human nature, being in fact no other than an exemplification of the force of habit. It is like the case of a settler landing in a country overrun with wood and undrained, and visited, therefore, by excessive falls of rain. The evil of wet, and damp, and closeness, is besetting him on every side; he clears away the woods and drains his land, and by doing so mends both his climate and his own condition. Encouraged by his success, he perseveres in his system;—clearing a country is with him synonymous with making it fertile and habitable; and he levels, or rather sets fire to, his forests without mercy. Meanwhile the tide has turned without his observing it; he has already cleared enough, and every additional clearance is a mischief; damp and wet are no longer the evils most to be dreaded, but excessive drought. The rains do not fall in sufficient quantity, the springs become low, the

rivers become less and less fitted for navigation.* Yet habit blinds him for a long while to the real state of the case, and he continues to encourage a coming mischief in his dread of one that has become obsolete. We have long been making progress on our present tack; yet if we do not go about now, we shall run ashore. Consider the popular feeling at this moment against capital punishments; what is it but continuing to burn the woods when the country actually wants shade and moisture? Year after year men talked of the severity of the penal code, and struggled against it in vain. The feeling became stronger and stronger, and at last effected all, and more than all, which it had at first vainly demanded; yet still from mere habit it pursues its course, no longer to the restraining of legal cruelty, but to the injury of innocence and the encouragement of crime, and encouraging that worse evil, a sympathy with wickedness justly punished, rather than with the law, whether of God or man, unjustly violated. So men have continued to cry out against the power of the Crown, after the Crown had been shackled hand and foot; and to express the greatest dread of popular violence, long after that violence was exhausted, and the anti-popular party was not only rallied, but had turned the tide of battle, and was victoriously pressing upon its enemy.'—(P. 252.)

It is very unnecessary to add, after such comments as these, that Dr Arnold belonged to no party in Church or State. Under no circumstances could he have belonged to any: his independence of spirit, his almost over-refined delicacy of conscience, perhaps a certain restiveness of disposition when forced to travel in company, would alike have forbidden it. But as it was, he detested the spirit of party with a perfect abhorrence; he detested it as the great rival in the minds of men with the love of his idol, Truth. He never fails, on any occasion, to impress this aversion, in the strongest language, on all whom he addresses. It is a matter on which he admits of no compromise whatever; none of that specious rhetoric by which we persuade ourselves that party is an indifferent means of arriving at a good end—that only through becoming party men can we hope to be useful, and so forth. His plain language is, that all such pleas, and all such hopes, must be abandoned by the honest man—much more by

* Perhaps we may remark on this geographical illustration as suggesting some other of its author's peculiarities;—his remarkable power of turning such illustrations to his purpose; and the readiness of his imagination to welcome the curious and marvellous in matters of fact. Many naturalists have thought this theory of the effect of the removal of forests on the amount of rain, carried much too far; and it would be difficult to point out an instance of a river which has become unnavigable in consequence of it. We might also refer to his strange views respecting animal magnetism and cognate matters.

the Christian. He had himself counted the cost, and made the sacrifice. He had fully reconciled himself to the apparent uselessness of a life unconnected with party in a country like this. At one period of his career, he was the subject of great unpopularity: his views were misrepresented, his character maligned, his professional success menaced; he only recovered himself, after a long probation, by the great amiableness of his character, and through the fame acquired by his peculiar talent for instruction; for he was of no party, and consequently had no band of brothers to back him. Eminent in piety as in learning, he never attained a step in the Church; for he was of no party, and had, therefore, no claim on any patron. Yet there is nothing in his writings of the stoicism expressed in the stern

'Taci, e lascia dir le genti,'

of Dante; nothing of that querulousness we have often remarked in excellent men who have had the honesty to renounce party and its advantages for themselves, but are unreasonable enough to be disappointed that parties do not seek after and follow them. Vehement in self-defence—ardent in attack—fond by nature of controversial skirmishing—he is always in the field against some class of thinkers or other; and always seems very unaffectedly surprised that the opposite ranks which he alternately attacks remain alike unbroken by his artillery; and therefore it is no wonder, that while some were abusing him as a latitudinarian, others maintained that he was halfway on the road to modern 'Catholicism.' But the principles of his practical philosophy lay deep, and his equanimity was, therefore, not to be moved by the inevitable results of his own choice;—a choice to which he elsewhere solemnly exhorts his young audience, in a passage which seems to breathe the very essence at once of his religious sincerity, and his manly integrity of soul.

'Be of one party to the death, and that is Christ's; but abhor every other; abhor it, that is, as a thing to which to join yourselves;—for every party is mixed up of good and evil, of truth and falsehood; and in joining it, therefore, you join with the one as well as the other. If circumstances should occur which oblige you practically to act with any one party, as the least of two evils, then watch yourselves the more, lest the least of two evils should, by any means, commend itself at last to your mind as a positive good. Join it with a sad and reluctant heart, protesting against its evil, dreading its victory, far more pleased to serve it by suffering than by acting; for it is in Christ's cause only that we can act with heart and soul, as well as patiently and triumphantly suffer. Do this amidst reproach, and suspicion, and cold friendship, and zealous enmity; for this is the portion of those who seek to follow their Master, and him only. Do it, although your foes be they of your own house,

hold: those whom nature, or habit, or choice, had once bound to you most closely. And then you will understand how, even now, there is a daily cross to be taken up by those who seek not to please men, but God; yet you will learn no less, how that cross, meekly and firmly borne, whether it be the cross of men's ill opinion from without, or of our own evil nature struggled against within, is now, as ever, peace, and wisdom, and sanctification, and redemption, through Him who first bore it.'—(*Sermons*, vol. iii. 263.)

But Dr Arnold was a 'crotchety' man: such appears to have been the general estimate of his character. It is an epithet of many meanings; but it seems to us to be commonly and significantly applied to those who endeavour to ascertain the truth on every separate subject of enquiry, instead of following the ordinary process of taking up whole bundles of opinions as they are commonly found connected together. Whoever does this, is very certain to agree in some points with one party, and in some with another; and equally certain to be called crotchety by both. But we must say in justice, that the epithet does to a certain extent describe his character, in some of its minute peculiarities. There was a rapidity of judgment about him—a haste in arriving at conclusions, which is apt to lead to the sudden formation of opinions—possibly to a little fickleness, on minor points, in adherence to them. His judgment seems to have been influenced at once by an abhorrence of dogmatism, commonly so called, and an impatience of scepticism. We do not mean in a religious sense only, but in historical and every other research. He could not, like Montaigne, *se reposer tranquillement sur l'oreiller du doute*. He had a mind averse from suspense, dissatisfied and uneasy under the pressure of doubt; and, therefore, disposed to generalize at once, where slower and more cold-blooded men would consider the process of induction hardly begun. To this was joined a strong moral perception, and a disposition particularly inclined towards ethical speculation—towards predicating moral right and wrong of every phenomenon which human history and human nature exhibit: a peculiarity which he seems to us to have caught in great measure from association with his early friend Archbishop Whately, just as he caught his style of historical research from Niebuhr;—and a deep interest in the controversies of the day, with an eagerness to liberate his own mind by expressing his sentiments upon each of them. It is no disparagement of Dr Arnold to say, that this very eagerness sometimes appears to us to betray a secret uneasiness—a misgiving as to the results of his own conscientious enquiries. There are few, indeed, who, having deliberately rejected the idolatries of parties and systems, can rest undisturbedly on the ground they

have chosen for themselves; for such thinkers have nothing of the ready support on which others so confidently lean. They would be more than men, if there were not moments when the very foundations seem to give way under them, and their own hearts to sink also—moments when they are tempted even to look with envy on those who march forward sternly or cheerfully, looking neither to the right nor the left, through regions in which they stumble and grope for light; yet their victory is not the less complete, although the enjoyment of its fruits, like all human enjoyment, is interrupted by obstinate questionings of its own reality.

It is a curious result of these tendencies, that Dr Arnold should have gone so far out of his way as to subjoin to his Inaugural Lecture a special appendix on a subject certainly very remotely connected with the matters developed in it—namely, the refutation, by name, of the Archbishop of Dublin's views as to the separation of the duties of Church and State: and with him he has done us the honour to join ourselves, (alluding to an article in a late number of this Journal.) He endeavours to unite 'one half of the Archbishop of Dublin's theory with one 'half of Mr Gladstone's: agreeing cordially with Mr Glad-'stone in the moral theory of the State, and agreeing as cor-'dially with the Archbishop in the Christian theory of the 'Church; and deducing from the two the conclusion, that the 'perfect State and the perfect Church are identical.' It seems to us that there are at least four theories afloat on this much debated subject. One is, that the authorities which we commonly term 'the Church' ought to decide *circà sacra;* and that the authorities we call 'the State' have nothing to do but to enforce those decisions by civil penalties: this was the anciently received doctrine, so beautifully exemplified in the practice on the writ *de hæretico comburendo.* The next ascribes, if we may term it so, a sort of pre-existent harmony to Church and State; allotting to the State a power *circà sacra,* on a kind of assumption that it will proceed in harmony with the ecclesiastical authorities. The third is what, in the dictionary of theological hate, is called Erastian; namely, that the State has absolute authority *circà sacra,* to be enforced by civil penalties, irrespectively of the decisions of ecclesiastical authorities; and this is Dr Arnold's. The fourth is, that the civil governor has no such authority whatever, either in his legislative or executive character, although he may occasionally lend his aid, with benefit, for the attainment of purely religious objects; and this appears to be the Archbishop of Dublin's. We are far from wishing to revive the controversy on our own account; least of all, in commenting on the language

of an antagonist, whose pure and lofty charity of soul deprived his tenets, if erroneous they be, of all the danger which commonly attends such error; and yet it is well to recollect that even Dr Arnold, with a spirit to which all religious despotism was abhorrent, was driven, by the force of his theory, to refuse to all avowed 'unbelievers in Christ,' a share in the legislature of a Christian country. Our object is much more to notice the peculiarities of the man, the eager, although tolerant, spirit with which he rushed into this as into other controversies; and the tendency of his mind to rapid generalization.

Now, one fruitful parent of theories is, the use of words (to employ a trite comparison) not as current coin, but as counters, to which the reasoner may affix his own imaginary value. The word 'Church,' is a very favourite counter with theorists; the word 'State,' is another, of which the meaning is quite as arbitrary. Before we can ascertain the truth of the 'moral theory' of the State, we must understand what the State is. Now, Dr Arnold's argument seems to rest entirely on the assumption, that Government, State, and Nation may be used as synonymous terms. Grant him this, and undoubtedly one great difficulty in the way of his theory is removed. 'When I speak of the Government,' he says, 'I am speaking of it as expressing the mind and will of 'the nation; and though a government may not impose its own 'law, human or divine, *upon an adverse people*, yet a nation, act'ing through its government, may certainly choose *for itself* 'such a law as it deems most for its good.'—'In a corrupt State, 'the government and people are wholly at variance; in a per'fect State, they would be wholly one; in ordinary States, they 'are one more or less imperfectly.'—'For the right of a nation 'over its own territory must be at least as absolute as that of 'any individual over his own house and land; and it surely is 'not an absurdity to suppose that the voice of government can 'ever be the voice of the nation; although they unhappily too 'often differ, yet surely they may conceivably, *and very often do* '*in practice*, completely agree.'—(P. 55.) Here the right of a government to legislate *circà sacra* is rested, where all men of reasonable views must rest it, on its 'expressing the will of the 'nation.' Suppose the objector to take the ground, that the government, in point of fact, never does express the will of the nation except by accident; for that nine-tenths of mankind are governed by rulers who rest their authority on the principle, that they are not placed there to express, but to control, the will of the nation; while in those countries which are most democratically governed, the government can represent, at best, only the numerical majority of the nation;—a majority which may, or may not,

comprehend the religious or the intelligent portion of it; how is he to be answered on these premises? If the idea of a State could be realized with any reasonable probability, we can easily understand the value of a theory founded upon it—although actual States might be but imperfect agents to carry it out; but if the idea is one which history and common sense alike show us can never be realized at all, we do not understand how the theory can stand alone. In fact, Dr Arnold seems elsewhere to admit that his principle goes no further than this—that 'the favourite objec- 'tions against the State's concerning itself with religion, apply no 'less to the theory of a Church . . . . . The moral theory of a 'State is not open to the objection commonly brought against 'our actual constitution, namely, that Parliament is not a fit 'body to legislate on matters of religion; for the council of a '*really Christian State* would consist of Christians at once good 'and sensible, quite as much as the council of a really Christian 'Church.'—(P. 63.) Now, since we may very safely assume, that since Christendom began there has never been any thing approaching to a 'really Christian State'—since we may safely foretell that there never will be, until the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of the Lord—this comparison seems to reduce the whole to a question of expediency; whether, upon the whole, it is best that the spiritual government of mankind should be left to those authorities whom we commonly term the Church, unarmed with coercive power, or to the temporal government which possesses it. Dr Arnold preferred the latter; and he had a perfect right to do so; but not to erect his own preference into an axiom. He considered the Church 'a society far worse go- 'verned than most States.' It may be so; but other political philosophers may think that most States are, upon the whole, worse governed than the Church; and who is to decide between them?

And some may be disposed to think, that it was the weakness of the position which he had undertaken to maintain, which drove him to put forward such paradoxes as that excommunication is a *temporal* punishment, (p. 57;) or, still more unworthy of himself, such vulgar arguments as that of the 'almost unanimous consent 'of all writers on government, whether heathen or Christian, 'down to the 18th century.' Dr Arnold, of all men, ought to have been best aware, that on the great questions which concern the government of mankind, so long as the consent of all writers is nearly unanimous, it is worthless. Consent is worthless, until people begin to think; and thought is only provoked by opposition. *Quot homines tot sententiæ*, as he elsewhere says, 'holds 'good only where there is any thinking at all: otherwise there

'may be an hundred millions of men, and only *una sententia*, if 'the minds of the 99,999,999 are wholly quiescent.' He might also have remembered, that if 'nearly unanimous consent' is conclusive for his views of a State, it is quite as conclusive against his views of a Church. We willingly quit so barren a subject; and could only wish that all who maintain similar views, whether on Dr Arnold's or any other premises, would represent to themselves and their readers their main position in its literal sense; namely, that it is the chief duty of the existing governor of every existing State, whether King or Majority, to take care of the spiritual welfare of every citizen. We by no means assert that they would change their opinions, but merely that they would see the subject in a very different light, if it were once freed from the endless fallacies of general words. When it was represented to the Emperor Ferdinand II., that the course which he was pursuing towards the Protestants of Bohemia, would render that kingdom a desert, his answer was, '*malumus regnum vastatum quàm damnatum*.' All we contend is, that on Dr Arnold's principles it is impossible to prove that the Emperor was wrong.

As a more interesting specimen of his style of writing and turn of thought, we would select his views on certain points of military morality, in which he runs as boldly into opposition to a host of commonly received and current notions, as he does, at other times, in questions of more ordinary controversy. Nothing is more customary than to speak in tones of praise of the conduct of citizens in assuming arms as volunteers, and rising *en masse;* or enrolling in guerilla-parties, to repel foreign invasion. And it seems to be rather a prevalent idea, that in proportion as nations approach more nearly to the idea of free civil government, they acquire an organization for the purpose of self-defence, which will eventually render military strength of no avail, and abolish standing armies. Not a few visionaries of our time have foretold the *euthanasia* of the modern military system, in this general arming of all classes;—the advent of the day, in the language of the clever dreamer De Vigny, when uniforms will be ridiculous, and regular war obsolete. And, whether they consider such anticipations fanciful or not, most politicians seem to assume that their realization would be a step in the social progress of the world. Dr Arnold's views were widely different. And, as his manner was, his imagination being strongly impressed with certain evils inherent in the system of irregular warfare, he could not stop short of wholesale and absolute condemnation of it.

'The truth is, that if war, carried on by regular armies under the strictest discipline, is yet a great evil, an irregular partizan warfare is an evil ten times more intolerable; it is in fact no other than to give a

license to a whole population to commit all sorts of treachery, rapine, and cruelty, without any restraint; letting loose a multitude of armed men, with none of the obedience and none of the honourable feelings of a soldier; cowardly because they are undisciplined, and cruel because they are cowardly. It seems, then, the bounden duty of every government, not only not to encourage such irregular warfare on the part of its population, but carefully to repress it; and to oppose its enemy only with its regular troops, or with men regularly organized, and acting under authorized officers, who shall observe the ordinary humanities of civilized war. And what are called patriotic insurrections, or irregular risings of the whole population to annoy an invading army by all means, ought impartially to be condemned, by whomsoever and against whomsoever practised, as a resource of small and doubtful efficacy, but full of certain atrocity, and a most terrible aggravation of the evils of war. Of course, if an invading army sets the example of such irregular warfare; if they proceed, after the manner of the ancients, to lay waste the country in mere wantonness—to burn houses, and to be guilty of personal outrages on the inhabitants, then they themselves invite retaliation, and a guerilla warfare against such an invader becomes justifiable. But our censure in all cases should have reference, not to the justice of the original war, which is a point infinitely disputable, but to the simple question—which side first set the example of departing from the laws of civilized warfare, and of beginning a system of treachery and atrocity?

'As this is a matter of some importance, I may be allowed to dwell a little longer upon a vague notion, not uncommonly, as I believe, entertained, that a people whose country is attacked, by which is meant, whose territory is the seat of war, are sustaining some intolerable wrong which they are justified in repelling by any and every means. But in the natural course of things, war must be carried on in the territory of one belligerent or of the other; it is an accident merely, if their fighting ground happen to be the country of some third party. Now, it cannot be said that the party which acts on the offensive, war having been once declared, becomes in the wrong by doing so, or that the object of all invasion is conquest; you invade your enemy in order to compel him to do you justice—that is, to force him to make peace on reasonable terms. This is your theory of the case, and it is one which must be allowed to be maintainable, just as much as that of your enemy; for all laws of war waive, and must waive, the question as to the original justice of the quarrel—they assume that both parties are equally in the right. But suppose invasion for the sake of conquest, I do not say of the whole of your enemy's country, but of that portion of it which you are invading; as we have many times invaded French colonies with a view to their incorporation permanently with the British dominions. Conquests of such a sort are no violations neccessarily of the legitimate object of war; they may be considered as a security taken for the time to come. Yet, undoubtedly, the shock to the inhabitants of the particular countries so invaded is very great; it was not a light thing for the Canadian, or the inhabitant of Trinidad, or of the Cape of Good Hope, to be severed from the people of his own blood

and language, from his own mother state, and to be subjected to the dominion of foreigners—men with a strange language, strange manners, a different church, and a different law. That the inhabitants of such countries should enlist very zealously in the militia, and should place the resources of defence very readily in the hands of the government, is quite just and quite their duty. I am only deprecating the notion that they should rise in irregular warfare, each man or each village for itself, and assail the invaders as their personal enemies, killing them whenever and wherever they can find them. Or, again, suppose that the invasion is undertaken for the purpose of overthrowing the existing government of a country, as the attempted French descents to co-operate with the Jacobites, or the invasion of France by the coalescing powers in 1792 and 1793, and again in 1814 and 1815. When the English army advanced into France in 1814, respecting persons and property, and paying for every article of food which they took from the country, would it have been for the inhabitants to barricade every village, to have lurked in every thicket, and behind every wall, to shoot stragglers and sentinels, and keep up, night and day, a war of extermination? If, indeed, the avowed object of the invader be the destruction, not of any particular government, but of the national existence altogether; if he thus disclaims the usual object of legitimate war—a fair and lasting peace—and declares that he makes it a war of extermination, he doubtless cannot complain if the usual laws of war are departed from against him, when he himself sets the example. But, even then, when we consider what unspeakable atrocities a partizan warfare gives birth to, and that no nation attacked by an overwhelming force of disciplined armies was ever saved by such means, it may be doubted, even then, whether it be justifiable, unless the invader drives the inhabitants to it, by treating them from the beginning as enemies, and outraging their persons and property. If this judgment seem extreme to any one, I would only ask him to consider well, first, the cowardly, treacherous, and atrocious character of all guerilla warfare; and in the next place the certain misery which it entails on the country which practises it, and its inefficacy, as a general rule to conquer or expel an enemy, however much it may annoy him.'—(P. 204.)

This is only one instance, among many, of the tendency of which we have spoken, to deduce general lessons from every class of facts which the writer is engaged in investigating. And it appears to form, according to his view, an essential part of the duties of an historian, that he should be ready at all moments to adapt his inferences from ancient experience to the particular questions which agitate his own age—to make the present and the past mutually illustrate each other. Such, at least, is the meaning we ascribe to the following remarkable passage, in which he lays down broadly the difference between the antiquary and the historian.

'What is it that the mere antiquarian wants, and which the mere

scholar wants also; so that satire, sagacious enough in detecting the weak points of every character, has often held them both up to ridicule? They have wanted what is the essential accompaniment to all our knowledge of the past, a lively and extensive knowledge of the present; they wanted the habit of continually viewing the two in combination with each other; they wanted that master-power which enables us to take a point from which to contemplate both at a distance, and so to judge of each and of both, as if we belonged to neither. For it is from the views so obtained—from the conclusions so acquired—that the wisdom is formed which may really assist in shaping and preparing the course of the future.

"Antiquarianism, then, is the knowledge of the past enjoyed by one who has no lively knowledge of the present. Thence it is, when concerned with great matters, a dull knowledge. It may be lively in little things; it may conceive vividly the shape and colour of a dress, or the style of a building, because no man can be so ignorant as not to have a distinct notion of these in his own times; he must have a full conception of the coat he wears and the house he lives in. But the past is reflected to us by the present; so far as we see and understand the present, so far we can see and understand the past; so far, but no farther. And this is the reason why scholars and antiquarians, nay, and men calling themselves historians also, have written so uninstructively of the ancient world; they could do no otherwise, for they did not understand the world around them. How can he comprehend the parties of other days who has no clear notion of those of his own? What sense can he have of the progress of the great contest of human affairs in its earlier stages, when it rages around him at this actual moment unnoticed, or felt to be no more than a mere indistinct hubbub of sounds and confusion of weapons? What cause is at issue in the combat, he knows not. Whereas, on the other hand, he who feels his own times keenly, to whom they are a positive reality, with a good and evil distinctly perceived in them, such a man will write a lively and impressive account of past times, even though his knowledge be insufficient and his prejudices strong. This, I think, is the merit of Mitford, and it is a great one. His very anti-Jacobin partialities, much as they have interfered with the fairness of his history, have yet completely saved it from being dull. He took an interest in the parties of Greece, because he was alive to the parties of his own time; he described the popular party in Athens just as he would have described the Whigs of England; he was unjust to Demosthenes because he would have been unjust to Mr Fox. His knowledge of the Greek language was limited, and so was his learning altogether; but because he was an English gentleman who felt and understood the state of things around him, and entered warmly into its parties, therefore he was able to write a history of Greece, which has the great charm of reality; and which, if I may judge by my own experience, is read at first with interest, and retains its hold firmly on the memory.'—(P. 108.)

If the meaning of this passage only were, that the historian is better qualified for his task whose mind is rich in the knowledge of the world he lives in, (which seems to have been a part at

least of Dr Arnold's conception, from the instance he afterwards gives of Sir Walter Raleigh,) no one could hesitate to admit its truth. But if it is meant that a good historian must also be interested in modern controversies, and make his history subservient to the object of influencing the convictions of his readers respecting them, it may, perhaps, be questioned whether he is not rather describing what has been called the philosophy of history, than history itself. And it would assuredly require a very severe and vigorous judgment—indeed, a greater degree of impartiality and inaccessibility to passion and prejudice than we can fairly expect from man—for a historian, who has the *present* full in sight, and strongly exciting his imagination, to be calm and just in his review of the past. Mitford's *History of Greece* may, for ought we know, be an attractive work, and so may Cobbett's *History of the Reformation;* but, after all, the interest they excite is much the same with that of a clever political pamphlet. But it could not be said of Gibbon, Hume, or Robertson, or Ranke, or even Dr Arnold's great master Niebuhr, that they display the habit of continually viewing the past in combination with the present; and yet, who will venture to call them mere antiquarians? Histories such as theirs have all the excellence which belongs to the ablest order of conversation;—where the speaker, while he condenses the information which he has to impart, leaves, at the same time, gracefully but incidentally, the impression of the fulness of his knowledge on other subjects. History, such as Dr Arnold would prefer it—and his own historical works afford examples of the kind—would rather resemble the brilliant talk of very clever speakers, who cannot tell us what we want to know without adorning the narration with inferences and illustrations drawn from a hundred distant sources.

We prefer, to this attempt to fix the true historical character, the following pointed sketch of the characteristics of style in different historians; and its importance as an indication of the degree of value to be reposed in them as authorities. Any reader who is conversant with this branch of literature, will readily find names to fit the following characters:—

'The main thing to look to is, of course, his work itself. Here the very style gives us an impression by no means to be dismissed. If it is very heavy and cumbrous, it indicates either a dull man or a pompous man, or at least a slow and awkward man; if it be tawdry, and full of commonplaces enunciated with great solemnity, the writer is most likely a silly man; if it be highly antithetical, and full of unusual expressions, or artificial ways of stating a plain thing, the writer is clearly an affected man. If it be plain and simple—always clear, but never eloquent—the writer may be a very sensible man, but is too hard and dry to be a very

great man. If, on the other hand, it is always eloquent, rich in illustrations, full of animation, but too uniformly so, and without the relief of simple and quiet passages, we must admire the writer's genius in a very high degree; but we may fear that he is too continually excited to have attained to the highest wisdom, for that is necessarily calm. In this manner the mere language of an historian will furnish us with something of a key to his mind; and will tell us, or at least give us cause to presume, in what his main strength lies, and in what he is deficient.'—(P. 384.)

We cannot place the distinction between the antiquary and historian exactly where Dr Arnold places it; but without endeavouring at present to establish another, it is enough to say that the attempt to draw it is very characteristic of the writer. The faults of his manner (for such we would call them, if faults they are, rather than faults of style, which in all his writings is good) arise from over-eagerness in illustration and comparison. If blemishes in historical composition, they are peculiar merits in the work of education. They are among the talents by which he was so eminently successful in exciting the enthusiasm of the young, in the studies to which he directed them. What we may term the youthfulness of his manner—his luxuriant discursiveness, when a passage in Livy invites him to a discussion of the physical geography of the Roman Campagna, or a chapter of Thucydides to speculations on the politics of modern republics;—this constituted its great charm to the temper of younger men.

And, therefore, those very qualities which possibly detracted from his excellence in the sober character of a historian, were such as to render him the most effective and useful of teachers in a lecture-room. This is one of the many respects in which his loss must be felt, and felt as at present irreparable, in that university to which he had been, for so brief a space, attached as a Professor. Not Oxford only, but England, has need of minds such as his, in respect of all those higher qualities which we have endeavoured faintly to delineate. Men who can follow truth with a devotion so exclusive as to leave room for no other idol—men who can enter eagerly into all the great controversies of their day, and yet allow no exclusive sect or faction the honour of counting them as adherents—men who do not shun the entanglements of party spirit from cowardice or from apathy, but who resist it as a temptation, and despise it as a weakness—men whose whole life and conversation bear testimony to the deep importance they attach to religious truth, and yet free from every taint of controversial unfairness and theological rancour;—such men are scarce and precious in all times, and the absorb-

ing nature of our party interests seems to render them scarcer every day. But at present, we are only regarding the promise which he was giving of a scarcely inferior kind of usefulness, in helping to turn, if possible, the very mischievous direction which has been given to youthful thought and enterprise of late years, and especially in his university.

Almost every one has taken an interest in the recent theological controversies which have had their birth in Oxford; few have looked to the effect which the controversial spirit has produced on the tone and character of that university as regards its primary object—education. When first the theological 'movement' began — that is to say, about ten years ago—there was excited at the same time in both universities, but especially in Oxford, a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with the existing studies and occupations of the place. It was the common language of all those who deemed that the frame and temper of society needed an extensive renovation, that this renovation must begin with the young. The presumptuous turn of mind, the reliance on intellectual ability, supposed to result from instruction addressing itself to the intellect alone, were to be corrected by a strong diversion in favour of a more subjective course of study. The student was to be imbued with principles and tastes, rather than positive acquirements. The main object of the instructor was to be the formation of moral character by habit, not the imparting what is commonly called learning. Nay, much was to be unlearnt—much rubbish taken down before men could begin afresh on the old foundations—much of the *sciolism* of recent centuries removed;—natural science and literary acquirement to be brought down from that undue exaltation to which they had been raised in modern times, by generations wanting in the habits of reverence and earnestness of feeling. Catholic theology, and Moral Philosophy in accordance with Catholic doctrine, were to be the main foundations of the improved education of these newer days; science and literature were not, indeed, to be neglected, but to be cultivated as in subordination only to these great 'architectonic' sciences, and discarded wherever they could not be forced into such subjection. And thus a new generation was to be trained, in which inferiority in respect of mere *objective* knowledge, if such should really ensue, was to be far more than compensated by the higher cultivation of the immortal part—the nobler discipline of piety and obedience. Such aspirations may be traced in most of the many writings on the university system which the crisis of those days brought out; while those who are acquainted with the practical details of the subject, know full well how deep a tincture has been introduced into the actual stu-

dies and habits of both places, but especially of Oxford, by the prevalence of views such as these, expressed by energetic men, in language at once startling and attractive.

Nor do we imagine that those views are altered now. We have no reason to suppose that their authors would agree with us as to the consequences which we cannot but believe to have proceeded from the practical realization of their wishes. Yet that the facts themselves, of which we complain, exist, they would hardly deny. Their endeavour was undoubtedly a lofty one; and how far it may prove a vain one, must as yet be in great measure matter of conjecture. It remains to be proved, whether or not they have not proceeded on a forgetfulness of the real importance and value of mere positive knowledge in the moral education of man. Because the connexion between intellectual and moral cultivation is not obvious and direct, it is easily passed over. Nor do we suppose that it can ever be fully appreciated, except by those who are prepared, with ourselves, to recognize the great principles;—that all learning is discipline—all discipline self-denial—all self-denial has the nature of virtue: and that, by consequence, however wide or strange the corollary may seem, he who knows the first propositions of Euclid is, in so far, better than he who does not; ay, though both may have been equally untaught to pray, and may have formed of their Creator no more than the confused terrific image entertained by the wildest of savage minds. But, even without going thus far, few can have failed to observe the importance of the acquisition of positive knowledge, in withdrawing the mind from over contemplation of self and its attributes. It gives the faculties another world to work in, besides that microcosm within which the influences of hopes and fears, pride, ambition, vain-glory, are continually working to retain them. It corrects the passions, by substituting an excitement of a different order; it encourages generous sentiment, because it has no immediate object but truth, irrespective of advantage; it encourages candid and honest habits of mind, because the truth which it holds out is one which party feeling and prejudice have comparatively little interest in perverting. It has, of course, like every human pursuit, its own temptations to vanity and presumption; but how infinitely less engrossing and dangerous than those which attend on studies which directly interest the heart, and provoke its stronger feelings!

To substitute, therefore, as the main instruments of education, for the studies of science, history, and literature, those which have for their immediate object the awakening and strengthening of the moral perceptions, is to abandon that discipline which has an

indirect, but not the less powerful, influence in enlarging and strengthening the moral faculty;—for that which has indeed for its direct object moral improvement, but is apt, by a strong and necessary under-current of action, to narrow and distort that very portion of man's nature it is intended to improve. The study of Ethical philosophy may be admirably adapted to harmonize the general education of the mind; to recall it to itself—its own duties and constitution—from too wide a wandering over the far more attractive fields of external truth. But to have this effect, it must be administered as a corrective only. To make it practically the leading discipline, and render others dependent on it, is mental ruin. It is in itself a study fraught with danger; it throws the mind back on itself, fills it with an engrossing, and perhaps morbid, habit of self-analysis; and eventually, and not very indirectly, of self-worship. But independently of this, teach it as you will, it must be taught on a system. That system must rest on arbitrary axioms—axioms which can neither be proved nor are self-evident—axioms in the defence of which the feelings must in the first place be enlisted. But he whose heart and faculties are wrapt up in attachment to a system—be that system truth itself—inevitably comes to love it and defend it, not because it is truth, but because it is his system. This is the danger which besets even the learner of abstract knowledge; how infinitely more him who pursues studies in which the conclusions are practical, and in which to err is to incur moral danger! And how much the peril is increased, when philosophy is carefully enrolled in support of a theological scheme—involved, as it were, in the quarrels of dogmatic theology—in the strife which swells every heart, and lends bitterness to every tongue, in the little world which surrounds the pupil;—when, in the language of an able Oxford writer, the Church is made to 'fix the true point of view from 'which all other truths may be seen in their real forms and pro'portions!' But from the moment that truth, as such, and irrespectively of particular ends, ceases to be the main object proposed to the mind in tuition, farewell to honesty, openness, and independence of character. For truly, though severely, was it said, by one, too, who has had no slight share in fashioning the popular philosophy of the present day, that he who loves Christianity better than truth, will soon love his own sect better than Christianity, and end by loving himself better than either.

Again, in teaching reverence for the distant past, those whose views we are at present considering have thought themselves justified in using a tone of great bitterness—great scorn—we must add of great self-exaltation, in speaking of the present and the immediate past. They have thought it their duty to hold up the

opinions and sentiments of the ages immediately preceding our own, and of by far the greater part of the world at the present day, to utter contempt; to show the futility of the objects most valued, the worthlessness of the knowledge most esteemed. This they scarcely could do, without affording infinite encouragement to that worst kind of vanity, the thinking ourselves wise above those around us;—a far greater temptation, as Dr Arnold himself has acutely remarked, than that of undervaluing those who have lived before us. 'Our personal superiority seems much more advanced by decrying our contemporaries, than by decrying our fathers. The dead are not our real rivals; nor is pride very much gratified by asserting a superiority over those who cannot deny it. It is far more tempting to personal vanity to think ourselves the only wise amongst a generation of fools, than to glory in belonging to a wise generation, where our personal wisdom, be it what it may, cannot at least have the distinction of singularity.' The influence of the prejudices thus excited on the moral character is bad enough; but on intellectual progress it is destruction. The fruits of the recent fashion of decrying mere scientific pursuits, or mere literary studies, as unworthy, frivolous, or dangerous, are terribly apparent in the present condition of Oxford. Here, at least, we shall scarcely meet with a contradiction. The gradual desertion of the lecture rooms, in which knowledge not absolutely connected with University discipline is imparted, is notorious. The utter absence of all spirit for investigation of every sort, except in polemic theology and one or two inferior pursuits of taste, is the subject, even there, of general lamentation. Natural Philosophy, indeed, while disregarded by all, is absolutely discountenanced by many, from similar reasons to that which the late King of Naples was wont to give for refusing grants of money to unroll the Herculanean manuscripts;—namely, that something might be discovered therein which would overturn the Christian religion, and then his Majesty would never get absolution. Historical study seems altogether at an end, except in the single province of ecclesiastical antiquities: indeed, as we have seen it ingeniously remarked by a writer of the Oxford school, all history is dangerous, and ought to be rewritten on Church principles. Nay, the very special studies of under-graduates are no longer pursued with the spirit and zeal of former times: classical scholarship is declining. We saw it stated the other day, in a Journal favourable to the present 'movement,' that the art of prose Latin composition is absolutely lost at Oxford. To borrow again the forcible language of Dr Arnold:—'The two great parties of the Christian world have each their own standard of truth by which they try all things—

'Scripture on the one hand; the voice of the Church on the other. 'To both, therefore, the pure intellectual movement is not only 'unwelcome, but they dislike it. It will question what they will 'not allow to be questioned: it may arrive at conclusions which 'they would regard as impious. And therefore in an age' (or seat) 'of religious movement particularly, the spirit of intellec-'tual movement soon finds itself proscribed rather than counte-'nanced.'

Thus much, at least, is matter of general observation,—that while the loss is certain, the gain in higher respects is worse than questionable; that much has been lost, along with knowledge itself, of the habits of mind which attend an ardent pursuit of knowledge—of manly candour, of extended sympathies, of that generous, frank enthusiasm so graceful in the young; that a captious, close, exclusive spirit, is apt to grow on the mind, under the discipline and associations now prevailing—producing in vigorous natures a concentrated heat, instead of an expansive warmth: this is complained of, we know not how justly, but seems to follow as a not unnatural consequence. For this, and much more, Oxford has to thank the peculiar exertions of the ablest and most active among her present teachers, and the success which has attended them.

It is true that they are awake now. Of course it is not to be supposed that men of really superior minds, such as many of those of whom we speak, can be content in observing the decay of knowledge around them; or the loss of interest in those pursuits to which the youthful disposition should seem adapted. It appears to be the very earnest endeavour of many of them, to keep the minds of those under actual pupilage as far as possible unpolluted by that black and bitter Styx of controversy which envelopes the region. But this is utterly impossible, unless they could influence also—which in *this* direction they cannot—the minds and studies of that body of which the condition forms by far the best test of the state of education at our universities. We mean those who have passed their short academical course, but are still detained by various duties or circumstances; young themselves, although, for the most part, instructors of those still younger—for they form the class which gives the tone to the studious part of those under discipline. So long as theological controversy forms the great excitement and interest of their lives, so long it will exercise its miserable influence on the education in which they assist. However honestly disposed, the tutor whose head is in a whirl with the religious battles of Convocation, cannot get up among his pupils much enthusiasm about the Punic or Peloponnesian war.

Where his mind mechanically leads, theirs will follow. Nor will the tone of society, out of academical hours, assist in supplying the stimulus of better and more vigorous speculation; for society at Oxford—that is, the society of the intelligent and active part of its denizens—is become dead and spiritless—paralyzed from the dread which prevails of giving mutual offence. Men stand carefully aloof from free intercourse with each other on questions which excite them, and the place supplies no topics of neutral and harmless interest. Add to this, the thousand temptations to take sides, to enlist in parties—the sad want of importance of those, old or young, who in agitated societies keep aloof from agitation. Talent, enthusiasm, self-importance, eccentricity, all take one and the same direction;—the able are easily drawn in by the desire to shine; and fools, because they have an instinctive consciousness that in no other way can a fool become a man of consequence.

It is needless to dwell on the influence which this combination of deteriorating causes may have on the prospects of the rising generation. *Væ diebus nostris*, exclaimed the old chronicler, who in his barbarous age saw and felt the moral darkness extending itself, along with the decline of that culture, of which, in these enlightened times, some men seem to fancy that we have a surfeit—*væ diebus nostris, quia periit studium litterarum a nobis!* We know full well the elements of greatness which exist at Oxford. They need no other proof than the extraordinary influence which has proceeded from thence for the last ten years for good or for evil. We know, too, that with all the degrading effects of its present condition on its usefulness as a place of instruction, the very violence of its controversies has not been without direct intellectual influence, in awakening and pointing the energies of dispositions of a peculiar order. But what the general class of minds which its present system produces need above all things, is a stimulus to a more natural and more independent action.

This is precisely what talents like those of Dr Arnold were fitted to give; and it is in this respect that his loss is nothing less than a national calamity. Both his virtues, lofty as they were, and his talents were of an eminently practical order; nor were his very peculiarities without their usefulness. If he had been a severer analyst than he was—a man of judgment more free from the impulses of the affections—a man less solicitous about the polemics of his day—more patient in investigation, and less ready to grasp at obvious solutions of difficulties—in one word, less of a theorist; he might have been greater as a literary man; but he could scarcely have possessed, along with

these faculties, his own distinctive excellence. His mode of action, in his university sphere, as his lectures prove, would have been, not to endeavour forcibly to tear away his audience from their accustomed associations, and make at once of young theologians and moralists a new race of impartial enquirers; but to bring them to the study of the past, as it were, through the present; to appeal to their acquired sympathies, to argue with their prejudices; to lead them thus gradually, and by the very means of the tendencies and propensities he found in them, into purer and freer fields of enquiry than those in which they were accustomed to expatiate. We are far from estimating his prospects of ultimate success by the popularity which attended his first appearance in his professional character. The extraordinary concourse of hearers which greeted him, was partly a homage to his high character; partly attracted by a certain fashion which his name had acquired from various incidental circumstances. Such popularity he neither coveted nor invited; for no one could be more entirely free from affectation and vanity—qualities belonging to minds of a very inferior order to his. But it afforded him an advantage at the outset, which his singular powers of illustration and discursive eloquence—his art of rendering attractive every subject he touched—would have amply qualified him to sustain. Short, indeed, was the period allotted to him, and barely sufficient even thus to indicate the road which he would have pursued. We have a high respect for the character and abilities of the gentleman who has succeeded him; and rejoice to find that Sir Robert Peel, in this instance as in some others, has exhibited predilections in accordance with those of the liberal body of his countrymen; but all the distinguished ranks out of which the Minister had to make his selection, could not have afforded the equal of him who is departed, for the present emergency.

ART. IV.—1. *Mémoire en Faveur de la Liberté des Cultes.* Par ALEXANDRE VINET. 8vo. à Paris: 1828.

2. *The Articles treated on in Tract* 90 *reconsidered, and their Interpretation vindicated; in a Letter to the Rev. R. W. Jelf, D.D., Canon of Christ Church.* By the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D. 8vo. Oxford: 1841.

THE metempsychosis of error is a curious phenomenon. Though not immortal, it transmigrates through many forms of being before it is finally destroyed. Apparently dead, buried, rotten—consigned to dust and darkness so long ago, that the very volumes in which it lies entombed are worm-eaten, and the controversies in which it seemingly perished no longer read, it often breathes and lives again after the lapse of centuries, and takes its place amongst 'the things that are;'—not usually, it is true, in the very form in which it disappeared—in *that* it would not be lightly tolerated again—but in a shape adapted to new times and circumstances, with an organization, so to speak, which qualifies it to exist in a different element of thought and feeling. The chrysalis becomes a gaudy butterfly, misleading into a foolish chase thousands of those overgrown boys of the human family, who perchance would have despised it in its original deformity.

At this we are not to wonder; for if error passes through many changes, it is because human nature is still the same. In every successive age are reproduced minds with all the tendencies which have characterized those of the past; with the same affinities for special classes of error, or the same disposition to exaggerate and distort truth itself into substantial falsehood. Such minds may be, and usually are, modified by the age in which they live, the education to which they have been subjected, the circumstances under which they have been developed; but they exist, and with an idiosyncrasy so marked, that even if they have never been stimulated by a knowledge of the theories of those who have erred, and been confuted before them, they often exhibit an invincible tendency to similar extravagances. What Thucydides has said of the parallelisms which we may perpetually expect in political history, is almost as applicable to the history of opinions:—*γιγνόμενα μὲν καὶ ἀεὶ ἐσόμενα ἕως ἂν ἡ αὐτὴ φύσις ἀνθρώπων ᾖ, μᾶλλον δὲ, καὶ ἡσυχαίτερα, καὶ τοῖς εἴδεσι διηλλαγμένα*. . . Yet have we reason to hope well of the ultimate destinies of our race; and to believe that the progress towards the final triumph of Truth and Right is steady and certain, in spite of the alternate flux and reflux of the tide.

The remarks just made on the resuscitation of ancient error at distant intervals, and in new forms, have been signally illustrated in that great controversy, or rather complication of controversies, to which the discussion of what are called 'High Church Principles,' has recently given rise; and to none of the antique novelties (if we may use such an expression) commended to us by the advocates of those principles, are they more applicable, than to the doctrines recently propounded by one and another of them on the subject of the 'Right of Private Judgment.' Of all the peculiarities of this modern-antique School, none, in our opinion, is of graver import or of darker omen, than its hatred, more or less disguised, of this great principle.

Few, in the present day, would seek the restoration of the brutal, or rather diabolical laws of ancient persecution, any more than they would, even if the choice were given them, breathe life into the bones of a Gardiner or a Bonner. To take those laws expressly under protection, in defiance both of reason and experience; in defiance of the arguments of such men as Taylor, Chillingworth, Bayle, Locke, and others scarcely less illustrious; above all, in defiance of the terrible condemnation supplied in the records of persecution itself, were the sheerest insanity. Whatever some may secretly wish, not only are hanging and burning for religious opinions abolished; but even the more 'moderate forms' of persecution, as our ancestors facetiously called them, and which its sturdier advocates despised as poor peddling arts—the thumb-screw, branding, the pillory, incarceration, banishment—are quite out of date. Under these circumstances, we might be sure that any attempts to revive ancient error in relation to the 'Right of Private Judgment' would be very cautious; and such, with some exceptions which have equally moved our abhorrence and indignation, we have found them to be. Not only would expediency dictate moderation, if the public is to be induced to listen at all; but we trust that, in the vast majority of instances, even amongst men who cherish 'High Church Principles,' honour and conscience would alike recoil from the employment of the ancient methods under any modifications. How far, indeed, such men may sympathize with the views on which we shall presently animadvert—whether, though they do not at present avow it, they may not, as in other cases, have their esoteric doctrine to which the public is not yet to be admitted—whether that 'reserve' which they advocate 'in the communication of religious truth' be not operating here also—we have no means of judging. Our hope is, that the greater part of those who question, in one way or another, the 'Right of Private Judgment,' would not actually resort to any of the exploded forms of persecution. At all events, we

shall not believe they would, except where they expressly tell us so. We flatter ourselves they would not find it so easy to throw off the spirit of their own age, as to apologize for the excesses of the past; or to repress the best feelings of their hearts, as to quench the light of their understandings. We shall, accordingly, bring no indefinite charges against any body of men. The particular modifications of opinion to which we object shall be referred to their proper authors; and chapter and verse duly cited for the representations we may make of them. But whether they be many or few who sympathize with the more reckless of the modern Propagandists of the doctrine of persecution, we do not anticipate that they will be actually successful. They never can be, until they can convert the present into the past, or make the wheels of time roll backward. It does not follow, however, that their attempts can be safely neglected; or that their opinions are not sufficiently dangerous to justify severe animadversion. Their intrinsic falsity, absurdity, and inconsistency, would be ample warrant for that. But when we reflect, further, on the tendency of such opinions to confound and perplex the unthinking—to foster malignity of temper—to perpetuate the remnant of intolerance which still dwells amongst us—to endear to some spiteful minds the petty forms of persecution which are still within their reach—to make them hanker after the forbidden indulgences of an obsolete cruelty—it becomes a duty to denounce them. Nor is it less incumbent to expose those more plausible, and perhaps, on that account, more dangerous, invasions of the Right of Private Judgment, which would delude multitudes into the belief that, on the authority of fallible mortals like themselves, they may repress the voice of conscience, receive as true things which they do not believe to be so, and practise as innocent rites which they deem forbidden.

One would think it very superfluous at this time of day to define what is meant by the 'Right of Private Judgment,' or to guard these terms against misapprehension. One would imagine that any mistakes about the phrase, or the mode in which it is usually understood, could not be otherwise than wilful; and, in truth, we honestly confess, it is out of our power to regard them in any other light. A recent writer, however, has attempted to show, that in the greater number of cases in which the 'Right of Private Judgment' would be usually said to be exercised, it is not in fact exercised at all. Why? Because there is no protracted, deliberate examination as to which is the true religion, and a decision logically formed accordingly—education, feeling, prejudice, accident, having much to do with the judgment ultimately expressed! Can any thing be more absurd? Does this

writer imagine, that those who contend for the 'Right of Private Judgment' mean that none can actually exercise it but those who have first of all certified themselves, by actual inspection of the proofs adduced in favour of every religion that has subsisted, or still subsists, in the world, that their own is the only true one? That a man cannot be a Christian, consistently with the exercise of his 'Right of Private Judgment,' unless he has examined and decided whether Hindooism or Mahometanism may not have equal claims? Or (confining ourselves to Christianity alone) that he cannot be a Christian, in virtue of the exercise of the 'Right of Private Judgment,' if he has not profoundly examined the wide question of the Christian evidences; or a Calvinist or Arminian, unless he has duly pondered the quinquarticular controversy? Could this author be so ignorant as to suppose that the advocates of the right meant this? It is notorious that writers by this phrase mean the right of *individually judging*—no matter what the *grounds* of that judgment—what is religious truth, and what not; not merely the abstract right of every man (though, it is true, each has it) deliberately to examine, if he has leisure and is so inclined, any or all systems of religion, and to make selection of that which he deems the true accordingly; but the right—in whatever way he may have arrived at his actual convictions of what is religious truth—to maintain and express that conviction, to the exclusion of all means beyond those of argument and persuasion, to make him think, or rather (for that is impossible by any except such means) to make him *say* otherwise. In a word, whether the phrase be abstractedly the best that could have been employed or not, it is chiefly designed to disallow the right of *forcing* us to believe, or profess to believe, as others bid us. This, in fact, is what is really contended for; and it implies not merely the right to judge for ourselves, but, *so far as coercion is concerned*, the right, if we please, not to judge at all; for though no man has a moral right to be in the wrong, it does not follow that another man has the right to employ force to reclaim him from his error. Much needless discussion has been wasted on this point by the adversaries of this doctrine, both ancient and modern; and yet nothing is more certain, or more a matter of daily experience, even where religion is not directly in question. A man has no moral right to get drunk at his own table; and yet he has a right to deal very unceremoniously with any one who would by force prevent him. And so in a thousand other cases.

We feel almost ashamed of having been compelled, in the middle of the nineteenth century, to say any thing in explanation of the meaning so generally and notoriously attached to the phrase,

'Right of Private Judgment.' Such being its meaning, however, we feel still more ashamed that there are to be found any who will deny the right itself. Yet such is the case with the writer to whom we have just referred, and who has incurred the additional odium of questioning that right, even as limited—and, one would have thought, put beyond controversy—by his own absurd interpretation of it. To one who was disposed to question the right, it might be imagined more reasonable, or rather less unreasonable, to deny it, on the supposition that it was designed to protect *all* consciences, whether the judgment formed was the result of deliberate examination or not; than on the supposition that the right was contended for *only* where such deliberate examination had been made. Yet even this limited exercise of the right, this author does not think it proper to concede to us. He thinks it reasonable to say that, if any one judges it proper to exercise this right, it is quite competent to the civil magistrate to inflict penalties on him for so doing. That any one would have been insane enough to contend for such a proposition in the present day, we could not have believed had we not read the statement with our own eyes. In order to protect ourselves from any charge of misrepresentation, and to prevent others from participating in the incredulity into which, apart from such evidence, we should undoubtedly have fallen, we shall cite the following passage:—
' Now the first remark which occurs is an obvious one, which, ' we suppose, will be suffered to pass without opposition—that ' whatever be the intrinsic merits of private judgment, yet, if it ' at all exerts itself in the direction of proselytism and conver- ' sion, a certain *onus probandi* is upon it, and it must show cause, ' before it is tolerated, why it should not be convicted forthwith ' as a breach of the peace, and silenced *instanter* as a mere dis- ' turber of the existing constitution of things. Of course it may ' be safely exercised in defending what is established; and we ' are far indeed from saying that it is never to advance in the ' direction of change or revolution, else the Gospel itself could ' never have been introduced; but we consider that such mate- ' rial changes have a *primâ facie* case against them—they have ' something to get over—and have to prove their admissibility, ' before it can reasonably be granted; and their agents may be ' called upon to suffer, in order to prove their earnestness, and to ' pay the penalty of the trouble they are causing. Considering ' the special countenance given in Scripture to quiet unanimity ' and contentedness, and the warnings directed against disorder, ' irregularity, a wavering temper, discord, and division; consi- ' dering the emphatic words of the Apostle, laid down as a gene- ' ral principle, and illustrated in detail, " Let every man abide

'in the same calling wherein he was called;" considering, in a 'word, that change is really the characteristic of error, and un-'alterableness the attribute of truth, of holiness, of Almighty 'God himself, we consider that when private judgment moves in 'the direction of innovation, it may well be regarded with suspi-'cion, and treated with severity. Nay, we confess even a satis-'faction, when a penalty is attached to the expression of new 'doctrines, or to a change of communion. We repeat it, if per-'sons have strong feelings, they should pay for them; if they 'think it a duty to unsettle things established, they should show 'their earnestness by being willing to suffer. We shall be the 'last to complain of this kind of persecution, even though di-'rected against what we consider the cause of truth. Such dis-'advantages do no harm to that cause in the event, but they 'bring home to a man's mind his own responsibility; they are a 'memento to him of a great moral law; and warn him that his 'private judgment, if not a duty, is a sin.'*

This is, in some respects, a remarkable passage. One would almost suspect that it must be a plagiarism from some ancient writer, were it not that people do not generally steal infected garments, nor, like old Elwes, appropriate as precious, things they have picked up out of the kennel. We almost involuntarily look for marks of quotation, or some archaisms of expression which would fix the date of the paragraph some two centuries ago. For ourselves, we peruse these arguments, thus recalled from the dead, with feelings much akin to those with which we should witness the exhumation of a mummy from the depths of the Pyramids, or the exhibition of some uncouth-looking weapons dug out of an ancient tumulus;—wondering the while at the strange chance by which things so long buried in darkness thus 'revisit the glimpses of the moon.' We seem to be present at the awakening of some Rip Van Winkle, who had been sleeping, not, like him of the *Sketch Book*, for twenty, but two hundred years. Why, these arguments are but a feeble repetition of those which Locke so utterly demolished in those matchless specimens of cogent and almost scornful logic—the second and third letters on 'Toleration;' and which Bayle had refuted before him, in his amusing commentary on the words 'compel them to

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* *British Critic*, July 1841.—It is not our wont to make lengthened references to contemporary Journals. If we have departed from the usual course on the present occasion, it is assuredly, not because the Journal in question is intrinsically entitled to much notice, but because it is generally considered to be the chief organ and representative of the party who advocate the principles of the Oxford Tracts.

come in.' We can hardly bring ourselves to believe that the greater part of those who in general agree with the Journal from which the above passage is extracted, can sympathize with the views of this writer. If they do, the people of England would do well to watch with double jealousy and suspicion the progress of 'high church principles.' If men such as he should achieve that triumph of their principles for which they are professedly striving, the dearest privileges of Englishmen would no longer be safe.

There is nothing whatever to distinguish the doctrines of this writer from those which characterize the most barefaced, naked system of ancient persecution;—nothing which might not have fallen from the lips of a Gardiner or a Bonner—nay, from those of a Nero or a Dioclesian. For there is absolutely nothing to limit the *principles* laid down; and those principles, thus unlimited in themselves, and pushed to their legitimate extent, are sufficient to authorize any atrocities. That which is established, no matter what, has on that account presumption in its favour of being right and true; and therefore, wherever 'private judgment at all 'exerts itself in the direction of proselytism and conversion,' it must 'show cause,' before it is tolerated, why it should not be 'convicted forthwith as a breach of the peace, and silenced *in-'stanter* as a mere disturber of the existing constitution of things.' It must show cause. To whom? Why, to the very parties, to be sure, who are interested in suppressing it—who believe that it has 'no cause to show;' and until *they* are satisfied—for the innovators are surely satisfied—that it has warrant for what it says, it may be suppressed *instanter*, and convicted of a breach of the peace! A man must not preach Christianity at Rome, till he shows cause to the satisfaction of a Nero or a Dioclesian that there is a sufficiency of reason on his side; and, till then, he may be suppressed *instanter*. That our author did not mean even to exclude this, the strongest case, is evident by his own allusion to 'the introduction of the Gospel:' he has plainly left us to infer from his principles, that though it was right of the Apostles to preach, it was equally right in the heathen to persecute them for so doing; they not having 'shown cause'—as how could they to Pagans?—that 'their case was admissible,' and 'that there was nothing in it which might not be got over.' The same principles would of course justify the Papists in persecuting the Protestants, and Protestants in persecuting the Papists; and every form, either of truth or error, that happens to be established, in persecuting every exercise of private judgment that happens to be at variance with it. It must be confessed that these are comprehensive principles of persecution, but we acknowledge that we do not like them the worse for that: they are at all

events consistent, however indescribably absurd. The accident of previous possession determines, it seems, the right to suppress, and whether it be truth or error, it is all the same: only, as truth is one, while error is multiform, error will have the advantage of this ruthless consistency in a hundred cases to one. And as truth and error are armed with equal right to employ this concise method of 'suppressing *instanter;*' so, as in the older systems of persecution, there is here nothing whatever to limit the degree of severity or violence which it may be deemed necessary to employ for that purpose. The duty is to 'suppress *instanter,*' unless sufficient cause be shown to those who are disinclined to see it; and we presume, that as, when they do not see it, they are bound to suppress *instanter*, they are at liberty to take any steps for that purpose which may be effectual; for to limit them to the use only of means which may be ineffectual, and which sturdy recusants may set at defiance, would be altogether nugatory. A right of suppressing error, provided it *can* be suppressed by the stocks or the pillory, conjoined with a liberty to let it run rampant if hanging or burning is necessary, would be a curious limitation; and, as it would be unreasonable to set any such limits, so it would be impossible. What is excess of severity in the code of one set of persecutors, is childish lenience in that of another. One man might be satisfied with the pillory, while another might be satisfied with nothing less than the rack. Our modern apologist for ancient cruelty has wisely attempted no such limitation; but, under the general expression of 'satisfaction' at the 'infliction of penalties,' has left every variety of persecutors to select their own. 'Help yourselves, gentlemen,' is virtually, though we hope not designedly, his language, 'according to 'your diversified tastes and appetites. The table is bountifully 'spread—the pillory—the rack—the scourge—the boot—the gib- 'bet—the axe—the stake—confiscation—mutilation—expatria- 'tion—are all very much at your service, whenever those who 'broach novel opinions do not "show cause," to *your* satisfac- 'tion, that you would be wrong if you attempted to repress 'them.'*

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* The reasoning by which this writer attempts to establish these conclusions, is as curious as are the conclusions themselves. He actually thinks that the *fact* of being *established*, is a presumption of truth in a world where there are a thousand different systems of religious opinion established; and yet it is not possible that more than one of these can be the absolute truth! He actually thinks that *fixedness*, is presumption of truth in a world where the most steadfast and ancient systems of re-

We should consider it as a melancholy waste of time to attempt a formal proof of the wickedness and folly of persecution. Yet, as it appears that in the year of grace 1841, it was possible for one who could at least write and spell—whatever other attributes of a rational nature he might have or want—to apologize for it, or rather to panegyrize it; it may not be uninstructive to exhibit, in one or two paragraphs, the crushing arguments by which the principles of religious freedom were first established; and the various modifications of the theory of persecution which its advocates were contented to frame, before they would wholly forego it. And most impressive it is to see how tenacious of life the monster was;—how many and oft repeated the exorcisms by which the demon was at length expelled.

We shall merely *state* the principal arguments; to state them is now enough. It was argued then—That it is not within a ruler's

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ligious opinion have been, and are, notoriously, those of the worst superstition!—'Unalterableness,' a mark of truth in a world where the great innovation that is at length to remedy its miseries was reserved till four thousand years after its creation!—'Change,' a characteristic of error in a world the great law of which is incessant change! It is true that 'unalterableness' is an attribute of truth, inasmuch as truth is always one and the same; but *he* would have us infer that what has been long 'unaltered' is 'true;' if this were so, as already shown, there would be a thousand different and conflicting systems of truth in the world. With equal logic, this writer actually imagines that the injunction, 'Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called,' has something to do with the determination of the present question;—that an injunction not capriciously to change our secular profession can be any warrant for inflicting penalties on those who innovate on established opinions in religion, because it is a probable case that they are actuated thereto by caprice and fickleness; or that it can justify acquiescence in opinions or practices which the conscience disapproves! Truly, this text of 'abiding in that calling wherein we are called,' is a short method of effectually settling the scruples of a restless conscience, and of insuring, to the world's end, that there shall be no further conversions from one system of opinions to another. The various *castes* are fixed, and let not any go out of them. He that is a Brahmin, let him be a Brahmin still; he that is a Mahometan, let him be a Mahometan still; he that is a Christian—Calvinist or Arminian, Episcopalian or Presbyterian—let him be such still; for, 'let every man abide in that calling wherein he is called.' One cannot wonder, after this, that Thomas Aquinas should have been able to prove that it is the duty of inferiors in the Church to submit to their superiors, from the words, 'The oxen were ploughing, and the asses were feeding beside them;' nor at the astuteness of that Papist who affirmed the propriety of worshipping the saints, *because* it is written 'God is wonderful in all his works.'

province to determine the religion of his subjects—he having no commission to attempt it; not from Scripture, for Peter and Paul preached Christianity in defiance of the magistrate; not from compact on the part of the people, for few would, and none could if they would, surrender to another the care of their salvation: That religion, except as intelligent and voluntary, is nothing worth: That in the very nature of things, the employment of *force* to make men believe, is a palpable absurdity: That, for example, the thumbscrew can never make a man believe the doctrine of the Trinity; and that, if it make him *say* he believes it when he does not, all that the thumbscrew does is to make the man a liar and hypocrite, in addition to being a heretic: That the unprincipled will escape by conforming, and only the conscientious be punished; so that the sole result is perjury on the one hand, and gratuitous suffering on the other: That the alleged power is as inexpedient as it is unjust; for rulers are no more likely to know the truth than private persons, nor so likely as many, as is proved by the diversity of opinions among rulers themselves: That if the rulers' religion be a false one, all the above evils are aggravated, for error has then all the advantage; those who are really converted being converted to error; those who only *say* they are converted, embracing error with a lie in their right hand; while the suffering falls solely on those who are in possession of the truth: That, supposing the right to *compel* resides in the magistrate, it must reside in every magistrate; and as truth is but one and error multiform, there will, on the whole, be a hundred-fold as much force employed against the truth as for it: That if it be said, as was often most vainly said, 'it is the duty of the magistrate to compel only to the true 'religion,' the question returns, 'who is to be the judge of 'truth?' while, as each ruler will judge *his own* religion to be true, this is but going a roundabout way to the same point: That the system, if justifiable at all, will authorize and necessitate the utmost severities; for if it be the duty of the magistrate to compel all to adopt his religion, the methods which will most surely and speedily effect this, will be the best; that therefore, burning, hanging, torture, being the most thorough and most likely to be successful, are to be preferred: lastly, That after the most remorseless and protracted application of the system, history affords the most striking proofs that it can never be successful; that the uniformity sought can never be obtained; that the conscientious are only the more fully convinced of the truth of their system, whether it be truth or error; that fortitude will be prepared to endure all that cruelty is prepared to inflict; and that not only in the history of Christianity, but in that of all re-

ligions, has it been seen that 'the blood of the Martyrs has 'been the seed of the Church.'

These arguments, and such as these, were, and will ever be felt to be resistless against the ancient and only consistent scheme of persecution. No wonder, then, that men who could not gainsay, and yet would not adopt them, should seek some mitigated system which might leave them still the luxury of persecution, or secure their darling idol of uniformity with less expense to humanity and logic. It is curious to see the efforts which from time to time have been made to discover this *tertium quid*—a sort of purgatory between the heaven of perfect freedom and the hell of perfect despotism. But there is in truth no medium. The two extremes are alone consistent—and, so far as that goes, both are equally so. All intermediate systems are absurd and inconsistent; they are examples, every one of them, of unstable equilibrium—the slightest breath of wind suffices to throw them down. The old system is at least a strong-looking symmetrical fabric, cemented though it be with blood from the foundation-stone to the topmost pinnacle. The system which says, 'You shall be of my religion, or 'at all events *pretend* you are, whether you be or not; therefore 'bethink you betimes whether you love truth better than the rack, 'or if need be, better than burning fagots or molten lead,' is at least perfectly intelligible and consistent, however hideous. This is an iron-hearted, brazenfaced Devil enough, and one has some involuntary, shuddering awe of him. How far the petty imps who aspire to share his guilt, but dare not emulate such sublimity of wickedness, are entitled to respect of any kind, we shall presently see.

Some of the most obvious modifications by which the unqualified system of persecution might be stripped of its most revolting features, suggested themselves to the anonymous writer* who undertook the perilous task of answering Locke's first letter on Toleration, and were indeed anticipated by Bayle in that part of his *Philosophical Commentary* where he examines, with deliberate and minute attention, the 'objections' to his principles. First, Locke's adversary declared that it was far from his purpose to undertake the defence of the horrid cruelties by which history is disfigured. No—it was only 'moderate penalties' and 'convenient punishments' for which he pleaded! And here—not to insist that almost all the arguments above stated against the most unqualified system, apply with unabated force to this and every

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* We learn from Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, that the author was Jonas Proast, of Queen's College, *Oxford.*

modification of it—we come at once to the first of those symptoms of instability, which, as we have said, characterizes the whole. What are 'moderate penalties' and 'gentle punishments?' Hanging is moderate compared with burning, and branding gentle compared with the rack. To some men of squeamish sensibility, even the cropping of the ears, the free use of the scourge, a few years' imprisonment or banishment, might foolishly be considered excessive. Nay, we know not whether there might not be found some who would object to ruin men even by regular process of law, by quirks and quibbles—perhaps, even to the pillory, fines, confiscation; while there might be others, (as there undoubtedly have been many,) who would say of all heretics, that 'hanging is too good for them;' and who would not only show their charity by sending them, if obstinate, to perdition, but that, too, by methods which should convince them that they did not lose much by exchanging earth for hell.

As we have already remarked, our modern champion of persecution, who 'confesses a satisfaction' (we admire the felicity no less than the honesty of the phrase) 'in the infliction of penalties' for change of opinion, has left this matter equally in the dark. For this he is not to be blamed; it was impossible for him to assign limits, and he has therefore wisely refrained from attempting it. Whether a fine of a hundred pounds be thought equivalent to the luxury of a new opinion—whether such a *bonne bouche* ought to go still higher—whether it be dear at imprisonment, confiscation, banishment—whether his clemency would be 'satisfied' with the stocks, or the pillory, or branding—or whether he would 'confess a satisfaction' (in very obstinate cases) at hanging or burning, is all unhappily matter of conjecture.

Locke's adversary further modified the system, by declaring that the 'moderate penalties' and the 'convenient punishments' for which he contended, were not designed to compel those on whom they were inflicted, to adopt a particular form of religion at the option of the magistrate; but to induce them to 'examine,' to 'consider,' calmly and deliberately, that they might not, as too often happens, be led by passion or caprice, or any other motive which ought to have no influence in the determination of the question! Whereupon he was asked whether he considered the *fear* of torture or banishment, and the *hope* of recompense or impunity, amongst the passions? Whether he seriously thought that the rack or the thumbscrew would *favour* that calm and equal consideration which he was so charitably desirous of promoting? Whether a man under the pangs of torture, or the dread of confiscation or banishment, is in a better condition for the exercise of his logic? Whether the mind, under such

discipline, would not be as effectually under a sinister bias as if left to the dominion of any other passions whatsoever? Whether the author would have this charitable expression of concern for the souls of men fairly applied to all who, it might be deemed, had *not* given the subject of religion 'an equal and conscientious examination;' and, amongst the rest, to the multitudes of 'inconsiderate professors' of the national religion, who, as they are often more liable to take their religion on trust and in haste, than those who must suffer something for it, stand in more urgent need of such a provocative to deliberation? Whether, if he replied in the negative, 'his remedy would not re-'semble the helleboraster that grew in the woman's garden for 'the cure of worms in her neighbours' children, for that it wrought 'too roughly to give it to any of her own?'* Whether it could be thought that the magistrate who had established a given religion, or the clergy who preached it, would tolerate such an impartial application of the system of 'moderate and convenient penalties' to those of their own communion, however little they may have 'examined?' Whether the plan had ever been acted upon, or was ever likely to be? Whether it would not be a most curious and unprecedented act of legislation, to inflict penalties with the vague object of making people 'examine' whether they are in the right or not; or, rather, with the still more vague object of making them 'seek truth' till they find it, in the absence of a judge to determine what that truth is? Whether it would not be very much like 'whipping a scholar to make him 'find out the square root of a number you do not know?' Whether he who declares he has examined, and is still of the same mind, and that *not* the mind of a conformist, is to be released from all further punishment; or whether public officials are to be appointed to 'examine' whether he has 'examined' enough? Whether these are to be satisfied that he has examined enough, or are likely to be so, till he has 'examined' himself into the state of mind which will induce him to conform? and whether, if they are not to be satisfied till then, this system of 'moderate penalties' does not, after all, resolve itself into the system of compelling men to conform to the religion of the magistrate?—There are some things in the extract from that writer on whom we have been animadverting, which remind one of this system:—'Penalties bring home to a man his own responsibility' '— they are a memento to him of a great moral law, and 'warn him that his private judgment, if not a duty, is a sin.'

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* Locke's *Second Letter*. Works, vol. v. p. 99.

—'If persons have strong feelings, they should pay for them; if 'they think it a duty to unsettle things established, they should 'show their earnestness by being willing to suffer.' Here one would think that the charitable object, like that of Locke's antagonist, was to secure conscientiousness and deliberation on the part of the sufferers for supposed truth, or to sublime their virtues into heroism. But we have already shown, and the former part of the paragraph indeed avows it, that it is for the sake of peace and quietness—on behalf of the 'established opinions'—that he chiefly desires these penalties to be inflicted.

Locke's adversary subsequently shuffled out of his original position, and affirmed that magistrates were at liberty to persecute only for the true religion; and that it was at their peril if they indulged in any eccentricities of the kind in favour of any false religion. Locke, of course, unmercifully exposes this childish fallacy. For who is to be the judge of truth but the magistrate himself; and, if it be his duty to enforce obedience to some religion, he must of course enforce obedience to that which he deems true.

Even after the general principles of toleration were established, it was long before the spirit of persecution was quite subdued; indeed, as we all know, it was only within the last few years that our statutes were purged from the last traces of it. Men found out, it seems, after the more violent forms of persecution were abandoned, that it was still very proper to visit those who did not conform to the religion of the magistrate, with the privation of some of their civil rights! This was no *punishment*, forsooth, it was simply a *negation*. To be kept without a thing is something very different from having something taken away from us, and what a man never had, of course he can never much miss; and thus, by this subtle distinction of 'negations,' men managed at the same time to gratify their bigotry and to cloak their absurdity. Happily we have got beyond this also.

The writer who has detained us so long, is, in as far as we know, the only living avower of his preference of the ancient system of persecution—the 'suppression' of the 'Right of Private Judgment' by pains and penalties. But there are not a few who would attempt to limit its exercise by an appeal to human authority; though they would not advocate the employment of violence for that purpose. We confess we think this system better than that of force, just upon the principle, that he who simply steals is less guilty than he who commits both theft and murder. But the system itself is far less compact and consistent. If man be rightfully accountable to his fellows for the formation or expression of his religious opinions—if he *ought* to

adopt those which he is *told* to adopt—one would imagine that it is but reasonable to arm authority with some means of enforcing its mandates. The duty of submission to any human authority, would seem to imply the correlative right of visiting disobedience with some sort of penalties. If not, it is authority only in name. What should we say to a legislator, who, enacting certain laws, should set forth in the preamble, that they were binding only on those who choose to be bound by them, and that those who did not might throw them into the fire? It reminds us of the humorous case cited by Pelisson in his controversy with Leibnitz.* An 'inconstant lover' and his 'volatile mistress' gravely lay down the laws which are to regulate their courtship, and the last of them is, that both should break any of them they thought proper. South, consistently arguing on *his* principles, that ecclesiastical authority ought to be backed by 'temporal power,' anticipated and rebuked the inconsistency of all half-hearted apologists for the suppression of conscience. He ridiculed the idea of authority without coercion—of laws without penalties—of obligation to obey conjoined with liberty to rebel. He consistently preferred persecution to the sanction of so singular a freedom. He exposes the fallacy in his own ludicrous manner: 'Some,' he says, 'will by no means allow the 'Church any further power than only to exhort and advise; and 'this but with a proviso too, that it extends not to such as think 'themselves too wise and too great to be advised; according to 'the hypothesis of which persons, the authority of the Church, 'and the obliging force of all Church-sanctions, can bespeak men 'only thus: These and these things it is your duty to do, and if 'you will not do them, you may as well let them alone.' †

But whether it be that the enemies of religious freedom despair of reviving the ancient opinions, or think that there is little present chance of success, or are really weary of them, it is certain that, while there is no lack of theories by which the 'Right of Private Judgment' is virtually denied, or curiously circumscribed, few, like the author on whose fanatical extravagances

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* 'Je n'ose faire une comparaison trop peu sérieuse, et prise de ces lectures frivoles, qui ont amusé mon enfance; mais je ne sçaurois pourtant m'empêcher d'y penser. Dans une de nos Fables Françoises, (l'ingénieux roman de *Monsieur D'Urfé*, que tous le monde connoit,) l'amant inconstant et la maitresse volage font avec grand soin les loix de leur amitié; mais la dernière de toutes est qu'on n'en observera pas une, si l'on ne veut.'—Leibnitzii *Opera*, tom. i. p. 689

† South's *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 132.

we have been commenting, would choose to 'confess a satisfac-'tion, when a penalty is attached to the expression of new doc-'trines or to a change of communion.' Nay, as we shall shortly see, even *he*, in despair, we suppose, of getting mankind to adopt his antiquated opinions, provides, in condescension to their infirmities and ignorance, a mode of exercising the right which, as he flatters himself, will still get rid of all its principal inconveniences. This, and some other theories, we shall now briefly examine, and shall show of them all that they are absolutely nugatory, inasmuch as they still leave for the decision of 'private judgment,' questions as difficult and perplexing as those which, according to the common theory, are submitted to it; or, what is worse, that they enjoin, in obedience to an authority neither *claiming* nor *admitted* to be infallible, a deliberate violation of the law of conscience, where the actual convictions of the individual are at variance with that authority; or, lastly, that they are chargeable on both these counts.

Nothing, indeed, short of the Popish doctrine of the Church's infallibility, will suffice to annul or limit the 'Right of Private Judgment.' That, and that alone, will. For though we Protestants, who deny that doctrine, know very well that the 'variations of Romanism' have been nearly, if not quite, as numerous as those which Bossuet charged upon Protestantism, and many of them on points quite as important as those which the Church professes to have definitively settled;—though we know that Popes have been opposed to Popes, and Councils to Councils; that Popes have contradicted Councils, and Councils contradicted Popes;—though there have been infinite disputes as to where the infallibility resides; what are the doctrines it has definitively pronounced true, and who, to the *individual*, is the infallible expounder of what is thus infallibly pronounced infallible;—yet he who receives this doctrine in its integrity, has nothing more to do than to eject his reason, sublime his faith into credulity, and reduce his creed to these two comprehensive articles: 'I believe 'whatsoever the Church believes;'—'I believe that the Church 'believes whatsoever my father-confessor believes that she be-'lieves.' For thus he reasons: Nothing is more certain than that whatsoever God says is infallibly true; it is infallibly true that the Church says just what God says; it is infallibly true that what the Church says is known; and it is also infallibly true that my father-confessor, or the parson of the next parish, is an infallible expositor, of what is thus infallibly known to be the Church's infallible belief, of what God has declared to be infallibly true. If any one of the links, even the last, in this strange *sorites*, be supposed unsound—if it be not true that the

priest is an infallible expounder, to the individual, of the Church's infallibility—if his judgment be only his 'private judgment'—we come back at once to the perplexities of the common theory of private judgment; and the question then submitted to the individual Romanist's 'private judgment' is—whether it be reasonable in him, in a matter of which he knows nothing, but which is yet of infinite moment, to surrender *his* private judgment to that of another man? And truly, to decide a question without having any data for deciding it, appears to us quite as difficult a problem as any of those which are ordinarily submitted to 'private judgment.' The system, therefore, must be received in its integrity, and if so, the rule of conduct is very simple. If the priest tells us that bread is flesh, and wine is blood—that the sun revolves round the earth—that Gulliver's Travels, if they had not been written by a heretic, *would* have been as true as the gospel—all we have to do is to believe it, and, if need be, to believe it even for Tertullian's paradoxical reason, '*because* it is impossible.'

Of every other mode of nullifying or circumscribing the right of judgment, and of this too, except where the claim of infallibility is not merely *made* but *admitted*, it may be shown, as already said, that it is either nugatory, or flagitious, or both.

Conscious of this, there is a small party of hybrid Protestants amongst us, who virtually claim for some Church unknown—neither the Church of Rome nor the Church of England, and yet both, but certainly *not* the Church of Scotland—some 'Visible Church,' which is not to be seen; some 'Catholic Church,' which excludes all Christians except Episcopalians; some 'Undivided Church,' which embraces the communions of the reciprocally excommunicated; some 'Primitive Church' of uncertain date—nothing less than the infallibility, and consequent authority of the Church of Rome. But they are 'born out of due time;' their infallibility comes too late to enable them by its means to limit the 'Right of Private Judgment,' or relieve us of our perplexities. For unhappily the Church of Rome has got the start of them; there are, therefore, *rival* claims to infallibility; and, consequently, if more could be said to reconcile the manifold contradictions of the theory of these infatuated men, and to authenticate their claims to be its expositors, than ever *can* be said, 'private judgment' would still be pressed with the most transcendently incomprehensible question ever submitted to the arbitration of ignorance—'Of two claimants to infallibility, 'which is the more likely to be infallible?'—But to resume the modern theories.

The writer, on whose appetite for persecution we have been

constrained to animadvert, is not, it appears, disposed, after all, to deny the *free* exercise of 'private judgment,' but merely to limit the *range* of its enquiries;—that is, the bird may *freely* range *in its cage;* nevertheless, we shall show that even there it has room to lose itself. He has discovered, it seems, that the question which 'private judgment' is called to decide, is, 'Who 'is the teacher we are to follow? not what are the doctrines we 'are to believe?' The 'precedents' in Scripture, he affirms, 'sanction not an enquiry about Gospel doctrine, but about the 'Gospel teacher; not what has God revealed, but whom has he 'commissioned?' He maintains 'that the private student of 'Scripture would not ordinarily gain a knowledge of the Gospel 'from it!' Once more, he says; 'The New Testament equally 'with the Old, as far as it speaks of examination into doctrines 'professedly from heaven, makes their teachers the subject of 'that enquiry, and not their matter.'...'Let it be observed how 'exactly this view of the province of private judgment, *where it 'is allowable*, as being the discovery not of doctrine, but of the 'teachers of doctrine, coincides both with the nature of religion 'and the state of human society as we find it.' We have already had a notable specimen of the exegetical talents of this writer, and need not, therefore, be surprised at his professing to find Scripture proof of this doctrine also. It must be confessed, however, that his method is somewhat novel, and would be generally imagined equally opposed to criticism and to logic. He seems to think he has made out his point, if he but proves that teachers are *promised* in Scripture, and that it *is* within the province of private judgment to decide on their credentials. We deny neither. 'In remarkable coincidence,' says he, 'with 'this view, we find in both Testaments that teachers are pro-'mised under the dispensation of the Gospel!' Might we not just as logically say, that, 'in remarkable coincidence with *our* 'views,' we find it written that 'there was a man in the land of 'Uz, whose name was Job?' What is all this to the purpose? Who denies that religious teachers are promised? As little do we deny that it is the right of individuals to *judge* of their pretensions and credentials. But does the right terminate there? that is the question. One would imagine that the commendation bestowed on the Bereans, for searching the Scriptures to see 'whether the things told them by Paul were so,' would be alone sufficient to decide this point. But no—our author expressly says, though he attempts not to prove it, that *this*, too, is 'amongst the precedents which sanction not an enquiry about 'Gospel doctrine, but about the Gospel teacher!'

Let it be ruled so, then. And now to consider the system

itself. We maintain that the question thus submitted to 'private judgment,' is as difficult as any which are ordinarily submitted to it. If a man be incompetent for the latter, he is equally incompetent for the former. The reasoning is about as good as would be that of a father who should say to his child, 'Though 'it is true you are not competent to say what it is fit for you to 'learn, and, therefore, cannot select for yourself a *school*, yet you 'are perfectly welcome to choose your *schoolmaster*.' We repeat, that if this exercise of judgment is to be a *bonâ fide* exercise of judgment at all, it will not be a whit less difficult to decide upon the 'teacher,' than upon the 'general doctrines to be taught.' 'It is much more easy,' says our author, 'to judge of persons 'than of opinions.' True—so far as regards their moral qualities; whether they be, in effect, virtuous or dissolute, benevolent or selfish, humane or cruel. But then, unhappily, if this be the criterion, it is just none at all; for men characterized by both classes of qualities are to be found in all communions. Indeed, as it is most evident from this fact that their personal qualities would be no sufficient guide, so it is by no means the criterion which our author contemplates: he would be very sorry to have it impartially applied. They are quite other qualities which are to decide the point; and the enquiry into these, we contend, is either not separable from an enquiry into the truth of the very doctrines taught, but presupposes that enquiry to have been both instituted and decided; or it is an enquiry into matters still more difficult and perplexing;—for example, whether or not the clergy of a given Church possess the inestimable advantages of 'apostolical succession?' In the present divided state of Christendom, which is the more hopeful enquiry for a private individual, 'What saith the 'Scripture?' *or*, 'Which of all the religious teachers who claim 'my attention makes the most rightful pretensions to instruct 'me in the truth—I, at the same time, neither enquiring, nor 'being permitted to enquire, *what* that truth is?' For it must be remembered that an Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Independent, Calvinist, or Arminian, is not a trustworthy teacher, *because* he tells us he is; the awful privilege of 'apostolical succession' is not inscribed on the bishop's forehead; no voice from heaven certifies to us that those whom he ordains are exclusively commissioned to preach the gospel. We repeat, therefore, that this liberty of 'private judgment,' if really acted upon, implies a task quite as difficult as those for which it is proposed to substitute it: in a word, either the very *same*—that of examining the pretensions of the teacher by a reference to his doctrines; or that of deciding on the historic grounds of his authority, without any investigation of his doctrine at all. This method, therefore,

would not serve the purpose for which it has been invented; it would not correct the eccentricities or diminish the varieties of 'private judgment.' Nay, we have already facts in abundance to prove this. We see that there are multitudes of *all* communions who select their teacher on no wiser principle than that here advocated; without any enquiry into the truth of the doctrines taught, or the teacher's claim to the authority he assumes. It were well both for them and for truth, if they would exercise also the other and better part of the 'Right of Private Judgment,' and diligently enquire—whether the system of doctrines taught them is in general accordance with truth, and the claims to authority, on the teacher's part, well founded. It does not appear, then, that this limitation of the 'Right of Private Judgment' would diminish the diversities of sect and party, or secure a nearer approximation to uniformity.*

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* It is true that this writer points out some concise methods of limiting the candidates for the enquirer's suffrage. 'You may reject,' says he, 'all who do not even profess to come with authority.' To this it may be replied, first, that there are none who come to teach without professing authority to do so, and that in general the more extravagant their doctrine, the more arrogant their pretensions; and secondly, that the *absence* of those exclusive pretensions to which *he* refers—pretensions to the Apostolical Succession—would be to thousands a reason rather for admitting than rejecting the claims of a teacher who came to them with such unwonted humility. But, even according to this writer, there are at least three Churches, which, however divided on points which multitudes deem essential, possess, it seems, all that *authority* which is necessary to give validity to the claims of their teachers. These Churches—*risum teneatis?*—are the English, Romish, and Greek! But how is the perplexed enquirer to decide on their claims? Very easily, if we fairly follow out this writer's principles; for, partly by what he has said, and partly by what he has left us to infer, it does not much matter to which a man belongs; and as each is possessed of those mysterious 'gifts,' depending on the 'Succession,' which will serve to countervail any corruptions, it is difficult to say whether there are any reasons sufficient to justify a man in leaving any one of them for another. It is true, indeed, that our author disclaims all intention of discussing the question, as to whether there are reasons which can justify the Catholic in leaving his own communion; but it is plain, from what he has said, how he would decide it, and how, if consistent with his principles, he *must* decide it. Indeed, his very making it a *question* is a sufficient indication of his sentiments; for did ever *Protestant* before doubt whether it was lawful for a Catholic to leave the Church of Rome? None, assuredly, can doubt it, except those strange Protestants who deplore Protestantism itself, and who use their utmost efforts to show how much the Churches of Rome and England resemble one another! That the difference be-

But one of the most singular oversights is, that our author formally concedes the right in its full extent, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not it is to be so conceded. 'We have 'arrived,' he says, with great solemnity and gravity, 'at the fol'lowing conclusion, that it is our duty to betake ourselves to 'Scripture, and to observe how far the private search of a reli'gion is there sanctioned, and under what circumstances!' We are, it appears, in the first instance, to make the most extensive use of our 'Right of Private Judgment' on the Scriptures; in order to ascertain whether or not we are at liberty to use our 'private judgment' in interpreting its doctrines; in other words, we are to exercise our 'private judgment' to ascertain whether or not it ought to be exercised!

Another modification of the theory of 'private judgment' is that of Mr Gladstone. He says—'And, lastly, persons are in 'great alarm for their liberty of private judgment. The true 'doctrine of private judgment is, as has been shown by many 'writers, most important and most sacred; it has the direct sanc-

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tween them is not, in his estimation, very great, we may infer from such language as this: 'We may believe that our own Church has certain 'imperfections; the Church of Rome certain corruptions; such a belief 'has no tendency to lead us to any view as to which, *on the whole*, is the 'better, or to induce or *warrant* us to leave the one communion for the 'other.' Again—'Is it not certain, even at first sight, that each of these 'branches (Romish, Greek, and English) has many high gifts and much 'grace in her communion?' Now, whether this representation be correct or not, let theologians decide; but so far from 'its being evident at first sight,' it is certain that nine-tenths in each of these communions would, in the exercise of that 'Right of Private Judgment' which even he concedes, come to a different conclusion, as to who are 'divinely appointed teachers,' from himself. Such is the very first application of this new theory of 'private judgment,' designed to limit the diversities of opinion; its very inventor manages to stumble on a 'judgment,' in which not ten out of a hundred will agree with him! On the manifold inconsistencies into which he is plunged by his attempt to show how nearly these Churches approximate, and yet to find such still subsisting differences as may justify a state of separation—conceding that Rome does *not* practise idolatry, and yet discovering that there is a *note* of idolatry upon her, which may justify him who is already a Protestant in not joining her—maintaining that his own Church is *not* schismatic, and yet acknowledging that it is chargeable with something very *like* schism, and leaving us to infer that the Reformers ought never to have separated from the Church of Rome—of all this we shall say nothing, because it has nothing to do with our present subject. But as a specimen of what may be called *see-saw* argumentation, it is well worth reading.

'tion of Scripture. It teaches the duty, and, as correlative to 'the duty, the right of a man to assent freely and rationally to 'the truth. It is commonly called a right to enquire; but it is 'to enquire for the purpose of assenting; for he has no right '(that is, none as before God) to reject the truth after his en-'quiry. It is a right to assent to truth—to enquire into alleged 'truth. Now, all that the true idea of the Church proposes to 'him is a probable and authorized guide. This is wholly dis-'tinct from the Romish infallibility. The Church of England 'holds individual freedom in things spiritual to be an essential 'attribute of man's true nature, and an essential condition of the 'right reception of the Gospel; and testifies to that sentiment in 'the most emphatic mode, by encouraging the fullest communi-'cation of Scripture to the people. Yet is it perfectly possible 'that the best use of such a freedom may often be thus exempli-'fied; when a man having prayed for light from God, and ha-'ving striven to live in the spirit of his prayer, and yet finding 'his own opinion upon a point of doctrine opposite to that of the 'universal undivided Church, recognizes the answer to his prayer 'and the guide to his mind in the declarations of the creeds, 'rather than in his own single, and perhaps recent, impressions 'upon the subject; not thus surrendering his own liberty of 'judgment, but using it in order to weigh and compare the pro-'babilities of his or the Church's correctness respectively, and 'acting faithfully on the result.'

Here, first, we have the old fallacy. 'Private judgment' is, indeed, a *right;* but it is a right of assenting to the *truth.* But, then, who is to be the judge of truth? Is the individual conscience to assent to that which it honestly deems truth, or is it not? If the former, we are just in the same predicament as before. If not, what is the authority which is to justify it in setting its convictions at defiance? 'Why,' replies Mr Gladstone, 'the voice of the undivided Church' must decide the matter. To this we might content ourselves with replying—This 'undivided Church,' amidst the ten thousand parties into which Christendom is divided, we cannot find at all; and the search is at least as difficult as that of the truth which we are to find by its means. It is like telling us that we are to learn which of five hundred opinions is the true, by enquiring of some inhabitant of Eutopia. But the concluding sentence of this paragraph deserves more serious rebuke. Our author proposes an expedient for tranquillizing a scrupulous conscience —a conscience which finds its decisions at hopeless variance with those of the 'undivided Church'—which is, in our judgment, an outrage on morality. It is really one of the most extraordi-

nary pieces of casuistry we have ever met with, either in ancient or modern times, and directly justifies the suppression of the voice of conscience. We are to suppose for argument's sake, that the enquirer has found that nonentity—the 'undivided Church.' Be it so; but he finds, at the same time, that this 'undivided Church' teaches a doctrine as true which he is persuaded is false; and enjoins rites as a duty, the performance of which he believes to be sin. What is he to do? Is he at liberty to profess his acquiescence in that doctrine though he believes it false, or to perform those rites though he believes them wrong? 'Pray over the matter, and enquire,' says Mr Gladstone. 'I have done both,' replies the unhappy man. 'And 'you are still of the same mind?'—'Altogether.'—'But do you 'not think the whole undivided Church more likely to be in the 'right than you?'—'I am not so destitute of modesty as to 'affirm the contrary.'—'Then you may, without further scruple, 'proclaim your belief in the supposed error, and practise the forbidden rite!' So thus, it appears, the man may assent to *one* proposition which he deems *false*, because he can assent to another, altogether different, which he believes true;—namely, that he thinks the 'undivided Church' more likely to be in the right than he. How different the decision of Mr Gladstone from that of Saint Paul, who declares that a man who should eat meat offered to idols, with a conscience doubting its propriety, would sin; though he at the same time declares by inspiration, that the act, in itself, is absolutely indifferent. Such a casuist as Mr Gladstone would soon have administered relief. 'Do you not think,' he would say, 'that an inspired apostle is 'more likely to be in the right than you?'—'Who can doubt 'it?' would have been the reply. 'Then eat as soon and as 'much as you please,' Mr Gladstone would have said; unless he believed the decision of an inspired apostle less likely to be the true one than that of his 'undivided Church.'

We are astonished at this doctrine, we confess, and doubt whether, considering the difference of the age and circumstances, any thing much more flagitious is to be found even among those Jesuitical casuists, whose extravagances Pascal so inimitably ridiculed. Mr Gladstone's doctrine of 'probable opinions' would almost match that of the school of Loyola; and we are half inclined to say of him, what Pascal's Jesuit Father says of Escobar: 'Truly this Escobar, said I, is a fine man.—Oh! rejoined the 'Father, every body admires him; he puts such *lovely* questions!'*

* 'Vraîment, lui dis-je, il me semble que je rêve, quand j'entends des

But what Mr Gladstone, with congenial love of obscurity, has left in utter darkness, others have endeavoured to clear up. They have proceeded to furnish us with *criteria* of the undivided Church, to interpret what it has delivered, and to invest its decisions with a species of infallibility. But let it not be for one moment imagined that we are at all likely to have the exercise of the 'Right of Private Judgment' diminished by all this; on the contrary, it is enlarged a thousand fold. The theory is, that Scripture is incomplete; that some things are divinely revealed which are not revealed *there*; that it is to be supplemented by tradition; and that whatever we find unanimously and constantly asserted by such tradition, is invested with authority co-ordinate with that of Scripture. Whereupon arise an infinity of questions, any one of which is as difficult as any that Private Judgment was ever called upon to decide; and which he who is no scholar has little chance of deciding except by lot, for the authorities are very numerous and diametrically contradictory on all sides. 'Nothing is more easy,' exclaims the Anglican; 'all you have to do is to adhere to the rule of Vincentius Lirinensis—*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus traditum est*—but, alas! on investigation, it is found that 'nobody' knows what 'every body' has said; that what has been affirmed 'every where' is remembered 'no where;' and that the only thing to which all time has testified, is *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*. Whether a man be learned or ignorant—permitted to exercise his judgment in discovering these obscured verities of tradition for himself, or forbidden so to do—ample in either case is the scope for his private judgment. If learned, and permitted to enquire, the luckless student finds that instead of one small book he is sent to five hundred; instead of having to deal with nothing but what is *truth*, truth itself is presented to him in minute fragments, amidst mountain-loads of absurdity, ignorance, and heresy. Then there are, besides, most difficult and subtle questions of criticism to be decided, before the very materials of judgment can be laid before the mind; interpolations, erasures, forgeries to be detected—what is authentic separated from what is not—*quæstiones vexatæ* without end, in a word, to be adjusted. Again; at what point is the investigation to stop?—

Religieux parler de cette sorte. Et quoi, mon père, dites moi en conscience, êtes vous dans ce sentiment-là? Non vraiment, me dit le père. Vous parlez donc, continuai je, contre votre conscience? Point de tout, dit-il. Je ne parlois pas en cela selon ma conscience, mais selon celle de Ponce et du P. Bauny; et vous pourriez les suivre en sureté, car ce sont d'habiles gens.'—*Let. Provinciales*, let. v.

Is it at the end of the second, or third, or fourth or fifth centuries? 'Stand by the first six General Councils,' exclaim Hammond and Stillingfleet; 'Stop at the end of the fifth century,' says Archbishop Bramhall; 'You must not draw bridle till the dis-'union of the East and West,' cries Bishop Ken; 'You are 'wrong,' says Archbishop Usher; 'four *or* five hundred years 'are sufficient; 'Rather three *or* four,' say Waterland and Beveridge; 'The precise limit is *no where*,' says Mr Newman; 'it is a question of degree and place;' 'It is every where,' shouts the more consistent Romanist.' No wonder that, oppressed with the thought of *such* an exercise of the right of private judgment, the enquirer declares he knows not how to perform it. 'My friend,' is the reply, 'you have only to read 'through about a hundred and fifty folios of ecclesiastical 'records, and you will find the matter is just as I tell you.' He feels that this is but meagre consolation, and, if intelligent, will declare, that rather than undergo such labour for the small *residuum* of doubtful truth which he is assured he will extract from it, he would make a voyage to the Indies to bring home a cargo of one peppercorn and two grains of rice! The right of private judgment, in such a case, he feels to be about as valuable a possession as a right to read through the statutes at large. The Puseyites may very safely grant it, for they may be assured no one will avail himself of it. If the man be ignorant, or forbidden to enquire—the other case supposed—he has only to believe. But let it not be imagined that he is not still subjected to the necessity of performing an impracticable act of private judgment. He may be told that infallible truth has been discovered, and that the priest is the infallible expounder of it. But, then, on what ground shall he believe this? 'I am 'commissioned,' says the priest. 'But,' (will be the reply,) 'I 'see that there are multitudes of your *own* Church, and whom 'you acknowledge *equally* commissioned with yourself, who 'tell me that you are under an absolute delusion—that neither 'you nor they are commissioned to assume any such authority—'that tradition is no authoritative guide, and that, if it were, 'what it authorizes cannot be authentically discovered. I more-'over see that many of those who adopt the same general prin-'ciples with yourself, differ as to *what* is primitive and catholic 'truth. I can, therefore, regard *your* judgment only as your '"private judgment;" and the knotty question which I have to 'decide is, whether I am to surrender *my* "private judgment," 'because *your* "private judgment" tells me to do so, when the '"private judgment" of others equally learned, equally sincere, 'and equally *commissioned*, tells me that I ought not? and, as I

‘ have no data whereon to decide this question, truly I think a ‘ harder question for my private judgment, even the Scriptures ‘ of truth could scarcely have submitted to it. If I decide as you ‘ would have me, I decide absolutely without any reason what- ‘ ever.’ ‘ And is not this,’ would be the *honest* reply, ‘ is not ‘ this the happy state of mind to which we have been endeavour- ‘ ing to reduce you? Have we not for years been urging you ‘ to *enquire* whether *enquiry* be not dangerous?—have we not ‘ been reasoning you (in our way) into the belief that *reasoning* ‘ on such subjects is *unreasonable*? And have we not endea- ‘ voured to illustrate precept by example, and as completely ‘ divested ourselves of all the attributes of a rational nature, as ‘ the ancient caricature of Plato's man? Have we not shown ‘ you how much may be believed, and how little it is necessary ‘ to reason?’ *

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* As these remarks may appear severe, we shall justify ourselves by citing the following paragraphs from one of the most elaborate and dangerous of the *Oxford Tracts*. If the reader find it impossible to read the first without a smile, we predict that he will not be able to read the second without a sigh;—to think that a reasonable being can talk such nonsense.—‘ I am not here to enter into the question of the grounds on which the duty and blessedness of believing rests; but I would observe, that nature certainly does give sentence against scepticism, against doubt, nay, against a habit (I say a *habit*) of enquiry—against a critical, cold, *investigating* temper—the temper of what are called shrewd, clear-headed, hard-headed men; in that, by the confession of all, happiness is attached not to *their* temper, but rather to confiding, *unreasoning*, faith. I do not say that enquiry may not, under circumstances, be a duty, as going into the cold and rain may be a duty instead of stopping at home; as serving in war may be a duty; but it does seem to me preposterous to confess, that free enquiry leads to scepticism, and scepticism makes one less happy than faith, and yet *that such free enquiry is right*. What is right and what is happy, cannot, in the long run and on a large scale, be disjoined. To follow truth can never be a subject of regret; *free enquiry does lead a man to regret the days of his child-like faith*;—THEREFORE *it is not following truth*. Those who measure every thing by utility, should, on their own principles, embrace the obedience of faith for it's very expedience; and they should cease this kind of seeking, that they may find.

‘ *I say, then, that never to have been troubled with a doubt about the truth of what has been taught us, is the happiest state of mind*; and if any one says that to maintain this, is to admit that heretics ought to remain heretics, and Pagans Pagans, I deny it. For I have not said that it is a happy thing never to *add* to what you have learned, but not happier to *take away*. Now, true religion is the summit and perfection of false religions; it combines in one whatever there is of good and true

That we are to receive with cringing acquiescence, whatever these men are pleased to say they are commissioned to teach us, will be more than doubted; till they not only lay claim to virtual infallibility, but persuade us to admit their claim. The latter they will do, when they have perfected us in the grand art of abjuring our reason; in the former, they seem ready to accommodate us at

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separately remaining in each.' . . . 'So that, in matter of fact, if a religious mind were educated in, and sincerely attached to, some form of heathenism or heresy, and then were brought under the light of truth, it would be drawn off from error into the truth, not by losing what it had, but by gaining what it had not—not by being unclothed, but by being "clothed upon," "that mortality may be swallowed up of life." That same principle of faith which attaches it to its original wrong doctrine, would attach it to the truth; and that portion of its original doctrine which was to be cast off as absolutely false, would not be directly rejected, but indirectly rejected in the reception of the truth which is its opposite.'

The writer of this seriously believes that unthinking acquiescence in whatever we are told, is the most desirable state of mind; and that the restlessness produced by enquiry affords a presumption, that what is offered to us is error. The Hottentot, who is contented with his brutal theology, had better, it seems, view with suspicion the *uneasiness* of mind produced by the teachers of Christianity, for they only disturb his faith and tranquillity—an ominous sign that he is 'not following the truth!' 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' 'Not so,' says this profound doctor, 'for I have not said that he is not to *add* to his belief, only he must be careful not to *take* away; he must become a Christian, not by *losing what he had*, but by *gaining what he had not!*' Was ever fatuity like this? The Hottentot, when he embraces Christianity, it appears, only *adds* to his faith, but does not *take* any away! Are we to believe that if these new evangelists were to attempt the conversion of the heathen, they would act on the above maxims, and facilitate the work, as did the Romish missionaries among the Japanese, by teaching their converts to transfer their whole idolatrous stock-in-trade to Christianity—to make over to the saints the homage they once paid to idols, and baptize their wooden gods by evangelical names? What must be the desperation of a cause which stands in need of such arguments? Arguments! did we say—they do not even reach the respectability of sophistry. Are we not justified, then, in saying that these new teachers enjoin a servile and unreasoning belief—the utter prostration of the intellect? And does not such a paragraph as the above, prove that what they teach they are full willing to practise?—The reader will find the same lesson perpetually inculcated, with various degrees of effrontery, throughout the *Oxford Tracts*. According to these men, one would think that it was so much a duty to distrust our reason, that mystery is an antecedent ground of probability, and that, if a doctrine be absolutely incomprehensible, it is almost certain to be true!

any time. But, unhappily for their pretensions, though happily for truth, their virtual claim to infallibility and unquestioning obedience is not, like that of Rome, unanimously and vigorously supported by the whole communion to which they belong. Even if it were, such unity would not (as already shown) relieve the difficulties of the enquirer; for as another Church makes the same pretensions, the knotty query would still return—'of two 'Churches, both professing infallibility, which is the more likely 'to be infallible?'

But such unanimity of pretensions, whether it be of any avail or not, is not to be found. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*' The disease of 'Private Judgment' has infected the shepherds as well as the flock; all the difficulties which, as we have shown, so closely beset the private student in the attempt to collect Catholic truth from the voluminous records of antiquity, have been felt by our authorized guides themselves; and have led to all those varieties of opinion which might have been expected. In this point of view, the recent attempt at producing unity of opinion, and abridging the diversities of 'private judgment,' is even ludicrous. Never, since the Reformation, has there been such a din of controversy;—such a hubbub of tumultuous and discordant voices. Ill-fated project of universal concord, which terminates in the indefinite multiplication of controversies! It really reminds one of the ambitious attempt, described in the *Sketch Book*, at a new and elaborate harmony on the part of Master Simon and his village choristers. 'The usual services of the choir,' says the author, 'were managed pretty well . . . but the great trial was an 'anthem that had been prepared and arranged by Master Simon, 'and on which he had founded great expectations. Unluckily, there 'was a blunder at the very outset; the musicians became flurried; 'Master Simon was in a fever; every thing went on lamely and 'irregularly, until they came to a chorus beginning, "Now let us 'sing with one accord," which seemed to be a signal for parting 'company, and all became discord and confusion.' Even thus is it on the present occasion; our very ears ache with the elaborate dissonance of this novel attempt at harmony.

There is one point, and but one, in which the circumstances attending this alleged attempt to restore 'primitive truth,' resemble those attending its first establishment; and in *that* we must confess the analogy to be perfect. These new teachers have come, 'not to bring peace on the earth, but a sword.'

Manifold are the arguments in favour of the Right of Private Judgment on which we have not insisted, and on which, at this period of the world's history, it would be most superfluous to dwell.

Those, of course, which have been mentioned as demonstrating the wickedness and folly of persecution, are in favour of it—for whatever tends to prove the one wrong, tends to prove the other right. To these, many more might be added; some deduced from the intellectual and moral nature of man, others from the relations in which he stands to God: some from the declarations of Scripture, others from the examples it holds out to our imitation: some from abstract justice, and others from an enlarged expediency. The arguments on which we have principally insisted are, that the right must *in fact* be conceded, whether we like it or not; that the evils with which it is supposed to be connected, be they greater or less, are not likely to be remedied till we find what we shall be long in seeking—an infallible interpreter of infallible truth; and that any theory short of that, involves a flagitious tampering with the rights of conscience.

On this last argument, which we have already noticed, we should wish to add a remark or two; for this alone would be sufficient to prove the folly of attempting to circumscribe the Right in question. If it be man's duty to embrace the truth; and if it be also his duty, which necessarily follows, to embrace that which he honestly *deems* the truth, he must follow his convictions whithersoever they lead him, in spite of any authority whatsoever not admitted by him to be infallible; in *that* case, of course, doubt or denial would imply a contradiction of his own convictions. It is not at the option of a conscientious man, we repeat—no matter how he came by his conscience—to debate whether he shall act upon its convictions. He *cannot* do otherwise. Take the case of a man who believes in his conscience that such and such doctrines are false, such and such rites sinful. Right or wrong, this is his state of mind. What is he to do? Can any authorize him to profess that these doctrines are true, or to practise those rites? If any one will answer in the affirmative, he will say more than any casuists, ancient or modern, out of the school of the Jesuits, will expressly affirm. He is bound, then, to yield obedience to the dictates of his conscience, whether his opinions be true or false: if true, even our opponents will not say that he can be authorized to profess the contrary. Nor is it otherwise, supposing them erroneous; for by the express authority of Saint Paul, who declares that 'to him who 'thinketh any thing evil' it is so, and that even a perfectly indifferent act assumes moral malignity if performed with a reluctant or accusing conscience; as well as by the decision of all the best moralists and casuists, an erroneous conscience obliges as much as a well-informed one; and by none is this more strenuously

maintained than by the great Divines of the Church of England.*

The usual evasion is, 'Let him further enquire;' and wise counsel this may be, in the first instance. But suppose a person says he has enquired; or that he enquires again, and comes back in the same mind. What is he to do? He will say that he cannot be enquiring for ever—that religion is a practical thing, and must not be matter of investigation all his days—that he may as well embrace error as live in a state of continual pyrrhonism—and that he has no reason to expect that he will ever have a greater moral certainty than he has. Once more; what is he to do? Right or wrong he must follow the convictions of his conscience—to him the supreme law.

It is true that, after all, the individual may be much to blame; but not for thus acting in obedience to the dictates of his conscience in the last resort. There may have been haste in the enquiry—or no enquiry at all when urged to make it—or unworthy passions and prepossessions in favour of such and such conclusions. In these respects there may be much to blame, but not in the act of obedience to conscience itself. On the other hand—if, rare case! there has been nothing wanting in the process of enquiry which honesty and diligence could supply—no negligence, no want of candour or patience, the man is guilt-

* It is asserted by Jeremy Taylor in his *Ductor Dubitantium;* by Barrow in his Latin poem, entitled *Conscientia erronea obligat;* and by Archbishop Sharp, cited by Locke. Stillingfleet says, 'The plea of an erroneous conscience takes not off the obligation to follow the dictates of it; for as a man is bound to lay it down supposing it erroneous, so he is bound not to go against it while it is not laid down... So that let men turn and shift about which way they will, by the very same arguments that any will prove separation from the Church of Rome lawful—because she requires unlawful things as conditions of her communion—it will be proved lawful not to conform to any suspected or unlawful practice required by any Church governors upon the same terms;—if the thing so required be, after serious and sober enquiry, judged unwarrantable by a man's own conscience.'

'If,' says Chillingworth, in his strong manner, 'they suffer themselves neither to bee betraid into their errors, nor kept in them by any sin of their will; if they doe their best endeavour to free themselves from all errors, and yet faile of it through humaine frailty; so well am I perswaded of the goodnesse of God, that if in me alone should meet a confluence of all such errors of all the Protestants in the world that were thus qualified, I should not be so much afraid of them all as I should be to ask pardon for them.'

less, even supposing the opinion erroneous, unless we suppose God to punish error absolutely and wholly involuntary. If, then, a man can truly say, 'I believe in my conscience such and such 'religious doctrines are God's truth, and such and such religious 'usages most pleasing to Him,' it is no longer at his option whether he shall profess the one or practise the other; and in like manner, if he can truly say, 'I believe in my conscience such 'and such doctrines are false, and such and such usages displea-'sing to God,' it is not in his power even to *appear* to sanction either. He must obey that which is his law—his conscience; in other words, if his private judgment be at variance with any *authority whatever*, not admitted to be infallible, he must obey the first and not the second. To this there is no exception.

It is not easy to find men who will avowedly dispute the maxim we have laid down. The opponent generally contents himself with daring those who maintain it to apply it to certain extreme cases. We should not shrink from the challenge. We believe that the general principle is universally applicable; and that the instances which seem opposed are either imaginary or irrelevant. Let us take the strongest conceivable cases, which some have been modest and reasonable enough to adduce—that, for example, of a man who is conscientiously prompted to commit murder or robbery. 'Is the man,' they triumphantly ask, 'to be justified, and treated as innocent?' To this, the arguments in reply are many and obvious: First, If we are to suppose that such conscientious persons are impelled by conscience to commit murder or robbery *as such*—that is, under the persuasion of their being crimes—then, 1. The notion is simply a contradiction. 2. Such a case, so far as we are aware, has never been alleged, and might safely be left to be considered when it occurs. 3. Supposing such a case to be alleged, all mankind would feel constrained, on ordinary calculations of probability, to believe either that the parties were mad, and therefore truly excused on that ground; or that they pretended to hold such opinions for an evil purpose. They would, therefore, be either confined as lunatics, or punished as knaves, according to the evidence of their being the one or the other. 4. Whether they be conscientious or not, society must protect every one against any infraction of his civil rights; and for this reason, the conscientious persons who manifest their piety by infringing them, may be very properly knocked on the head. 'The ma-'gistrate,' says Bayle, with a gravity which is almost amusing, 'having received a power from God and man, of putting mur-'derers to death, may justly punish him who kills a man from

'the instincts of conscience; for it is not his business to stand 'winnowing those rare and singular cases, in which conscience 'may happen to fall into illusions in this matter.' But, secondly, if by those who commit murder or robbery for conscience' sake, be meant those who commit acts, which, under ordinary circumstances, they themselves would consider crimes; but which, in their judgment, cease to be so when performed at the prompting of conscience—for the repression, for example, of *other people's* consciences, or for the propagation of 'the true faith'—we *might* content ourselves with replying, 1. That we never heard of such cases among those who contend that conscience is the supreme law, and that every one must obey its dictates. All who believe this necessarily learn to respect other people's rights, as well as to assert their own; it is only amongst those who deny this maxim that we find such instances as the above; and we might safely leave these men, therefore, to their own dark books of casuistry, in which the precise modes and degrees in which they may 'do evil that good may come,' are duly set forth. Assuredly, it is rather hard to adduce, against the operation of any principle, instances which, if that principle were in operation, could not even exist. Nevertheless, we are ready to affirm, 2. That if the said persecutors be truly and conscientiously convinced that it is their duty, as in the sight of God, to persecute, they are justified in so doing *while in that state of mind;* though, in accordance with what has been laid down, they may have contracted a great amount of guilt in the process by which they have arrived at it. 3. That if they have arrived at it after having honestly investigated the subject, and without any voluntary error or self-deception—though we have our doubts whether there ever was such a case—they are wholly innocent; but, 4. that, as they are infringing other people's civil rights, though *they* do not think so, it is perfectly competent to those upon whom they are exercising their freaks of eccentric piety, to deal with them as with the aforesaid *conscientious criminals;* and punish them, (if they have the power,) not for tormenting men from the best possible motives, but for *tormenting* them —those who are *de facto* 'tormented,' not being capable of understanding such refined distinctions.

Thus the principle we advocate is liable to no abuse, nor does society lose any one of its present safeguards by its universal adoption. But even were it otherwise, whether would it be preferable—that one man in a century should go unpunished, because, under a peculiar species of hallucination, he professed himself conscientiously impelled to perpetrate moral wrong; or that we should recognize a principle which would justify the

perpetual and universal oppression of conscience for speculative opinions?

In fact, however, nothing can be more ridiculous than to profess any alarm lest mankind should plead conscience in favour of the violation of any of the great laws of morals. In these, there has ever been, and ever will be, a remarkable unanimity. As Bayle has well said—'We are all agreed about the doctrines which 'teach men to live soberly and righteously, to love God, to ab- 'stain from revenge, to forgive our enemies, to render good for 'evil, to be charitable. We are divided about points which tend 'not to make the yoke of Christian morality either heavier or 'lighter. The Papists believe transubstantiation; the Reformed 'believe it not. This makes not for vice one way or other.' To the same purport, a very different writer, Robert Hall, has observed—'The doctrines of our holy religion may be woefully 'curtailed and corrupted, and its profession sink into formality; 'but its moral precepts are so plain and striking, and guarded by 'such clear and awful sanctions, as to render it impossible it can 'ever be converted into an active instrument of vice. Let the 'appeal be made to facts. Look through all the different sects 'and parties into which professed Christians are unhappily di- 'vided. Where is there one to be found who has innovated in 'the rule of life, by substituting vice in the place of virtue?' We may safely restrict ourselves, therefore, to the case of speculative opinions; and we will take the strongest. It may be said, 'Is a man conscientiously convinced that the Bible is false, no 'longer bound to believe it?' We answer, he has a *prior duty* to perform. To believe the Bible true, in that very state of mind in which he believes it false, is a simple impossibility, and therefore not directly his duty. But it is his duty to enquire; and we put sufficient faith in the variety and conclusiveness of the evidences of its truth, to believe that, if he enquire honestly, he will believe it true. If there be a case of one who has thus honestly enquired, and still conscientiously believes it false—if he can truly allege that he has left no means of investigation unemployed, and suffered no prejudice to interfere with his judgment—we shall rather choose to believe that he labours under some invincible obliquity of intellect, which in the eye of the Omniscient renders his error innocent, than admit the monstrous dogma, that he incurs guilt for error absolutely involuntary. But whether there be such a case is quite another question.

We maintain, then, the principle asserted by the illustrious writers we have cited—and we apply it consistently and universally.

By the assertion of this principle, we are far from justifying separation from any religious communion; merely because there are some things we disapprove, or would abstractedly wish otherwise. If this were acted upon, there would be as many sects as individuals: we merely contend, that, when such objections have assumed the form of conscientious scruples, so that he who feels them can honestly say, 'In my opinion I cannot profess such a doctrine, or practise such a rite, or appear to sanction either the one or the other, without offending God, or fearing lest I should do so'—his separation is not only justified, but *necessitated.* Be it about the most insignificant matter that ever disturbed a 'weak brother,' it matters not; for while in that state it is not insignificant to him. If actually in the wrong, still it appears to him that he is in the right; and while in that state he must act in harmony with his convictions.

People have not been slow to acknowledge this doctrine in words; but they need to be reminded of it, since they will not fairly act upon it. They will still charge the Separatist—even the conscientious Separatist, with 'sin'—forgetting that, in doing so, they not only assume that they infallibly know his opinions to be erroneous, which (if their modesty be no obstacle, and it seldom is) they have a perfect right to do; but that, whether right or wrong, there has been negligence, want of candour, or some sinister bias in the process by which he has arrived at them, and this no man has a right to assume unless he has the prerogative 'of discerning spirits.' We were particularly amused with an example of this sort of inconsistency in one of the *Oxford Tracts,** in which, while it is admitted that the conscientious Dissenter is not necessarily a 'sinner,' still it remains true that his dissent is a 'sin.' We can imagine the perplexity of one who, meditating the crime of nonconformity, comes to a clergyman professing these delightfully puzzling doctrines for solution of his doubts and difficulties. 'Can I,' he might say, 'separate from the 'Church of England without "sin;" seeing that I cannot 'affirm what she affirms, nor practise what she enjoins, without, in my opinion, committing a sin?'—'If that be the 'state of your conscience,' would be the reply, 'you cannot 'belong to the Church of England; but remember, that 'neither can you secede from her without sin.' 'Why, then, I 'am in a hopeful case,' rejoins the miserable recusant: 'I am 'ruined either way; for whether I remain in the Church, or go

* No. 51.

'out of it—and one of them I must do—I commit a sin.' Then how glad will his spiritual adviser be to administer that consolation, which his revered teachers of Oxford have, for this very case, made and provided. He will say—'You must distinguish 'here: Though you cannot secede from us without sin, yet it 'does not hence follow that you are a sinner.' On this his countenance brightens up, and he is most eager to learn that *supramundane* doctrine, by which it appears that a man may commit a sin and yet be no sinner. Whereupon his oracle cites the *ipsissima verba* of the 'Tracts,' and responds:—'To say that a 'particular thing is a sin, is a very different thing from saying 'that every one who does it is a sinner. . . . To kill a fellow-'creature is undoubtedly a crime; but you would not say that 'the person who killed another by accident, or in defence of his 'country or of his own life, or by command of lawful authorities, 'is a criminal?'* No, would be the easy reply; neither should we say, in *that* case, that killing was a crime. By parity of reasoning, if the conscientious Dissenter be no sinner for dissent, it can only be because dissent, in *that* case, is no sin. You ought upon *your* principle to say, that the executioner, in hanging a man, commits a *crime*, though it is true he is no *criminal!* This distinction, therefore, will not much help him; and he is still left to decide the miserable alternative—of sinning by remaining in the Church, or sinning by going out of it.

But we must conclude; and we shall do so with a few reflections of a general nature on the advantages of the 'Right of Private Judgment;' amongst which, with some risk of being charged with paradox, we shall venture to enumerate many of its reputed 'evils.'

Whatever the evils incidental to the Right—and we by no means deny that there are evils—they are trivial compared with the advantages it secures. It frees us at once from every form and degree of persecution; it leaves inviolate the supremacy over conscience to Him who alone is its fitting and rightful Sovereign; it permits the conscience itself to move freely in obedience to its essential laws; it secures for the propagation of truth the only weapons which she can successfully employ—argument and persuasion; and it robs error of the only weapons *she* can successfully employ—penalties and violence: in a word, it prevents truth from resorting to that in which alone she is weak, and error from resorting to that in which alone she is strong.

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* *Oxford Tracts*, No. 51, p. 3.

But further, to a philosophic mind, which calmly and soberly considers the subject, there will always be reason to doubt whether even what we call the *evils* incidental to the exercise of 'private judgment' are so in reality; and whether they are not connected directly, or indirectly, with more than a counterbalancing amount of good.

To confine ourselves to the common argument against the exercise of the 'Right' derived from the various interpretations of the Scriptures,—we are by no means convinced that absolute unity of opinion would be a benefit at all. If, as we devoutly believe, an honest investigation of their contents will in general secure even to the humblest a knowledge of all that is essential to salvation, the exercise of the right is vindicated; unless it be pretended that it is a dreadful evil that men should differ on points which are *not* essential to their salvation. Now, that there has ever been a remarkable concurrence of opinion with regard to the most important doctrines, is undeniable. The only question therefore is, whether the remaining differences may not be connected with advantages greater than would accrue from absolute uniformity of opinion? This we do not think it difficult to prove.

That the Scriptures should be attended with difficulties, was fit in itself; that they should lead to varieties of opinion, was an incidental result of the prevailing reasons which induced the Divine Author to leave them on its pages. Such reasons we may readily discover.

With an overbalance of evidence in behalf of the authority of the Bible generally, and of its more important revelations, it was still not desirable that that evidence should be of such a nature as to *necessitate* conviction; and render the exercise of docility, candour, and faith impracticable—still less to make all diligence in its study unnecessary: it was fit that the Scriptures should contain some obscurities on minor points, to exercise patience, stimulate enquiry, teach humility, rebuke pride, exercise faith. Nor is this all. The differences of opinion thence resulting, afford the various communities of Christians, if they would but use it, the most obvious and easy method of testing and exercising the practical power of those principles of charity which they all profess. Charity towards those who think just with ourselves, is but an enlarged selfishness: we are pleased to look at the reflection of our own fair orthodoxy in the mirror of their minds. But to feel that charity, and to manifest it in defiance of the points on which we differ, requires and implies a higher principle. Charity to our own party is often but another name for party spirit: give us

the charity which constrains 'Judah not to vex Ephraim, and 'Ephraim not to envy Judah'—the charity which induced the Samaritan to perform offices of kindness to the perishing Jew. Painful as are the disputes and controversies on non-essential points, we believe the time will come when the sublime spectacle of essential unity amidst minor differences will be fully realized; and when it will be seen how superior, after all, is such 'unity of the spirit' to any 'uniformity of the letter.'

We may add, that to demand that there should be perfect uniformity in religious opinions, is to demand a mere impossibility, so long as minds are differently constituted. This is confirmed by the general analogies observable in the constitution and development of human nature. God has so constructed us, that while there is remarkable uniformity, both in the physical and moral peculiarities on which the very existence and social well-being of the race depend, there are endless diversities on all points which do not involve them. It is much the same with Christianity. The learned and the unlearned, if sincere, generally form a very similar notion of its fundamental doctrines. All beyond (and even the *theory* of these) is the source of interminable diversities of sentiment.

Let men say what they will, they will find it hard to discover any volume which, in all its great outlines, is plainer than the *Book of God*. It has its obscurities and its mysteries, it is true—wisely left there, as already attempted to be shown; but they trouble not the humble and docile—myriads of whom, without any teacher but itself, have learned from it enough to teach them how to live well, and how to die happy. Its light has illumined the whole pathway of their present pilgrimage, and penetrated the depths of the sepulchre with the radiance of that 'hope which 'is full of immortality.' So far from its being true, that the indiscriminate exercise of the Right of private judgment amongst the humbler classes leads to interminable diversities of interpretation and of doctrine, it is notorious that most of the profitless controversies which have obscured the Bible and cursed the world, have originated with those who have assumed to be the religious instructors of mankind. They have not sprung up amongst the poor, nor by them have they been cherished. It is, therefore, with a feeling of just indignation, that we hear professed Christians and professed Protestants—at all events those who are *not* professed Romanists—giving utterance to the sentiment, 'that the private student of Scripture would not ordinarily 'gain a knowledge of the gospel from it.' Such a doctrine is not merely an insult to common sense—it is a libel on the Divine

Author of the Bible. Are we to believe that, 'knowing perfectly what was in man,' he has yet so constructed the volume of revelation, that even its fundamental doctrines remain an inscrutable mystery? Or did the great Teacher he sent, teach in so peculiar a manner, that even the more important truths he taught remained unintelligible? If so, we must receive in a new and monstrous sense the assurance, that 'he spake as never man spake;' that he spake not so much to reveal, as to disguise! But this record remains—that while learned ignorance cavilled and derided, 'THE COMMON PEOPLE HEARD HIM GLADLY.'

Far different from the judgment of these spurious Protestants was that of Bishop Horsley, with whose weighty words we shall now conclude. 'I will not scruple to assert, that the most illi-'terate Christian, if he can but read his English Bible, and will 'take the pains to read it in this manner, (comparing parallel 'passages,) will not only attain all that practical knowledge 'which is necessary to his salvation; but, by God's blessing, he 'will become learned in every thing relating to his religion in 'such a degree, that he will not be liable to be misled, either 'by the refined arguments or by the false assertions of those who 'endeavour to ingraft their own opinion upon the oracles of God. 'He may safely be ignorant of all philosophy except what is to 'be learned from the sacred books; which, indeed, contain the 'highest philosophy adapted to the lowest apprehensions. He 'may safely remain ignorant of all history, except so much of the 'history of the first ages of the Jewish and of the Christian 'Church, as is to be gathered from the canonical books of the 'Old and New Testament. Let him study these in the manner 'I recommend, and let him never cease to pray for the illumina-'tion of that spirit by which these books were dictated; and the 'whole compass of abstruse philosophy and recondite history, 'shall furnish no argument with which the perverse will of man 'shall be able to shake this learned Christian's faith. The Bible, 'thus studied, will indeed prove to be what we Protestants esteem 'it—a certain and sufficient rule of faith and practice.'

ART. V.—*The Sanative Influence of Climate: with an Account of the Best Places of Resort for Invalids.* By SIR JAMES CLARK, BART., M.D., F.R.S. Physician in Ordinary to the Queen. 8vo. Third Edition. London: 1842.

THE branch of Medical Philosophy which contemplates man as influenced in his bodily or physical condition by the medium in which he lives, and by the things with which he is perpetually in connexion, is now commonly termed *Hygeiene* or *Hygiene*, from the Greek word signifying health—since it necessarily involves the consideration of every thing concerned in the preservation of this invaluable blessing. This term, however, although now pretty generally employed by our more recent medical writers from the absolute want of some word of the kind, has failed to naturalize itself in England; possibly because the subject which it is intended to characterize has been singularly neglected in this country. We should not quarrel about a name, however, if we had the satisfaction of being able to state, that the thing itself was more studied and better understood.

But we regret to say, that extremely little has been hitherto done towards the formation of even an outline of a general system of *Hygiene* applicable to the inhabitants of this country; or even towards the investigation of the more common causes of disease, as these prevail in particular towns or districts. Of the vast importance of such an enquiry, in a national point of view, no doubt can exist; since it must be admitted, in the first place, that the prevention is an object of greater consequence to the community than even the cure of disease; and secondly, that the only rational system of prevention must be founded on an accurate knowledge of the causes of our maladies. But these causes can be ascertained only by a close investigation of the circumstances under which disease occurs, in a great variety of situations; in other words, by a comprehensive system of Medical Topography.

The subject of Climate cannot be strictly classed among those belonging either to Medical Topography or *Hygiene*. Both these contemplate the object in reference to *healthy* individuals—the former being devoted to the investigation of the causes of disease; the latter teaching us the art of escaping, as much as possible, from the operation of these causes. But the labours of those who follow the track of the author of the work before us, are of a higher kind, and of much greater difficulty. They have to study the objects of Medical Topography, and

to apply the doctrines of *Hygiene*, not to the state of health —that is, to a comparatively fixed state; but to that of disease— a state extremely various, and constantly varying. This application requires a degree of knowledge and experience which can fall to the lot of only few individuals. It does not by any means follow, for example, that because a certain climate or locality is innoxious in the case of a person in health, it will therefore be so in the case of one afflicted with disease; much less that it will prove beneficial to such a person. We find many instances of this important fact in the work before us.

With all his noble faculties and high aspirations, man in his present state is still of the earth, earthy, and controlled and modified throughout his whole fabric, mental as well as corporeal, by the influence of the things around him. If, by the superiority of his reasoning faculties, and the greater plasticity of his physical organization, he is, unlike other animals, enabled to pass from one end of the world to the other, and to live and multiply his kind in every climate; he is still, like the inferior creation, subject to the influence of the objects amidst which he lives, on whatever spot he may stay his foot. Every part of the surface of our globe that has been visited by man, is, no doubt, capable of sustaining human life, and is even compatible with health; but each region will present the physical and moral condition of the inhabitants under a different aspect, according to the character of the climate, and other circumstances amid which they are placed.

The difference, indeed, may be so slight, or of such a kind, as frequently to escape observation; but it is no less real on this account. And whenever there exists a considerable difference in the external circumstances, the difference in the condition of the animal will be manifest. The modification, however, even when considerable, may still be within the limits of health; this being only a relative term. What may be a state of health to one individual might be felt as disease to another. So it may be with whole classes of individuals. That condition of the physical organization which imparts to the Hottentot's mind the highest sense of healthful enjoyment, might be actual disease, or, at least, unhealthy discomfort, to the Esquimaux or Samoiede.

It is an object of the very highest interest to the medical philosopher to investigate the nature of the local circumstances which produce these important changes; and it will require centuries of patient induction to detect and expose the whole of them. At present we are probably only acquainted with a few of the more striking and obvious; but the potency of such as are known is sufficiently manifest. Without entering upon the great question

how far the present varieties of the human species are attributable to the effects of climate, we need only refer to changes which have taken place almost in our own times—at least within the limits of recent history—in order to establish the vast influence of climate in modifying the physical characters of man. If we compare, for example, the present inhabitants of our West India Islands, the lineal descendants (without any admixture of foreign blood) of those who settled in them two centuries back, with the actual race of men in Great Britain, we shall find nearly as great differences in the physical and moral characters of the two classes, as between nations which are usually considered as of distinct races.

The beneficial effects frequently produced by slight changes o situation, must have occasionally attracted the notice of even the least observant, in all ages and countries; just as it must have been observed that a removal to certain localities gave rise to certain formal diseases in the persons so removed. For instance, an individual migrating from an elevated and dry region to a low and marshy one, would become affected with ague; or his disease would terminate upon a second migration to the former place, or to another possessing like qualities: or a cough which had lasted for months in one place, would cease during a journey, or on the patient being removed only a few miles from his former residence; or a long series of sleepless nights would be broken and ended by a visit to a friend's house at some distance. Such results from accidental changes of residence, must have soon suggested similar changes with a *direct* view to procure like effects, —even if they were not naturally suggested, independently of observation, by the instinctive principle of self-preservation, common to man with the lower animals. 'We are ill here—may we 'not be better elsewhere?' is a most natural thought to pass through the mind of a sufferer; and if to this brief chain of reasoning could be added the link of even partial experience,—'We were 'well there—may we not be well if we return thither?'—the mere suggestion would rise in the untutored mind with the force of conviction, and lead to correspondent action. It need not be doubted, therefore, that an animal so fond of enjoyment, and so (laudably) averse from drugs, as man, must soon have availed himself of the highly agreeable remedy thus suggested; and that *changing the air* was a common and favourite prescription with the hoary elders and wise women of our race, long before 'physi-'cians (by debauch) were made.' Accordingly, we find this measure strongly recommended by the very earliest medical writers, who, of course, did little more than record the popular practices most in repute, in their age and country; and it is

noticed by almost every systematic writer on practical medicine, from Hippocrates downwards, as a valuable remedy in certain diseases. It may, with truth, be said to have been long received into the *materia medica* of every practitioner, as a last resource, after the failure of every treatment of a more strictly medical kind.

But notwithstanding all this, we were, until the publication of the first edition of the work before us, ten years ago, without any very accurate ideas of the precise objects to be attained by changing the air, or climate, in diseases; and physicians were rather influenced by traditionary and empirical routine, than by any rational principles founded on a philosophical investigation of the subject; or by any accurate knowledge of the qualities of different climates, and of their effects in disease. Indeed, with the single exception of Dr Gregory's elegant Essay, *De morbis cæli mutatione medendis,** and which can only be considered as an Academical Thesis, we are not aware of the existence, even now, of a work formally dedicated to the consideration of the influence of climate in curing diseases.

We possess, it is true, in our own language, many good works on the effects of particular climates on healthy strangers; and also some valuable memoirs on the influence of the climate of certain districts on the health of the inhabitants; but a general treatise on the effects of different climates on persons labouring under disease—in other words, a treatise on the application of climate as a general remedy in disease—was, till the period mentioned, a *desideratum* in physic.

We cannot say that the present work, however valuable, completely supplied this deficiency; as it is limited to the consideration of the effect of only one kind of climate. The avowed object of the treatise is, the consideration of the influence of a mild climate, in certain chronic diseases, on the inhabitants of colder countries. Scarcely any notice is taken in it of the effects of a removal from a temperate to a very cold or very hot climate; or the reverse. It must be admitted, however, that the branch of the subject here treated of, comprehends the majority of the diseases that are benefited by a change of climate; or, at least, the majority of the diseases of the inhabitants of the temperate and colder regions of the earth. In one chapter, the author has certainly taken notice of the beneficial effects of a mild climate upon the diseased constitutions of those who have long resided in tropical countries; but the great importance of this subject, in reference to the vast numbers that

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* Edinburgh, 1774.

annually return to Europe from the colonies, entitles it to a much fuller consideration than it has here received from him; and as we are convinced that much attainable benefit is lost, and great evils incurred, by a want of proper knowledge on the part of this class of invalids, we would recommend him, in a future edition, so far to enlarge his plan as to include this subject at least.

Many causes heretofore combined to reserve the subject of the influence of climate on disease, for the special investigation of our own times; but the principal of these are, unquestionably, the greatly increased desire for foreign travel, and the augmented facilities for gratifying this desire in the present age. It is indeed only since the battle of Waterloo made the path of the traveller free and safe, in every country in Europe, that the means for the composition of a work like that now before us, were accessible to any English physician.

On almost any other medical subject a book might be written by a competent person, without ever stirring beyond the bounds of his study;—certainly without ever passing over the circle that encloses the field of his professional practice. But he who seeks to instruct his brethren respecting the influence of different climates on disease, must be one—

'qui multorum providus urbes
Et mores hominum inspexit:'

neither will it be sufficient for him, as is too often the case with the common traveller, to pay a brief and hurried visit to the places of which he writes. He must remain long enough at each to enable him personally to observe the influence of the climate in a sufficient number of cases; he must make himself acquainted with the nature and character of the diseases most prevalent; and he must be both willing and able to obtain and weigh the opinions of the native and resident practitioners; to test these opinions by the results of his own observation and experience; and to winnow from them all the rubbish that partiality, prejudice, and self-interest may have mixed with them.

To say that the author of the work before us, is in every way qualified up to the very standard of excellence in all these particulars, might possibly be too high praise; but to admit that he comes much nearer this standard than any preceding writer, seems to us only what is due to him, and to truth. Unlike one class of medical travellers, he seems not to have attempted to investigate the nature of foreign climates, and their effects on health and disease, or to judge of the merit of foreign opinions and practice, until after he had mastered the knowledge of the Schools in his own country; and had put this

knowledge to the test of actual practice. Unlike another class, which may be subdivided into two orders, he seems neither to have viewed every thing among our continental neighbours as greatly above or greatly below what exists at home; but to have brought to the contemplation of what was presented to him, an intellect at once sufficiently cultivated to be able to appreciate the good and the bad; and a temper sufficiently candid to permit him to adopt the former, and reject the latter, without much regard to the pride or prejudices of school or country. Unlike the most numerous class of all, he appears to have had ample time to enable him to confirm—if need were, to correct—the judgments formed on first views and impressions, or derived from inadequate authority.

The climates almost exclusively considered in his work, are those which are commonly termed *the milder climates;* and on the present occasion we shall, with him, limit our observations to the milder parts of Europe, and the islands in the neighbouring seas. These climates may be arranged into four groups: Firstly, the climate of the south of England; Secondly, the climate of the south of France; Thirdly, the climate of Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean; and Fourthly, the climate of the islands in the Atlantic.

The following is a catalogue of all the places of which a particular account is given in the volume:—I. *Great Britain.*—London, Hastings, St Leonards, Brighton, Undercliff, Salcombe, Torquay, Dawlish, Exmouth, Salterton, Sidmouth, Penzance, Falmouth, Flushing, Clifton, Bristol Hotwells, Island of Bute, Cove of Cork, Jersey. II. *France.*—Pau, Montpelier, Marseilles, Hyeres. III. *The Sardinian Territory.*—Nice, Villa Franca, San Remo. IV. *Italy.*—Genoa, Florence, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Capo di Monte, Sorento, Castelamare, Cava, Sienna, Lucca. V. *Mediterranean and Atlantic Islands.*—Malta, Madeira, Canaries, Azores, Bermudas, Bahamas, West Indies. Of each of these places we have an account of the climate, its general influence on health, and its special effects on different diseases.

In our attempts to characterise the climates of these places respectively, as well as in reference to climate generally, viewed as a remedial agent, we must consider the *temperature* of the atmosphere breathed by the inhabitants as the principal feature. We are well aware that many other qualities, and constituents of the atmosphere, exert a powerful influence on the phenomena of animal life; but we must, in the present state of our knowledge at least, consider temperature as the most important element in climate. It is truly observed by Humboldt, that 'when we

'study the organic life of plants and animals, we must examine 'all the stimuli or external agents which modify their vital 'actions. The ratios of the mean temperatures of the months, 'are not sufficient to characterise the climate. Its influence 'combines the simultaneous action of all physical causes; and 'it depends on heat, humidity, light, the electrical tension of 'vapours, and the variable pressure of the atmosphere. In 'making known (he adds) the empirical laws of the distribu-'tion of heat over the globe, as deducible from the thermome-'trical variations of the air, we are far from considering these 'laws as the only ones necessary to resolve all the problems of 'climate.'*

Next to temperature, the quantity of humidity is perhaps of most consequence—considered as an element of climate. And in comparing the more southern climates with our own, with a view to their influence on the system of invalids, we may perhaps state their superiority to consist principally in the following particulars:—their higher temperature; the greater equability of that temperature; the greater dryness of the air; the superior serenity of the skies; and their greater freedom from rain, fogs, and high winds. When we come to examine the individual climates, we find particular places in each group varying very considerably from the others; but still we are justified by their general character in classing them as above.

A few remarks, of a popular kind, on the nature of diseases generally, and on the mode in which they are cured, will enable us to understand the operation of climate as a remedy. When a disease attacks a person suddenly, or with only slight warning of its approach, and comes rapidly to its acmè or height, it is called by physicians-*acute*. If cured, it generally leaves the system in its pristine soundness, although for a time debilitated. This debility is soon removed by the ordinary processes of nature; and the hues of health soon return to the countenance, and the wonted vigour reanimates the frame. As the enemy who conquers rather by surprise and rapidity of movement than by actual superiority, and who is speedily driven from the land by the simultaneous rising of the inhabitants, leaves the institutions and the habits of the people nearly as before the invasion; so in the body natural, the brief endurance of an acute disease seems unable to impress upon the constitution any permanent changes inconsistent with health. When the weight is removed from the machine, its springs recover their wonted vigour and activity.

* On Isothermal Lines.

Sometimes, however, in place of this perfect restoration, an acute disease, although apparently subdued or expelled, leaves behind it something which, secretly preying upon the frame, not only prevents the return of perfect strength, but eventually, perhaps after a series of months or years, brings the system into greater peril than was threatened by the open violence of the primary attack. Slow diseases of this kind are called *chronic*, from the Greek word signifying time. As just stated, they are often the consequence of an acute affection, but they still more frequently arise without any such evident or violent cause; and being slow in coming to their height, and in their progress afterwards, and often unattended by pain, they frequently exist for a long time before they are much noticed even by the patient. Diseases of this kind are extremely dangerous; partly because they are overlooked in their most curable stage, and partly because of their peculiar character. However local in their origin, such affections in their progress eventually involve almost every part and function of the body; and although the disorder of the individual parts may be slight, yet its universality and its duration render it of consequence. In physical, as well as in moral indispositions, it is commonly found more difficult to cure a slight affection of long standing, than a violent one of recent origin. If we compared the attack of an acute disease to the sudden inroad of an enemy, suddenly repelled, and leaving behind no permanent effects; we may liken that of the chronic disease to an invasion by a treacherous neighbour, with a view to permanent conquest. Here the strongholds of the land are gained by stratagem—the opposition of the inhabitants is lulled by false pretences—and the country is subdued almost before the danger is perceived. If, after the lapse of years, such a country seeks to regain its freedom, it is soon found that 'the 'taint of the victors is over all'—in the government and institutions of the state—in the habits and language—yea, in the very hearts of the people.

It will hardly be supposed that the same means that are calculated to expel an acute disease from an otherwise healthy body, will succeed in restoring to its pristine vigour a system that is radically diseased; nor yet that the means calculated to remedy such a disorder as the last, will be able to do so in a space of time as brief as suffices for the removal of the former. And yet we fear that this very absurd expectation is entertained, not merely by patients, but often also by their medical counsellors.

In such cases it is, to be sure, not very difficult on many occasions to give great and often immediate relief to some trou-

blesome or distressing symptoms, by the judicious exhibition of drugs; and it is, perhaps, natural enough for a patient, so relieved, to expect that the whole of his disease is equally under the control of medicines, if only the same skill or the same good fortune might preside over their selection and administration. But nothing less than ignorance or quackery—self-deception, or the wish to deceive—can justify such an expectation on the part of the practitioner. He ought to know that a disease of the kind now under consideration—that has been silently gaining ground upon the constitution for months or years, involving in its progress one function, and structure, and organ, after another, until at last there is scarcely one solid or fluid in the body free from its contamination—is absolutely beyond the control of any one medicine, or set of medicines; and that it is only by a well-arranged and combined system of management, commensurate with the extent of the affection, and continued for a long time, that any considerable or permanent relief can be obtained. To attempt to cure so universal a disorder as this by a drug that can only act upon a part, perhaps a small and insignificant part, is only to be expected of ignorance or imposture.

It is, to be sure, the general opinion of the vulgar, that the whole art of physic consists in two things—the first, to ascertain the exact nature, or, perhaps, rather the name of the disease; and the second, to know and apply the particular remedy that has the power to cure it. That such a remedy exists for every particular disease, is not at all doubted; and the physician's skill is judged of precisely according to his success in applying the supposed specific remedy. If he is unable either to apply the true name to the malady, or the true remedy to the name, he is a bungler in his trade; and if, after what is considered a fair trial, the expected adaptation of the one to the other does not appear to have taken place, an artist of more knowledge or skill must be sought; or, if he is not sought, the continued attendance of the former practitioner is owing to other causes than confidence in his powers. A like process of reasoning, and a like practice, prevail among many who in no respect belong to the vulgar class—unless the circumstance of being uninitiated in the mysteries of medical science entitles them to be so ranked; and a consideration of this fact will, we believe, help to explain at once the fickleness of patients and the multiplicity of doctors.

The real fact however is, that there are hardly any *specific remedies;* that is to say, remedies possessing the power of certainly curing particular diseases. Medicine, it is true, can boast of some half dozen drugs (not more) which very frequently cure particular diseases, with a sort of specific and

exclusive virtue; and with somewhat of that speedy yet invisible influence, supposed to be inherent in the obsolete race of charms. But with these few exceptions—truly insignificant when compared with the vast number of diseases and of remedies—the professors of the healing art are constrained to adopt, in their practice, a mode of cure of much humbler pretensions. Being destitute of powers to crush the invader at a single blow, they are reduced to the necessity of defeating him by indirect attacks—by cutting off his resources—by wearying him out by vigilant skirmishing—by fortifying the parts he has threatened, or is likely to attack—by repairing in detail the mischief he has done—in a word, by calling up all the natural powers of the system to exert themselves against the common enemy. We possess many means by which we can influence the functions of the living body, so as to increase, or diminish, or derange, or even to destroy them at pleasure; and it is by so acting on these functions that we are able, in many cases, to cure diseases, and that we *attempt* to do so in all cases, with the few exceptions already alluded to, in which specific remedies are admissible.

To instance the state of *local inflammation*—a state which accompanies, in one stage or other, a great majority of our diseases. We have no specific remedy for inflammation—no agent which possesses a direct and immediate power to remove it. We are not, however, on this account, destitute of the means of curing inflammation. We can, for example, (by blood-letting,) diminish the general mass of blood, and thus lessen it proportionably in the affected part; we can weaken the power of the heart and of the system generally, by the same means; we can in other ways diminish the quantity of fluids in the system, and determine them in a course remote from that of the affected part; we can (by abstinence from food) prevent any accession of strength to the system, and lessen that already existing; we can remove by local means a portion of the blood that distends the diseased part; and, finally, we can assist more or fewer of these intentions by the administration of certain remedies internally, which, acting on various parts and functions, co-operate in the great object of destroying the diseased action—in other words, curing the inflammation. This, it is obvious, is a very different thing from curing a disease by specific remedies. This mode of practice is one of very inferior powers to the other, but its administration requires much greater skill.

Chronic diseases are of infinitely greater importance, in a practical point of view, than acute. It is to them that by far the greater part of human mortality is attributable; it is by them that much

of the misery attendant on sickness is inflicted. The attack of an acute disease is rapid and brief; it may be hard to bear, and it may be hardly borne; but its pains are soon forgotten amid the enjoyment of health. It is very different with chronic diseases. They may torture through the great part of a long life, and, after all, may be only removed by death. It is in this class of cases that the physician is called upon to exert all his powers. It is here that the common or routine practitioner is sure to fail. He is constantly forgetting that, in chronic diseases, our object is almost always rather to put nature in the way of acting right, than to supersede her agency; and that our progress must, therefore, be in general guarded and slow, and the more so because we have only debilitated powers to call to our aid. It is in cases of this kind, then, that a remedy like *change of climate* is particularly indicated. This, besides acting, in many cases, directly on the principal local disease, affects the whole system at the same time, and affects it, at once slowly and mildly, and for a long period. It is to this class of diseases, accordingly, that we find the recommendation of this remedy for the most part restricted by Sir James Clark.

In certain cases, a change of climate almost immediately cures a disease, by removing the cause of it—as when we remove from an unwholesome to a wholesome locality; for example, from a low *malarious* district to an elevated and dry region: *sublatâ causâ tollitur effectus.* But although the propriety of change of climate, or perhaps we should rather here say, change of air or situation, is not, of course, overlooked by Sir James where it is so self-evident, yet it is not to cases of this kind that his observations principally apply; nor is it as a remedy possessing such summary and direct powers that climate is contemplated in his work. In such instances as those just referred to, and in many other affections both acute and chronic, we certainly find, by experience, that a change of air and climate frequently effects a great and immediate alleviation of symptoms, or a complete cure; even when the place of residence of the patient is a very healthy one to other persons; and when we are unable to explain, in any way, the manner in which the change of abode acts in bringing about so desirable a result. Instances of this kind must have come under the observation of most persons, and their frequency fully justifies, in many cases, the recommendation of change of air, or of climate, purely on empirical principles. But while admitting that there is much in the influence of change of climate, considered as a remedy, which we cannot at present explain, the author of the work before us wishes rather to consider this complex agent on rational principles. He rejects, wherever

it is practicable, the idea of specific influence, and wishes climate to be considered, in its known qualities, as one of the agents that variously affect the body in health and disease. He submits it to the same examination, and the same tests, by which we judge of other remedies—trying it partly by studying its known qualities in reference to the known capacities of the living body; and partly by observing the results of experience simply. In prescribing it, he, for the most part, considers it only as *one* of the many means that must co-operate towards the restoration of a constitution deranged and enfeebled by the long prevalence of a chronic disease;—in many cases he looks upon it merely as permitting the efficient curative means to be more completely or more conveniently applied.

'The air, or climate, (he says,) is often regarded by patients as possessing some specific quality, by virtue of which it directly cures the disease. This erroneous view of the matter, not unfrequently proves the bane of the invalid, by leading him, in the fulness of his confidence in climate, to neglect other circumstances, an attention to which may be more essential to his recovery than that in which all his hopes are centred. . . . . If he would reap the full measure of good which his new position places within his reach, he must trust more to himself and to his own conduct than to the simple influence of any climate, however genial; he must adhere strictly to such a mode of living as his case requires; he must avail himself of all the advantages which the climate possesses, and eschew those disadvantages from which no climate or situation is exempt; moreover, he must exercise both resolution and patience in prosecuting all this to a successful issue. . . . . Here, as in every other department of the healing art, we must be guided by experience, and must rest satisfied with the amount of power which the remedy concedes to us. The charlatan may boast of a specific for any or for all diseases; the man of science knows that there exists scarcely a single remedy for any disease which can warrant such a boast; and that it is only by acting on and through the numerous and complicated functions of the living body, in various ways and by various means, and by carefully adapting our agents to the circumstances of each individual case, that we can check or remove the disorders of the animal system, more especially those which have long existed. Let it not then be imagined that change of climate, however powerful as a remedy, can be considered as at all peculiar in its mode of action; or as justifying, on the part either of the physician or patient, the neglect of those precautions which are requisite to insure the proper action of the other remedies.'

Leaving, then, on one side, the consideration of climate generally as a specific agent, let us see in what way a removal to a warmer region either obviously acts, or may rationally be presumed to act, in relieving or curing diseases.

In the first place, a warm climate is like a perpetual summer to a person accustomed to a cold one. The higher temperature

of the air, and the finer weather generally, besides acting directly on the sensations, and through them on the mind—on the circulation of the blood, both general and capillary—and on the secretions—enable the invalid to do many things beneficial to his health, which he could not do in his own country. It will enable him, for instance, to be much more in the open air, and, consequently, to take much more exercise than he could do in England. Those persons, and there are many such, who languish in their chambers through the whole of the winter in this country, and only feel the pleasure of existence during the summer, will need no argument to convince them how beneficially a warm climate often acts on the enfeebled and disordered frame. An invalid of this class seems to change his very being with his climate—

'The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.'

Secondly, a removal to a mild, that is, to the natives of the north a distant, climate, effects a complete change of the air, soil, water, and other physical circumstances of a strictly local kind; one or more of which may, unknown to us, be exerting a baneful influence upon the individual, in his own place of residence. A most striking example of the effect of local circumstances upon the general health, in a place not naturally unhealthy in the common acceptation of that term, and of the influence of change of situation in removing the disorders thereby produced, is afforded us every day by the mass of human life squeezed into our large cities. This striking circumstance has not escaped the notice of Sir James Clark.

'On the Continent,' he says, 'the beneficial effects of change of air are duly estimated; and the inhabitants of this country, and more especially of this metropolis, are now becoming fully sensible of its value. The vast increase in the size of our watering-places of late years, and the deserted state of a great part of London during several months, are sufficient proofs, not to mention others, of the increasing conviction that, for the preservation of health, it is necessary to change from time to time the relaxing, I may say, deteriorating air of a large city, for the more pure and invigorating air of the country. This, indeed, is the best, if not the only cure, for that destructive malady, which may be justly termed *Cachexia Londonensis;* which preys upon the vitals, and stamps its hues upon the countenance of almost every permanent residenter in this great city. When the extent of benefit which may be derived from occasional change of air, both to the physical and moral constitution, is duly estimated, no person whose circumstances permit will neglect to avail themselves of it.'

Thirdly, a change to a new climate, in almost every case involves a great change in all the habits of life—in diet, sleep,

clothing, exercise, occupations. And if all or any of these habits happens to be injurious to health, every medical man knows how difficult—often, how impossible—it is to break through them *at home*. But the chain of evil habits is frequently at once snapt asunder by a journey; and its links in many cases are prevented, by the usages of strange places, from being re-knit for so long a time that they never afterwards coalesce. The disease, which if not produced was at least aggravated by more or fewer of these habits, either entirely and spontaneously disappears, or now yields to remedies which were previously found altogether ineffectual. Like the giant of old, it loses its power as soon as it loses hold of its native soil.

And this observation applies still better, perhaps, to moral than to physical habits; or, we should rather say to habits, whether physical or moral, which affect the mind more particularly. Not only is the merchant torn from his desk, and the student from his books, by a journey or a residence abroad, but in very many cases the wretched are torn from their cares. Most of our writers on intellectual philosophy, have shown too little regard to the influence exerted over the mind by the physical condition of the body; and it is only the physician who knows fully the immense share among the causes of unhappiness—we may say of wickedness—that bodily disorder may justly claim. In curing our corporeal disorders, the physician, in many cases, literally does 'minister to a mind diseased;' and as the disorders which most affect the mind (disorders of the digestive organs) are, of all others perhaps, most benefited by a change of climate, this remedy of course becomes entitled to a distinguished place in the *medicina mentis*.

But cares and miseries of a different kind, which have no discoverable connexion with bodily disease, are no less benefited by a change of climate. It is, indeed, surprising how local many of our miseries are; but that such is the case, any one may convince himself by looking round among his friends, or by retracing his social experience. One man is happy in town, but miserable in the country; another suffers equally, but reversely; a third is only wretched in his own house, and a fourth is never happy in his neighbour's. Now, it is obvious that to this very numerous class, a journey to a distant country must be of great service; inasmuch as it must necessarily alter, at least for a time, a great number of the relations in which such persons stand to the objects, whether animate or inanimate, with which they are usually surrounded; and, therefore, we venture to assert, in despite of the satirists of all ages, that in many cases the traveller truly *does* leave his miseries behind him: *se quoque fugit*. He leaves

that other gloomy self in the analogous atmosphere of the north, and assumes a new form under a more brilliant sky.

There is yet another way in which we believe change of climate often proves beneficial, and in a very considerable degree; and here, in place of a Physician, we shall quote a Poet, (Crabbe) —taking leave, however, to make a small alteration upon his lines:—

'————For change of air there's much to say,
As nature then has room to work *her* way;—
And doing nothing often has prevail'd
When ten physicians have prescribed and fail'd.'

We are not surprised that the fact should be as here stated. Few are the Doctors, we verily believe, who can venture to put in practice all that they consider to be best in regard to the administration of medicines. Some patients will have draughts, whether the Doctor will or no; and some Doctors, perhaps, will prescribe them whether the patient will or no. Besides, it is not more strange that the professors of medicine should be fond of their instruments, than that the professors of other arts should be fond of theirs. And, may there not be something in the English character that prompts to what has been truly called the 'energetic empiricism' at present so much in fashion in this country?

A very important agent in the cure of chronic diseases, by change of climate, still remains to be mentioned; although it is rather incidental to this measure than necessarily connected with it—we mean the mere *act of travelling*. This is a remedy, to be sure, which may be as effectually enjoyed in our own country as abroad. It is nevertheless often highly proper for the physician to order his patient to a distant climate, even when all the benefit to be expected lies in the journey thither. People when sick must sometimes be cheated into health; and woe be to the Doctor who always speaks the whole truth to his patient! Every one has heard of the cure of a chronic disease in a gentleman whom Sydenham directed to ride on horseback from London to Inverness, with the object of consulting some imaginary Doctor in that region—no longer remote in our days of steam and mail coaches. And the same pious fraud may be often pardoned in the modern physician, who sends his patient to Genoa, to Rome, or to Naples: the influence of climate may be the ostensible cause of the journey, but the journey itself may be the true source of benefit.

'The mere act of travelling, (says Sir James Clark,) over a considerable extent of country is itself a remedy of great value, and, when judiciously conducted, will materially assist the beneficial action of climate. A journey may indeed be regarded as a continuous change of climate as well as of scene; and constitutes a remedy of unequalled power in some of those

morbid states of the system, in which the mind suffers as well as the body. In chronic irritation, and passive congestion of the mucous surfaces of the pulmonary and digestive organs, especially when complicated with a morbidly sensitive state of the nervous system, travelling will often effect more than any other remedy with which we are acquainted.'

In former times, indeed, if expatriation had been proposed as a common remedy for a whole host of diseases, the prescriber would assuredly have been considered as standing most in need of his own prescriptions; and *naviget Anticyram* would have occupied a prominent place in his *carte du voyage*. But in those days, steam-engines and patent axles were not; neither had that organ of the Phrenologists, which gives us the inclination to change our residence, been stimulated into full activity, by universal peace abroad, and universal travelling at home. At present, we are hardly more startled at Sir James Clark's prescription of Nice, Naples, or Rome, for the cure of a cough, an attack of indigestion, or of gout, than our fathers would have been by the household words of *horehound*, *coltsfoot*, *elecampane*, or *dandelion*. At all events, such a prescription is a very agreeable one; and, if their ailment is not very terrible, one might almost envy those patients who are obliged to use the remedy. It has been said that there is no royal road to health, any more than to learning; but we suspect that our author has actually discovered this royal road; and, if his patients have only the means of *macadamizing* it, it is well. For our own parts, we had been led by experience, before we saw Sir James Clark's book, to think so favourably of the *Peripatetic School* of medicine, that we should be willing to submit to its severest prescriptions in the proper case, even if we were, with the heroic patients of old, to incur the risk of all the imputations and penalties attached to such a measure—

'I, demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas et declamătio fias.'

The diseases in which a change from a cold to a milder climate proves beneficial, are numerous. Those more particularly noticed in the work before us, are the following:—Disorders of the digestive organs, in all their various forms; consumption; chronic affections of the air-passages; asthma; gout; rheumatism; diseases of the skin; scrofula; infantile disorders; diseases of *hot* climates; the climacteric disease; and broken constitutions generally. What we have already said of the nature of chronic diseases in general, and of the principles of cure in such cases, must content our readers in respect to the majority of these affections. But there are two diseases, or rather two classes of diseases, which, from their surpassing importance,

ought to claim from us, as they have obtained from the author, more particular notice. These are disorders of the Digestive organs, and Consumption. In the first part of the present work we are presented with two admirable outline sketches of these affections, to which we must refer the reader; as our business in this article is not to describe diseases, or to detail their general mode of treatment, but to point out the influence of climate upon them. We must, however, take leave to say, that it has but seldom been our fortune to meet with any piece of medical writing so characteristic of the best school of physic —the school of Hippocrates and Sydenham—as these sketches present. In the chronic state, and secondary stages of dyspepsia or indigestion, and its multiform progeny, change to a mild climate is recommended by Sir James Clark as a powerful means of relief and cure. Indeed, it is in this tribe of diseases that the beneficial influence of the measure is most conspicuous. The mode of its operation is explicitly detailed in his work; and the adaptation of particular climates to the different varieties and stages of the affection, is there stated with great precision and minuteness. This seems very necessary, as the choice of a residence for this class of invalids is far from a matter of indifference. The place that is useful in one case is detrimental in another.

'The different forms of the disease require different climates. The patient with gastritic dyspepsia should not, for example, go to Nice, nor the south-east of France. In cases of this kind, the south-west of France or Devonshire are preferable, and Rome and Pisa are the best places in Italy. On the other hand, in atonic dyspepsia, in which languor and sluggishness of the system, as well as of the digestive organs, prevail, with lowness of spirits and hypochondriasis, Nice is to be preferred to all the other places mentioned; and Naples will generally agree better than Rome or Pisa; while the south-west of France and Devonshire, and all similar climates, would be injurious. In the nervous form of dyspepsia, a climate of a medium character is the best, and the choice should be regulated according as there is a disposition to the gastritic or the atonic form. In the more complicated and protracted cases, still more discrimination is required in selecting the best climate and residence; as we must take into consideration not merely the character of the primary disorder, and the state of mind with which it is associated, but the nature of the secondary affection which may already exist, or to which the patient may be predisposed.'

But the most important of all the subjects treated of in this volume is the influence of climate in Consumption. And although, as we have already said, the beneficial effects of a mild climate is much more conspicuous in the class of disorders last noticed than in Consumption, yet the association of the

latter disorder with this measure is so strongly fixed in the public mind, and such erroneous opinions prevail on the subject, that we feel it incumbent on us to notice it particularly. To establish the vast importance of the question, it suffices to state that, according to the latest and best authority, (the Registrar-General's Report,) a fifth part at least of all the deaths that occur in this country is owing to Consumption! And there is too just reason for apprehending that even this tremendous mortality is on the increase.

Is a removal to a mild climate really beneficial in the cure, or even in the prevention of Consumption? If beneficial, in what way, and in what degree is it so? And what climate is the most beneficial? The work before us contains much more information relating to these important points than is to be found any where else; but we fear we must say that the information is satisfactory chiefly because it is extensive and accurate. It conveys to us much less hope, and opens less prospect of benefit from the change, than we could desire. But it will, no doubt, be highly valuable to the medical profession, and to the public generally;—by setting the case in a true light, and by showing what climate can do, and what it cannot do. If the effect of Sir James Clark's delineation of the true features of Consumption, and his exposition of the way in which climate influences its development and progress, were limited to the abolition or even discouragement of that insane system, so generally followed at present, and too generally countenanced by the medical profession, of sending patients abroad in a state of *confirmed* consumption—that is, in a hopeless state—his book would be of inestimable value. It would at least afford some comfort to the hearts of the hundreds of parents who are now every year compelled by this fatal custom, to see their children die under all the aggravations of evil necessarily attendant on a residence in a foreign land. But the book, we confidently predict, will do much more than this; it will be the means of saving many lives, by pointing out the way in which a mild climate can truly be made efficient in lessening the appalling fatality of this disease.

Sir James Clark coincides in opinion with all the great pathologists of the day, that consumption, when fully formed, is almost universally fatal. The essential character of this disease consists, as is well known, in the formation of numerous small masses (called *tubercles*) in the substance of the lungs, which, in their growth and progressive changes, destroy the natural structure of the organs, and fatally derange many of the functions essential to life. When once developed in the lungs, it is extremely doubt-

ful if these bodies can ever be removed by nature or art;—when they have gone beyond their very first stage, and exist in considerable quantity, it seems nearly certain that they are utterly beyond the resources of either.* We, no doubt, every now and then, hear of this or that person cured of consumption, by a regular member of the faculty; and in the course of every half score years or so, there springs into temporary notoriety some bold pretender of the irregular order, whose confident promises (sometimes, perhaps, sincere) and loud boastings, impose upon many the belief that this hitherto intractable malady has at length been brought under the dominion of art. But the total ignorance of this class of persons respecting the real nature of the disease, and the great difficulties often experienced by the most learned in discriminating it, in its early stages, from some other diseases, sufficiently explain these occurrences. And the great teacher, Time, soon justifies the scepticism of the man of science, by covering with oblivion what, if true, could never be forgotten, nor permitted to yield its place to any novelty, however great, or any claimant, however loud. It is, therefore, with much satisfaction that we find the present author devoting all his powers to the elucidation of the remoter causes of consumption; and of the nature and character of that morbid condition of the system to which it is found commonly to supervene. If we cannot cure consumption itself, we may possibly be enabled to obviate the circumstances that lay the first foundation of it; or we may even be enabled to remove the first changes impressed by these circumstances upon the organization.

The remote and predisposing causes of the disease are well known; and have been generally noticed by preceding writers; but Sir James Clark is the first, who, to our knowledge, has formally described the precursory disorder, or attempted (to use his own words) 'to fill up the blank which has been left in the 'natural history of consumption, between a state of health and 'of established and sensible disease of the lungs.' The precursory affection of the system is termed by him *Tubercular Ca-*

* We are well aware of the very peculiar and extremely rare yet well authenticated case, of a cure being effected after the discharge of a tubercle or tuberculous abscess by expectoration; but this case can only be considered as a rare exception to the general rule, and ought not to be at all calculated upon in practice. See, for information on this point, the classical works of Laennec, Andral, and Louis, and especially the present author's treatise on *Consumption.*

chexy; and he looks upon it as the *nidus* or *matrix* of the subsequent disease of the lungs.*

It is as a powerful adjuvant of the medical means best calculated to remove this disorder—for, unlike its progeny, it is often curable—that removal to a mild climate is strongly recommended. The same measure is likewise advised, though with much less confidence, when there are strong reasons for believing that tubercles are actually formed in the lungs. But it is denounced, as we have already stated, in the strongest terms, not only as useless but cruel in the extreme, except in a few particular cases, when the disease is *confirmed.* We will here allow Sir James Clark to speak for himself; only observing that we entirely accord with every sentiment expressed by him in the following extract:—

'Unfortunately it too often happens, that the period of constitutional disorder, which we have just been considering, is permitted to pass; and it is not until symptoms of irritation or impeded function in the lungs, such as cough, difficult breathing, or spitting of blood, appear, that the patient or relations are alarmed, and that fears are expressed that the chest is "threatened." Such symptoms are but too sure indications that tuberculous disease has already commenced in the lungs. It may, indeed, be difficult, in some cases, to ascertain the positive existence of this, although, by a careful examination of the chest, and an attentive consideration of all the circumstances of the case, we shall seldom err in our diagnosis; and it need not, at any rate, affect our practice, as a strong suspicion of the presence of tubercles should lead us to adopt the same precautions as the certainty of their existence.

'When tuberculous matter is deposited in the lungs, the circumstances of the patient are materially changed. We have the same functional disorders which existed in the former state: and we have also pulmonary disease, predisposing to a new series of morbid actions—to bronchial affections, hæmoptysis, inflammation of the pleura and lungs, &c—which calls for important modifications in the plan of treatment. Removal to a mild climate, especially if effected by means of a sea voyage, under favourable circumstances, may still be useful as in the former case—namely, as a means of improving the general health, of preventing inflammatory action of the lungs, and even, perhaps, arresting the progress of the disease.

'When consumption is fully established—that is, when there is extensive tuberculous disease in the lungs, little benefit is to be expected from change of climate; and a long journey will almost certainly increase the sufferings of the patient, and hurry on the fatal termination. Under such circumstances, therefore, the patient will act more judiciously by contenting himself with the most favourable residence which

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* See also his treatise on *Consumption and Scrofulous Diseases.* London: 1835.

his own country affords; or even by remaining amid the comforts of home, and the watchful care of friends. And this will be the more advisable when a disposition to sympathetic fever, to inflammation of the lungs, or to hæmoptysis, has been strongly manifested.

'It is natural for relations to cling to that which seems to afford even a ray of hope; but did they know the discomforts, the fatigue, the exposure, and irritation, necessarily attendant on a long journey in the advanced period of consumption, they would shrink from such a measure. The medical adviser, also, when he reflects upon the accidents to which such a patient is liable, should surely hesitate ere he condemns him to the additional evil of expatriation; and his motives for hesitation will be increased when he considers how often the unfortunate patient sinks under the disease before the place of destination is reached, or, at best, arrives there in a worse condition than when he left his own country, and doomed shortly to add another name to the long and melancholy list of his countrymen who have sought, with pain and suffering, a distant country, only to find in it a grave. When the patient is a female, the objections to a journey apply with increased force.'

It is not, therefore, in the hope of his patients finding something specific—some mysterious and occult virtue—in the air of a milder climate, capable of curing consumption, that our author sends them to Italy or Madeira; but it is because the climate of these countries permits the application of the means best calculated for preventing or removing those morbid actions which too often terminate in consumption. The fatal error* of this country is — to wait until the lungs are obviously affected, and then to hurry the unfortunate patient at once to a mild climate; without considering, in the first place, whether the case is of such a nature as really to afford any reasonable hope of benefit from *any* climate; and, secondly, if a prospect of benefit really exists, which of the milder climates is best suited to the particular case. The plan recommended by the author is to watch the development of that train of symptoms, which, if left unchecked, too generally terminates in consumption; to institute then a comprehensive and combined system of treatment calculated to restore the disordered functions; and, as enabling some parts of this system to be carried much more effectually into operation, then to remove the invalid to the mild climate which is best suited to the peculiarities of the case. Such a climate, among other advantages, tends to produce a greater equality in the circulation, by determining the fluids to the surface and extremities; removes considerably the risk of catarrhal affections, which, in predisposed subjects, often act as exciting causes of tubercles; and—the greatest advantage of all—enables the invalid to be much more in the open air, and, consequently, to take much more exercise than he could possibly do in England, during the winter. With such advantages as

these, the plan of treatment calculated to restore the general health, and thereby to avert the threatened disease of the lungs, has obviously a much fairer chance of success in such a climate as Madeira, where there may be said to be a perpetual summer, than in so cold, moist, and variable a climate as that of England. We say the plan of treatment has a fairer chance of success in such a climate—not that the climate is to be considered as the sole or even principal agent in averting the impending malady; much less in curing it when it has already made good its footing. The fact is, that although a change to a mild climate may be sufficient, in some cases, to enable the natural powers of the system to restore the disordered functions without the aid of art, these powers will fail in a great majority of cases; and yet, not so much, perhaps, from their deficiency, as because they are impeded and thwarted by an injurious system of regimen or medical treatment. In the severer or more strongly marked cases, (even before the development of tubercles,) it will be of little avail that the invalid changes our cold and gloomy atmosphere for the soft breezes and brilliant skies of the south; unless he changes, at the same time, the habits which have induced, or aggravated, or accelerated his present disorder; and unless he, moreover, adopts measures calculated to aid the sanative powers of nature. Nay, we will assert, however great may be the advantages of a mild climate in such cases, (and we consider them as very great,) it will be much better for an invalid to remain in England under good management, than to go abroad to the best climate, under no management at all, or under bad management. *Cæteris paribus*, a mild climate is, in this case, greatly preferable to a cold one; but a good system of discipline is indispensable in both.

And here, before we conclude, and lest we should be thought desirous of having it supposed that we ourselves, or the author of this work, possess some new and potent system of medication—calculated to avert the poisoned arrows of 'the pest,' or to stay its giant strides—we deem it necessary to state, in a very few words, the general complexion of the plan of treatment which he recommends, and in which alone we have any faith, in the case under consideration. In the first place, we utterly disclaim the possession or prescription of any specific remedy in such cases; and, in the second place, we profess to be most sparing in the use of medicines of any kind. Indeed, we are of opinion that medical science has now arrived at that stage when, in practice, it may frequently content itself by looking rather to the pathological condition of the subject, than to the efficacy of any remedial measures. At all events, we think it will generally be found, that the most scientific and skilful physicians are

the most sparing in the use of drugs. The plan we advocate in the present case, consists essentially in taking a close and comprehensive view of the whole disorder under which the system labours; and in adapting our remedies (often extremely simple) to every part that is affected. What we consider as most faulty in the prevailing systems of medicine in this country is, the too great simplicity of the views of disease taken by practitioners, and the consequent too partial and exclusive system of therapeutics founded on them. We wish practitioners, in their study of chronic diseases, to endeavour, like the author of the work before us, to combine the Hippocratic system of close and comprehensive observation with the more rational views of disease brought to light by modern Pathology; and in their practice to endeavour to restore, at the same time, *all* the parts that are disordered; and to restore them by such mild and simple means as are calculated rather to solicit than to force their natural actions. In the case now more immediately under consideration—the morbid state entitled by Sir James Clark *Tubercular Cachexy*—we find almost every part of the system disordered, although some are much more so than others. There is an irregular distribution of the circulating fluids, of the nervous power, and of the animal temperature; the circulating fluids are themselves in an unhealthy state, and most of the secretions are depraved; the organs of digestion are particularly disordered; the skin and all the mucous surfaces are affected; and there exist local congestions, or irritations, or inflammations of the mucous surfaces, viscera, and internal blood-vessels. Now, is it to be supposed for a moment, that medicines, or any system of treatment that regards only one or two links of the chain, can stand any chance of removing a disorder at once so general and so deeply rooted? The experience of all the best physicians of the present day, and the results of our author's observations, recorded in the present work, and in his Treatise on Consumption, strengthen and confirm our own convictions, founded on long attention to the subject, in replying in the negative.

Art. VI.—*Lives of Eminent Foreign Statesmen.* By G. P. R. James, Esq. (Forming part of the Cabinet Cyclopædia.) 5 vols. 12mo. London: 1838–40.

Mr James, one of the most voluminous and rapid inventors of fictitious narratives, and tales of fancy, that any country or age has produced, is also known to the world, and not without some credit, as a devious labourer in the sober paths of historical enquiry—in which he has ranged over periods and reigns so widely separated, and so diverse, as those of Charlemagne and our William the Third—has, in the above work, produced a biographical collection in the loftiest walk of that department, and of such extent that years of laborious research and patient reflection might have been well employed in its composition. Yet, though neither possessing any new information, nor expressing any original or striking views regarding any of the illustrious names which it embraces, it may still be allowed to form a not unacceptable manual of the political biography of the Continent, for those who are satisfied with a tolerably agreeable and instructive account of personages frequently named, but whose lives and characters are but little known, except by the learned.

To go over so multifarious a collection, with any particularity of remark, would be altogether incompatible with our limits. Among the best of its sketches are those devoted to Barneveldt and De Witt; two statesmen who greatly adorn the annals of a country not over rich in such characters, and not so generally known as they deserve. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with a few notices and reflections regarding them—taking the latter first, as giving more effect to the observations we mean to introduce.

John De Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, is one of the very few unsuccessful statesmen—for such, on the whole, he must be considered—to whom merit of the highest order has been adjudged. But the wisdom of his views was so evident, and they were so ably elucidated and defended by himself, that posterity has done justice both to his abilities and his virtues, though the singular difficulties of his life prevented him from accomplishing the more important of his ends. His great anxiety was to preserve a peace which should enable Holland to rise to prosperity through the uninterrupted pursuit of commerce. Yet the whole of his official career was spent either in actual warfare, or in preparation for it. He laboured with zealous perseverance to secure the republican institutions of his country, by abolishing the anomalous office of Stadtholder; and by educating the young Prince

of Orange to the moderate views and limited ambition befitting a citizen of a free state. Yet, before his death, that Prince was elected to the Stadtholderate, and his own brother was compelled to sign the ordinance for his appointment; and, sixteen years afterwards, the same Prince became the sovereign of Holland's chief commercial rival, and only maritime superior.

His life extended over the most eventful portion of the seventeenth century. His birth was contemporaneous with the death of James I.; his death, with the commencement of that great reaction against royalty which drove James II. from his throne. He entered into public life soon after the accession of Louis XIV.; and resigned his official station shortly after that monarch had taken the reins of government into his own hands, and had begun to manifest that insatiable and desolating ambition, which made him, for half a century, the scourge of Europe. He lived through the most dangerous crisis of English liberty; and he died at the most flourishing period of the prosperity of France.

De Witt's father, one of the Deputies of the States of Holland, intended his son for the profession of the law; and the future statesman took his degree at the age of twenty-three. Mathematics was, however, his favourite pursuit; and, in this branch of study, he attained an eminence surpassed by few in that age. He is said to have been the author of a valuable treatise on the elements of *Curve Lines*. On his return from his travels, in the year 1650, his reputation as a student, combined with his father's influence, procured his nomination to the post of Pensionary of Dort; from which, three years after, when only in his twenty-eighth year, he was promoted to the more important station of Grand Pensionary of Holland. It is not easy to ascertain the precise nature of this office, nor the powers which it conferred. It seems not improbable that its authority and importance depended, in a great measure, upon the abilities and the ambition of the individual who held it;—that he might be little more than the Secretary and official Adviser of the States;—or that he might be the soul and guide of all their deliberations. He might be the head, or he might be merely the hand. De Witt, and before him Barneveldt, seem to have had all the powers and authority of a Prime Minister. Sir William Temple thus speaks of the office in his *Account of the United Provinces*:—'The Pensioner of Holland is seated with the nobles, delivers 'their voice for them, and assists at all their deliberations before 'they come to the assembly. He is properly but the minister or 'servant of the province, and so his place or rank is behind all 'their deputies; but he has always great credit, because he is 'perpetual, or seldom discharged; though of right he ought to

'be chosen or renewed every fifth year.' He has a seat in all the 'several assemblies of the province; and, in the States, pro-'pounds all matters, gathers the opinions, and forms or digests 'the resolutions; claiming, likewise, a power not to conclude any 'very important affair by plurality of voices, when he judges of 'his conscience he ought not to do it, and that it will be of ill 'consequence to the States."

At the time of De Witt's first accession to office, Holland was, to all appearance, both powerful and secure. Spain was governed by a weak sovereign, and had considerably impaired her strength, and wasted her resources, by a long war with France. England was just beginning to recover from the distractions of the Civil War. France was torn in pieces by the struggles of the *Fronde*. The energies of Holland had been greatly augmented by the long and successful contest she had waged for her independence. Her maritime strength had been much increased by the steady prosecution of commercial enterprize; and, from the same cause, her finances were, upon the whole, in a prosperous condition. The power of the House of Orange—the perpetual internal peril of the Republic—was centred in an infant of three years old, and thus all fear from that quarter was, for the present, at an end. The Dutch thought this a favourable moment for rebelling against those acknowledgments of her maritime superiority which England had so long and so rigorously exacted. They conceived their rival to be too much weakened by internal dissensions to offer any effectual resistance; both the pride and the cupidity of the country were aroused; the partisans of the House of Orange spared no pains to fan the flame; and, in a short time, the passion for war with England became as general and as vehement in Holland, as the clamour for a war with Spain was, in our own country, in the time of Walpole. De Witt met the crisis with the wisdom and firmness which became a statesman. He was placed in a situation of singular difficulty, and of much temptation. He was young in office. He had yet a reputation to make. His countrymen had, in a great measure, taken him on trust. It required no common sobriety to escape all contagion from the popular excitement, and no common fortitude to withstand the popular clamour. De Witt manfully opposed it. He felt that he was the servant of the interests, not of the passions, of his country. He urged all the considerations he could think of to turn it from its purpose. He dreaded a war to Holland on many grounds. He dreaded defeat; for he knew that England would prove a more powerful foe than his countrymen anticipated. He dreaded victory; for he knew that few circumstances have such a fatal operation in undermining re-

publican institutions as a protracted, and especially a successful war. He grieved to see his countrymen bent upon wasting, in fruitless quarrels, the wealth they had acquired by a long course of enterprize and labour. And he thought it a singular instance of infatuation, for the only two powerful republics then existing, to play the game of the ambitious monarchs who surrounded them, by mutually weakening each other. He pointed out all this, plainly and forcibly; and urged at the same time the signal advantages which would accrue, both to commerce and freedom, from such an alliance with the Commonwealth of England as Cromwell was then anxious to form. But his reasonings, though remembered afterwards, were unlistened to at the time. The hatred felt towards England was manifested in a variety of aggressions, which necessarily led to reprisals; and in 1652, before any declaration of war, the hostile fleets encountered in the Channel, and the Dutch were worsted in the engagement which ensued.

The councils of England were now directed, and her power wielded, by a man of very different mould from those monarchs who, for the last half century, had frittered away her energies and lowered her character. At first, success seemed pretty equally divided; but the fortunes of the war gradually inclined in favour of England; and a signal defeat sustained by their fleet, in which their admiral, Van Tromp, was slain, determined the Dutch to sue for peace. The advice and the predictions of De Witt were now remembered; and to him the negotiations were unreservedly confided. All that firmness and diplomatic skill could do, he effected; but the terms of peace were, as the fortune of the war had been, unfavourable to Holland; and the publication of them raised a storm of indignation against the Pensionary, which it required all his firmness to withstand. The wisdom of his views, however, the clearness of his arguments, and the strength of his character, had their due weight; and he persuaded the States-General to ratify the treaty. But discontent and calumny were busy with his fame; his popularity suffered a severe check; and he early experienced how difficult it is for a man to serve his country, at once faithfully and with impunity. The article of this treaty which was made the foundation of the fiercest outcry, was one suggested by Cromwell, and readily acceded to by De Witt, by which the Princes of the House of Orange were for ever excluded from the Stadtholderate. This agreement, as well as the Perpetual Edict, (a decree framed by him, and enacted in the year 1667, for abolishing for ever the office of Stadtholder,) were attributed to personal enmity; and have, therefore, been regarded as blemishes upon his purity. We

confess we can see no ground for this reproach.* In the first place, the office of Stadtholder was an anomaly in a Republic. He was a species of Dictator elected for life. He had a potential voice in the assemblies of the States; the power of pardoning convicted criminals; the entire command of all the forces of the confederacy by sea and land; and the virtual appointment of all naval and military officers, and of the magistrates in the principal towns. An office combining such varied and extensive powers, De Witt might justly consider to be fraught with peril to a republican government; especially when substantially a hereditary office, and held by a noble of immense possessions, and in whose single family centred all the aristocratic power of Zealand. Moreover, De Witt's distrust of that able and ambitious house was fully borne out by the experience of the past. The life and death of his predecessor Barneveldt, were fresh in his remembrance. The daring encroachments of Prince Maurice on the chartered liberties of the United Provinces were matters of recent history. The very year of De Witt's first nomination to office, had been marked by an outrage on freedom by William II. The privileges of the States had been violated in the person of his own father; whom, with five other deputies, that Prince had arrested and imprisoned, for venturing to protest against his unconstitutional aggressions. All these matters De Witt treasured in his memory; and his domestic policy was, from that time forward directed to secure the State against any future recurrence of suc perils. He was ardently attached to republican institutions, in spite of the fullest experience of their evils—or perhaps we should rather say their drawbacks; and he guarded, with a watchfulness almost amounting to jealousy, against the first approach of any danger which threatened either to undermine or overthrow them. Hence we are inclined to consider his pertinacious hostility to the power of the House of Orange, not only as unstained by any motives of personal ambition, but as entirely grounded in patriotism. A republic may, or may not, be a wise and beneficial form of government; but a republic, in which the post of military chief is held for life, and often hereditarily, by a powerful and ambitious noble, must be in hourly danger of destruction; and can only maintain its liberties by the most unwearied vigilance, and at the risk of perpetual discord.

The war with Sweden—a measure of very doubtful wisdom, but of eminent success—restored De Witt to the popularity he had lost by the peace with England; and the year 1660, which saw the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of his ancestors, the termination of hostilities between France and Spain, and the conclusion of a peace between Sweden, Holland, and Denmark,

found De Witt in the zenith of his reputation; and his country respected abroad and prosperous at home.

Unhappily we have here to record an act which, though it does not appear to have called forth much disapprobation at the time, has undeniably clouded the otherwise bright fame of De Witt—an act dictated, we doubt not, by patriotic views, but which we must think an unworthy postponement of justice to convenience—a sacrifice of honourable principle to present gain. Charles II., shortly after his restoration, brought to trial all the surviving republicans who had been concerned in the execution of his father; and inflicted the last punishment of the law on those he could seize. Three of these unhappy men had fled to Holland, to escape the fate of their comrades. Charles demanded that they should be given up. De Witt complied. They were arrested, transmitted to England, and executed.

This is the single blot upon an otherwise stainless career. Holland was at that time prospering during a peace which De Witt was most anxious to preserve. He was then negotiating, with the aid of England, an advantageous commercial treaty with Portugal. Placed in a critical position between England and France, he was desirous, at almost any cost, to keep well with both. The advantages which might accrue to Holland from the friendship of Charles were numerous and palpable. If De Witt had risked a war with England by refusing the demand of Charles, thousands would have blamed his temerity—few would have appreciated his motives, or applauded his resolution. Yet, notwithstanding, we think that posterity has justly condemned his facility, as criminal and unwise; though we entirely acquit him of having been influenced by any considerations but a too exclusive regard to the material interests of his country. But we must bear in mind that patriotism is not by itself an excellence. It is an actuating motive, not a guiding principle. Like love, it is an affection, not a virtue. Like love, it may lead to base compliances, to a denial of justice, to a compromise of honour. Like love, it may manifest itself, as it did in ancient times, in a species of selfishness which, though less grovelling than that narrower affection which generally bears the name, is yet worthy of condemnation. A truly great statesman will never, though his life should be the cost, sacrifice principle to patriotic considerations. It was said of Andrew Fletcher, 'He would have 'died to serve his country; but he would not do a base thing to *save* it.'

Moreover, these exiles, however in some respects reprehensible, were not accused of any crime which the laws of all na-

tions agreed in condemning. They had assisted in punishing, as they thought, a perfidious ruler. Assuredly, it was not for republicans, at any rate, to blame, or to desert them. De Witt must have looked upon the deed which they had committed only with approval. Had he been an Englishman, there can be little doubt that he would have sat with them at Whitehall on the day of retribution. The government which they had established, Holland had acknowledged. His desertion of these unhappy men we therefore think incapable of justification. History records many parallel transactions; but we know of none which has not met with reprobation.

The friendship which De Witt had stained his own and his country's reputation to preserve, proved but shortlived; and it must have been a bitter mortification to him to discover that the monarch, for whom he had sacrificed so much, was one whom no promises could bind, no principles govern, no services excite to gratitude. Between two commercial nations, like England and Holland, many points of rivalship continually subsisted; and there were not wanting individuals in either country anxious to push them to a bloody arbitrement. In spite of all De Witt's efforts, a series of reciprocal aggressions produced mutual exasperation, and in 1664 led to a declaration of war. The first great naval engagement was most disastrous to the Dutch; their fleet was almost annihilated, and their Admiral, Van Opdam, slain. The States lost no time in repairing their misfortune. De Witt was ordered to proceed to the Texel to superintend and hasten the equipment of a new fleet; and there he appears in a new character. Science has but seldom achieved so signal a triumph in public life. We will give the animating narrative in Mr James's words :—

'He proceeded immediately to the Texel; and by immense exertions succeeded in preparing the fleet for departure, in a space of time which to others had seemed inadequate to accomplish one half of the task, and then, himself going on board, he pressed the admirals to put to sea at once.

'A new difficulty, however, now presented itself. De Witt was met by the reply, that the wind was unfavourable, and that there was no possibility of passing the difficult mouth of the Texel, unless a complete change took place. In this opinion all the Dutch seamen concurred; and showing De Witt the three passages which exist at the mouth of the Texel, called the Land's Diep, the Slenk, and the Spaniard's Gut, they informed him that it was only by the two former that vessels of any size could get to sea. Even these passages, they assured him, were only practicable when the wind blew steadily from one of ten points of the compass, while the other twenty-two points, they alleged, rendered the passage impossible. De Witt had nothing but theories to oppose to the practical knowledge of the seamen; but his mathematical skill enabled

him to demonstrate, that if their charts laid down the passages correctly, any one of twenty-eight points of the compass would serve to carry the vessels out. Not satisfied with this discovery, he instantly conceived a doubt of the representations made regarding the three passages, and determined to ascertain whether the Spaniard's Gut were not as practicable as the others. He proceeded thither in the long-boat of his vessel at the time of low water, and took the soundings along the whole of the passage with his own hand. The result fully justified his suspicions: he found that throughout its whole course the depth was at least double that which had been represented; that the banks and shallows, which the pilots had talked of, were entirely chimerical; and that it was, in fact, as safe and practicable as any of the three. The wind, according to his view, was perfectly favourable, especially for this passage; and on returning to the fleet, he announced to the officers his intention of instantly putting to sea through the very channel which they considered impassable.

'Of course he was not suffered to execute this resolution without strenuous opposition, and vehement remonstrances. All the elder seamen adhered to their opinion, and solemnly declared that the passage of the Spaniard's Gut was impracticable for large vessels; and that, even if it were not, the wind was unfavourable, and would not carry them out. De Witt took the responsibility upon himself; and, to silence all further opposition, declared his purpose of leading the way in the largest vessel of the fleet. He accordingly weighed anchor on the 16th of August 1665, and, with the wind at S.S.W., sailed without difficulty through the dreaded passage, followed in safety by the whole Dutch fleet. Though surprise might be mingled with some degree of mortification, the Dutch officers could not but respect the man they had unsuccessfully opposed; and from that day forward the passage, which he had been the first to open for the Dutch commerce, received the name of De Witt's Diep.'

After this fleet put to sea, there was a variety of indecisive expeditions and skirmishes; but it was not till June 1666 that any important engagement took place. On the first of that month the hostile fleets encountered, and a battle, which lasted four days without intermission, terminated in favour of Holland. The following month, however, this temporary superiority was reversed; nearly the whole Dutch fleet being destroyed, and three Admirals slain. Negotiations for peace were immediately opened; and while they were proceeding, De Witt, taking advantage of the careless security into which the English had been lulled by their success, sent his brother and De Ruyter up the Thames; where they took Sheerness, burned many ships of the line, and spread such consternation through both court and country, that the Pensionary was enabled to conclude a peace on terms far more advantageous than could have been looked for, after such an unsuccessful war.

Up to this period De Witt, though anxious to preserve peace

with all his neighbours, had clung rather to the French than to the English alliance. England was a commercial and maritime rival; France was not. Moreover, the grasping and dangerous ambition of Louis XIV. had not yet fully developed itself; and the interposition of the Spanish Netherlands between Holland and France, De Witt always considered as a sufficient barrier against any attack from the latter power. But now his views were suddenly changed. With no previous notice, and in defiance of all previous engagements, Louis advanced a peremptory claim to the Spanish Netherlands; and prepared promptly to enforce it. De Witt was thunderstruck. He saw at once that, if Louis succeeded in his attempt, the independence of Holland would be placed in the most imminent and continual jeopardy. Single-handed, he had no power to prevent him; his only hopes lay in an alliance with England; and he succeeded in persuading that country that her interests, at this conjuncture, were identical with those of Holland. Many obstacles were interposed; but his frankness, earnestness, and skill removed them all; and, in a space of time almost incredibly brief, the celebrated Triple Alliance was formed between England, Holland, and Sweden. By it, the contracting powers bound themselves to mediate between France and Spain, and to compel Louis to relinquish his designs upon Flanders, on consideration of obtaining some more distant and less dangerous equivalent.

The real nature and merits of this celebrated treaty have been recently so fully discussed in this Journal, that we will not, at present, resume the question. It is certain that, at the time, the treaty was considered, on the part both of Temple and De Witt, as a masterpiece of policy. The armies of France were arrested, and the threatened danger averted for a season. Louis never forgave De Witt his share in the transaction.

It is impossible to read the details of the negotiation without entertaining the highest respect both for the sound sense and the noble character of De Witt. The effect which these qualities produced upon his fellow-diplomatist, Sir William Temple, is perhaps the strongest testimony to his merit. Not only did he speak of him at the time in terms of the sincerest esteem, but their intercourse laid the foundation of a friendship which continued till the close of De Witt's career, with as much warmth as it was in Temple's nature to feel. It is, however, by no means certain that the Triple Alliance was not more serviceable to the fame of De Witt than to the ultimate interests of his country.* We say this

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* 'It is probable,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'that the Triple Alli-

without any wish to detract from the merits of this great statesman. We judge after the event. At the time when he had to make a choice, every path was fraught with danger. But the course he took resulted (though by no fault of his) in the greatest peril that Holland had ever encountered. He had to make his election between two powerful neighbours, of whose characters, ambition and faithlessness then formed, respectively, the prominent features. His decision was prompt. He chose to quarrel with an ally—a dangerous and ambitious one, it is true—but one whose friendship, though never zealous, had hitherto been tolerably steady; and he threw himself almost unreservedly into the arms of one, of whose selfishness, levity, and perfidy, he had recent and ample experience. He confided too readily in British honour and British promises. Faithful, honest, and straightforward himself, in his dealings with others he was watchful, but not suspicious. With all his experience of men and monarchs, there were depths of baseness and dishonour in the character of Charles which he had not fathomed, and could not be expected to fathom. The ink was scarcely dry in which the perpetual alliance between England and Holland had been signed, when a series of intrigues commenced——unexampled for meanness and profligacy—which ended in Charles accepting subsidies from France, which he wasted on his pleasures, and which he purchased by a secret agreement with Louis for a simultaneous attack on Holland. This De Witt had not expected. He was entitled to conceive that the Triple Alliance would insure at least a somewhat longer period of security and repose; and, though he had paid great attention to the condition of the navy, he does not appear to have acted so watchfully or energetically in the reorganization of the army, as he would have done, had he feared so speedy a renewal of the French designs upon Flanders. The storm burst upon him with a suddenness and violence for which he was not prepared. The English, not content with violating their solemn engagements, trampled upon all the principles of international law, by attacking the Dutch fleet before hostilities had been declared. Louis at the same moment issued his Manifesto, and began his march. The Hollanders were terror-stricken; and, as in the case of other panics, rage mingled with fear, and they began to look about them for a victim, whose sacrifice might allay the

'ance was the result of a fraudulent project, suggested originally by 'Gourville to ruin De Witt, by embroiling him with France beyond the 'probability of reconciliation.'—*History of the Revolution of* 1688.

storm. They complained vehemently of the Pensionary, whom they accused of having first endangered the country by his measures, and then neglected its defence. In spite of his opposition, they raised William III., Prince of Orange, to the rank of Captain-General. This was in February 1672. In July, they abolished the Perpetual Edict, and elected him to the Stadtholderate. The popular clamour, both against John de Witt and the Admiral his brother, now became loud and general. They were assailed with the most cruel calumnies. The Pensionary was attacked at night, and severely wounded. The Admiral was arrested on the accusation of a man whose infamy was notorious; and, though suffering at the time under severe illness, was put to the torture. His innocence was clearly manifested on his trial; but a corrupt Judicature, swayed by personal enmity and the public outcry, condemned him to banishment in the same sentence which acquitted him of crime. The Pensionary, indignant at the unworthy treatment his brother had met with, went in state to the prison to receive him, on his leaving it to go into exile. It was rumoured that he went to rescue him; and an infuriated crowd collected round the prison doors, calling for the two brothers to be delivered up to them. The civil and military authorities were informed of the tumult, but did nothing to allay it. The mob broke into the prison, and massacred, with every circumstance of savage barbarity, the two brothers, who, more than any men then living, had deserved well of their country.

The Prince of Orange has been sometimes charged with having been, in some measure, privy to this horrible occurrence. But stronger evidence than has ever yet been adduced, would be necessary to fix so black an accusation on so great a man. Certain it is, however, that many circumstances of his conduct in relation to the De Witts, show him forth in a most unamiable light—to use no harsher term. De Witt had, it is true, done all in his power to exclude him from the Stadtholderate. But William was, notwithstanding, under very weighty obligations to him. He had superintended his political education. He had laid the foundation of much of his future eminence as a statesman. They had long lived on terms of the strictest amity together. Yet when De Witt was assailed by two midnight assassins, one only was punished. The other was not only allowed to escape, but was suffered to retain his employments; and was even favoured by the government of which the Prince of Orange was the chief, and the right arm. When De Witt applied to the Prince to lend the weight of his voice to the contradiction of calumnies of whose falsehood no one could be more fully sensible, William coldly replied, that the Pensionary must learn to bear slander, as he him-

self had done. He suffered Cornelius de Witt to be imprisoned and tortured, on an accusation which he must have disbelieved; and to be banished for a crime of which he knew him to be innocent; when a word of disapproval would have prevented the perpetration of either injustice. And, without going so far as to say, (for which we assuredly should have no sufficient grounds,) that he rejoiced in the death of these virtuous citizens; it is certain that he neither exerted himself to prevent the murder, nor to punish the murderers, as he must have done, had he been under the influence, at the time, of any strong feelings either of humanity or justice.

Reflections of various kinds may be supposed to arise on the contemplation of such an occurrence. 'The catastrophe 'of De Witt,' says Mr Fox, 'the wisest, the best, the most 'truly patriotic minister that ever appeared upon the pub- 'lic stage—as it was an act of the most crying injustice and 'ingratitude, so likewise is it the most completely *discoura- 'ging example* that history affords to the lovers of liberty. If 'Aristides was banished, he was also recalled. If Dion was 'repaid for his services to the Syracusans by ingratitude, that 'ingratitude was more than once repented of. If Sydney and 'Russell died upon the scaffold, they had not the cruel mor- 'tification of falling by the hands of the people. Ample jus- 'tice was done to their memory; and the very sound of their 'names is still animating to every Englishman attached to their 'glorious cause. But with De Witt fell alike his cause and 'his party; and, although a name respected by all who revere 'wisdom and virtue, when employed in their noblest sphere, the 'political service of the people, yet I do not know that even to 'this day any public honours have been paid by them to his me- 'mory.' This, however, with deference be it said, is scarcely the proper light in which such facts ought to be viewed. They have a moral meaning of a loftier kind. If we deduce from the lamentable catastrophe of De Witt's career only the pusillanimous wisdom of retiring from a field where peril is to be encountered, as well as honour to be reaped, and of devoting to the enjoyment and embellishment of private life powers which, otherwise employed, might have influenced for good the destinies of thousands—assuredly we do not read aright that most instructive passage. The true lesson to be deduced from his useful life, and its melancholy close, is the almost certain disappointment of all who, in serving their country, look for their only reward in their country's gratitude. The statesman who, in treading the slippery path of politics, is sustained and guided alone by the hope of fame, or the desire of a lofty reputation, will not only find himself beset

with incessant temptations to turn aside from the line of strict integrity; but the disappointment he is sure to meet with will probably drive him to misanthropy—perhaps even irritate him to tarnish, by vindictive treachery, a virtue founded upon no solid or enduring principle. But the statesman who looks, in the simple performance of his duty, for consolation and support amid all the toils and sufferings which that duty may call him to encounter—who aims not at popularity, because he is conscious that continued popularity rarely accompanies systematic and unyielding integrity—who, as he is urged to no questionable measures by the hope of fame, so is deterred from none that are just by the fear of censure—such a man may steer a steady course through the shoals and breakers of the stormiest sea; and whether he meet with the hatred or the gratitude of his countrymen, is to him a consideration of minor moment, for his reward is otherwise sure. He has laboured with constancy for great objects. He has conferred signal benefits upon his fellow-men. Nobler occupation man cannot aspire to; sublimer power no ambition need desire; greater reward it would be very difficult to obtain.

It is impossible not to be struck with the many points of similarity between this wise and virtuous man, and another who preceded him in the same office, pursued a nearly similar career, and whose course was terminated by an equally deplorable catastrophe.

John Van Olden Barneveldt achieved for his country that independence which John De Witt consolidated and preserved. Both held the office of Grand Pensionary for a long series of years. Both were occupied during a considerable portion of their lives in resisting the actual or expected encroachments of the House of Orange. Though bred to a peaceful profession, both were compelled by the necessities of their country to take an active part in the wars which it had perpetually to wage, in defence of its infant liberties. And, after a career of laborious and patriotic services, both suffered a violent death at the hands of those who were most indebted to their labours:—the one was massacred by the people he had saved from servitude; the other was executed on the scaffold by the sect which he had rescued from persecution—perhaps from extinction—by the oppressive bigotry of Spain.

Barneveldt was one of those fortunate individuals who may be said to have appeared at the right time. He was by character and talent peculiarly suited to the period, and to the stage, on which he was called to act a part. That period was one of those that rarely fails to call into activity powers which, in more tranquil

times, would have remained undeveloped or latent. His early education, his clear sense, his practical and sober turn of thought, his resolute will, his stern and energetic perseverance—all contributed to rank him with that class of men whom nature has formed for the government of free countries. And he fell upon the century of all others in modern times, (save one,) the most prolific of deep emotions, and the most fertile in great events;—when the first effectual shock was given to the old system of opinions; when religious dissension became the nurse of civil liberty; and when statesmen were summoned to the delicate and most difficult task of constructing new formulas of faith, and new modes of government, out of the shattered relics of those which the great convulsion had destroyed. Barneveldt was early destined for the law, and he studied successively at the schools of the Hague, Louvain, and Heidelberg. In the year 1570, he began to practise as an advocate at the Hague, where his talents and connexions soon procured him an ample share of professional employment. But the times were not such as to allow men of his stamp to pursue their profession in peace. The long and protracted contest between the Low Countries and Philip II. of Spain, had begun about five years before. Charles V. had always treated this portion of his dominions with peculiar favour and regard. He had respected their privileges and encouraged their commerce. Philip regarded them with very different feelings, and pursued towards them a directly opposite course. His predominant passions were, a superstitious bigotry and an insatiable thirst of power. The Low Countries offended both these ruling sentiments. The rapid spread of the Reformed doctrines in those marts of commerce and intelligence, inflamed his gloomy zeal and irritated his persecuting temper. And the constitutional rights of the Netherlands, which had been solemnly guaranteed to them by innumerable treaties, by opposing constant limitations to the exercise of his prerogative, goaded to fury his despotic disposition. He soon decided what course he should pursue. He was not of a character to shrink from any undertaking, or to scruple at any means. Disregarding alike the murmurs of the people, and the remonstrances of the nobles, he proceeded to establish the Inquisition in the Netherlands; and commenced a persecution which, both for its severity and its important consequences, is without a parallel in history Many were imprisoned—many were tortured—numbers fled into exile—thousands were delivered over to the executioner. Still, the Duchess of Parma, to whom Philip had committed the government of the Low Countries, did not, as he conceived, execute his edicts with sufficient rigour.

She was, therefore, superseded by the notorious Duke of Alva. He brought with him a considerable reinforcement, uncontrolled authority, and a character and temper cast in the mould of his master. He commenced his career of bloodshed and oppression without an hour's delay. A hundred thousand emigrants carried their skill and enterprise to foreign lands. The Prince of Orange retired into Germany. Counts Egmont and Horn were imprisoned and executed. All who were even suspected of having listened to the new opinions were seized, tortured, and burned—often without even the form of a trial. To have been once seen at a Conventicle was sufficient to insure condemnation. Philip rejoiced to hear of these proceedings. He had at length found a Deputy after his own heart. The man who had murdered his own son, could not be expected to feel compassion for the sufferings of distant heretics. He wrote to approve and encourage Alva. Then were committed oppressions too grievous to be endured—barbarities which the decorum of history refuses to describe—atrocities which the execrations of ages have left inadequately censured. Not a city throughout the Low Countries but witnessed the infliction of tortures, compared with which those of the Roman amphitheatre were merciful and gentle. The Prince of Orange and others of the exiled nobility now thought it high time to appeal to arms; and, after collecting all the forces they could draw together, invaded the Netherlands, and were for a short period signally successful. But they were ably opposed, and feebly supported; and, after a short campaign, were obliged to retire and disband their forces till a more favourable conjuncture should arise. They had not to wait long. Alva was in want of money, and, in an evil hour for his master's interests, resolved to tax the people without the consent of the States. The inhabitants of the Low Countries, who had borne every thing else with comparative submission, stoutly resisted the attack upon their purses. They flew to arms, seized several of the principal towns, chose the Prince of Orange for their leader; and after a war which lasted with various fortune nearly forty years, succeeded in establishing the independence of the Northern Provinces, and the supremacy in them of the Protestant Religion.

In this great struggle it was of course impossible, and it would have been pusillanimous, for any one to remain neutral; and Barneveldt and his brethren of the Bar were called upon to make their election between unqualified submission to the iron yoke of Philip, and the chance of whatever amount of freedom a vigorous resistance might procure. They were nearly unanimous,

to the lasting discredit of their profession be it recorded, in counselling submission to Spain. Three Advocates only, of whom Barneveldt was one, adhered to the Prince of Orange. So able and resolute a patriot was not likely to remain long unemployed. As a Commissary, he superintended the arming of the citizens in the revolted provinces, the levying of contributions, and the providing supplies for the troops. At the early age of twenty-nine, he was chosen Pensionary of Rotterdam; and from this time forward his services were in constant requisition, wherever activity, perseverance, and diplomatic skill were required. In the year 1586 he was promoted to the highest civil office in the United Provinces, that of Grand Pensionary—an appointment which he continued to hold till his death, a period of thirty-three years.

Barneveldt has been charged with inconsistency, by those whose only notion of consistency lies in maintaining through life the same relative position—not with regard to the object of their efforts, but with regard to the individuals with whom they have been accustomed to act. The object to which the whole of his public life was devoted, was the freedom of his country. He desired to liberate her from the yoke of Prince Maurice, as well as from the yoke of Philip. For this, up to the year 1607, he was incessantly engaged in urging his countrymen to a vigorous prosecution of the war. For this, he spared no pains to negotiate a peace, as soon as it became probable that the recognition of his country's independence might be one of the articles of the treaty. For this, he persuaded the States to confer on Maurice all the authority of a military chief, as the leader most likely to offer a successful resistance to the arms of Spain. For this, he became the resolute opponent of that Prince, as soon as he discovered that he aimed at a continuance of the war as the surest means of obtaining the objects of his personal ambition; and for this he incurred that virulent and untiring hatred, which finally brought him to the scaffold. In whatever quarter might gather the dangers which successively menaced his country, he turned undismayed to meet them. When the whole power of Spain was exerted to crush the rising liberties of Holland, Barneveldt was the presiding spirit that guided and invigorated her councils. In equipping her troops, in advising her measures, in directing her campaigns, in forming her alliances, he was indefatigable. When her rights were invaded by the Earl of Leicester, whom Elizabeth had sent over to command her auxiliary forces, Barneveldt withstood him, with a spirit as haughty and firmer than his own. When the ambition of Maurice, Prince of Orange, was the

especial peril of the hour, the Grand Pensionary bent all his energies to defeat his schemes. And when, towards the close of his career, the Gomarites strove to establish the supremacy of the *Ecclesiastical* over the *Civil* authority, they found the aged statesman at his post, as resolute, alert, and inflexible as ever, to oppose a pretension so fatal to good government and free institutions.

After thirty-three years of indefatigable exertion, Barneveldt had the satisfaction of concluding a twelve years' truce with Spain; by which the independence of the United Provinces was virtually, though not formally acknowledged. During the whole of this period his labours had been arduous and unremitting. He had not only to contend against foreign enemies, and to control domestic ambition, but to negotiate various alliances, and conduct an extensive and complicated correspondence; and, what was perhaps more difficult and harassing than all the rest, to reconcile the dissensions which were continually breaking out between the various States and Cities of the Union, and to persuade each to bear with cheerfulness its fair share of the burdens of the war. It is with respect to the latter, that the peculiar difficulties of the leaders in a revolution consist. They are destitute of all the usual expedients of an established government. They cannot rely upon the ordinary means of established authority. They rule over free citizens, not over subjects. They command volunteers, not regular troops. They have no power to enforce the decrees which they enact: They must temporize, cajole, persuade. They must stimulate the sluggish—rouse the ambitious—persuade the selfish—work upon the fears of the timid—excite the cupidity of the avaricious—soothe the susceptibilities of the jealous. These were the chief difficulties of Washington, as they were of Barneveldt; and neither the Dutch nor the American patriot had characters peculiarly adapted to the task. Both were somewhat unbending and austere; and Barneveldt, in particular, was impetuous and somewhat overbearing. Neither possessed those insinuating manners which enable men easily to gain the confidence, and to obtain influence over the purposes of others. But both possessed, in an eminent degree, the power to discern light through the darkest clouds, and to hope when all around despair. This is that habitude of mind to which the Roman senators paid such politic respect, when they greeted Varro, after the defeat of Cannæ, with eulogy instead of censure; and thanked him, because even in that hour of consternation, 'he had not despaired of the Republic.'

It might be imagined that Barneveldt, having now attained the great object of his public exertions, and having so served his

country as to entitle himself to her lasting gratitude, would have been suffered to repose upon his laurels, and to pass the remainder of his days in tranquillity—enjoying that best reward of a virtuous and enlightened statesman, the contemplation of the happiness and prosperity he has been instrumental in creating. At this period Geneva was the most celebrated theological school of the Reformers. During the revolutionary period, while Holland was struggling at once for her liberty and her religion, numbers of the Dutch clergy had fled to Geneva, partly as a place of refuge, partly as a school of learning. When peace was restored, and the Reformed faith established in their native country, these men returned, filled with a spirit the most domineering and intolerant. The peace of the country was grievously disturbed by the feuds which they created; and the States-General were at length compelled to interfere. They acted, on the whole, with the moderation and good sense of statesmen, though certainly with little knowledge of the temper of theological disputants. By the advice of Barneveldt, they recommended a National Synod, for the purpose of devising a Confession and a Ritual that might satisfy all parties. The Church indignantly repudiated the suggestion, and the controversy was continued with as much bitterness as ever. The disputants again appealed to the States, who, being then intent upon the negotiations for independence, put them aside, and peremptorily ordered them 'to be quiet, and tolerate each other.' The Calvinists insisted on the establishment of a rigid creed, and the ejectment of all who refused to receive it. At length, wearied out with their importunity, the States called the two leaders of the chief opposing sects, Gomar and Arminius, before them, and desired to have an explanation of their differences. The case was argued with great vehemence, and at considerable length; and, after both parties had been fully heard, Barneveldt rose, in the name of the States-General, and addressing the contending disputants in a tone of grave sarcasm, 'thanked God that there was no 'material difference between them;' and earnestly recommended them to seek after peace and mutual brotherhood. Both parties were somewhat disconcerted at this solemn depreciation of their grounds of quarrel; and, as divines, but were little disposed to receive the lessons of Christian charity from the lips of a civilian. They retired, as was to be expected, as little satisfied as ever.

Barneveldt, it may well be imagined, was a man but little disposed to join either party in their profitless disputes. He would have been inclined, of course, to have observed a cautious neutrality between the disputants; had he not early discovered among the Calvinistic clergy an encroaching spirit, and a dis-

position to raise the Ecclesiastical to a supremacy over the Civil authority in the state. The philosophic statesman could smile at the quarrels of schoolmen regarding the solution of problems too intricate for human reason, and involving no practical results; but the doctrine of Ecclesiastical Supremacy was one, he well knew, which, in the hands of such men as then filled the pulpits of the United Provinces, would lead to consequences to which no lover of his country could look with composure. He therefore threw the whole weight of his influence into the opposing scale; and besought the Stadtholder, Prince Maurice, to aid him in suppressing the existing dissensions. That Barneveldt favoured one party was, however, a sufficient motive with that wily and vindictive Prince to throw himself into the arms of its antagonists. He at once perceived the support he might secure to his own designs by espousing the Calvinistic cause; and, from this time forward, he laboured with unwearied perseverance to undermine the influence, and effect the ruin of the aged Pensionary—now the only serious obstacle between himself and the supreme power, at which he aimed. He was abetted in all his schemes by the zeal and activity of the Calvinistic clergy.

As too often happens, the greatest service which Barneveldt had ever rendered to his country, proved also the most fatal blow to his own popularity; for his conclusion of the long truce with Spain was the point from which we may date the decline of his influence in Holland. It would be to little purpose to trace the various steps by which Maurice gradually undermined the reputation, and weakened the authority of his hated opponent. The army and the populace were already devoted to him; and he at length succeeded, by dint of unwearied intrigue, in ejecting the Arminian magistrates in almost every city and province in the Union, and replacing them by ardent Gomarites; and, in spite of all the Pensionary's opposition, he procured a decree for disarming the Burgher Guards. The States of Holland were now the only support on which Barneveldt could rely, and they firmly upheld their venerable and tried servant. But Maurice contrived to procure a new election, and deputies of a very different stamp were returned—creatures of the Prince, and ready to go all lengths in pandering to his ambition. It now became evident, even to himself, that his career was fast drawing to a close. On the 29th of August 1618, he was arrested by order of the Prince, and after an illegal delay of five months—spent in collecting charges and procuring evidence against him—he was brought to trial. The Judges were named by his great political opponent. His falsest accuser, his bitterest personal foe,

sat amongst them. The trial was conducted with such secrecy, that we are left to guess at the articles of accusation. The verdict of the Judges was pronounced while the aged prisoner was engaged in preparing his defence. The result was notified to him on the evening of the 12th of May; and by a refinement of cruelty and insult, a Gomarite clergyman—a zealous enemy—was sent to embitter his last hour. He came, he said, by order of the States, to prepare and console the prisoner. Barneveldt calmly replied, that at his age he was prepared to die, and was able to console himself. Early the following morning, he was called before his Judges to hear his sentence pronounced--a sentence containing a number of charges, all vague, and all either frivolous or absurd—to which he listened with scornful but dignified composure; and was then led straight from the judgment-hall to the scaffold. His last words were—'Good people, do not believe I am a traitor!'

Thus fell, in the seventy-third year of his age, and the forty-fourth of his public services, Olden Barneveldt; not certainly a perfect man, but one who approached as near to perfection as the hard conditions of our nature will allow. He had no failings but such as naturally rose out of his excellences, or were essentially connected with them. His unwearied energy and intensity of purpose, made him somewhat impetuous, and intolerant of vexatious or interested opposition. His inflexible resolution in the pursuit of great objects, was connected with a temper unyielding even in matters of minor importance. And if he was too strongly convinced of the wisdom and integrity of his own views, to meet intrigue with patience, or to bear calumny with calmness, much must be forgiven to one endowed with no common powers—intent upon no common aims—conscious of no common rectitude. 'If,' says he, in his Apology, 'when arguments were urged irra-'tionally, or with open and indecent falsehood, I found myself 'unable to digest them, and answered such impertinence too bit-'terly, I beg that this may be pardoned to my great age, and to 'human infirmity.'

To which of the two great men, whose characters we have been considering, the crown of merit ought to be adjudged, it would be as difficult as invidious to endeavour to determine. Both were gifted with talents and virtues of no ordinary cast. Their reputation was founded, not upon one or two brilliant deeds, which might be but the happy inspirations of a moment, but upon the untiring exertions of a devoted and laborious life. On one account, however, we are disposed to estimate more highly the heroic integrity of the earlier and elder statesman. De Witt was unencumbered by any family ties. Barneveldt had a wife

and children. Therefore, though not perhaps a happier man, he may reasonably be supposed to have held his life more dearly; for life is commonly valued, not in proportion to its enjoyments, but in proportion to its interests, its cares, its anxieties. Moreover, a domestic circle naturally breeds in the character a love of comfort; and the more we become accustomed to the enjoyments of life, the less disposed we are to risk them. The habitual indulgence, the constant calling forth of the gentler affections, have an irresistible tendency to relax that tone of stern and lofty, but steady and subdued enthusiasm, which alone can enable the statesman to steer his course aright in dangerous and troubled times. And when we consider how many occasions must occur, where a slight deviation from lofty principle might be the means of avoiding danger, of disarming enmity, of preserving a life dear and valuable to others, we shall look with a ready sympathy and a generous indulgence upon those who, in such trials, have been found wanting; and shall regard those who, like Barneveldt, have passed through the ordeal unfaltering and triumphant, with a proportionate veneration.* With De Witt the case was different, and the task, in consequence, incalculably easier. He had a father whom he loved, and a brother who ran the same patriotic career with himself. But there were no helpless and confiding beings depending upon him alone for support. His line of duty, though arduous, was clear and single. There were no side influences to draw him away from that line. He had but one object of affection or desire—one faith, one aim; and to these he was faithful to the end.

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* Of the wife of Barneveldt only one anecdote is preserved to us; but that one indicates a character worthy of the name she bore. Some time after Barneveldt's death, his two sons were executed for a conspiracy against Prince Maurice. Their mother threw herself at the feet of Maurice to petition for their pardon. 'How is it,' asked that unfeeling enemy, 'that you will beg that mercy for your sons which you refused to solicit for your husband?' 'Because,' replied the widow, 'my husband was innocent, and my sons are guilty!'

ART. VII.—*Christian Morals.* By the Rev. W. SEWELL, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. 8vo. London: 1840.

THIS is a book which, if we had fallen in with it at an old book-stall, we might have picked up as a strange instance of the lengths to which the ravings and hallucinations of an individual may go. But considering it as the appointed teachings of a University Professor; and, not only that, but as part of a collection which clergymen of the Church of England are engaged in circulating under the much-abused name of 'The Englishman's 'Library,' it has filled us with amazement. We had hoped that the University itself, or some of its members, would have put forth a disclaimer. But as this is not the case, and as the book remains before the world, with all the authority which ought to belong to the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, it is fitting that the non-academic public should be informed what sort of moral teaching an English University provides. We believe the instruction in Latin and Greek—the mere scholarship of Oxford—to be very good; but the genius of the place appears to be in irreconcilable hostility with most of the elements of modern civilization. It looks as if a fatality hung over its walls, with regard to every thing relating to real life. What Oxford loyalty would have made of the British Constitution, if it had had its way, is matter of history. The real friends of the Reformation are pretty well aware, by this time, what would have been the use of a Reformation at all, if nothing else had been to be got by it but the odds and ends which Oxford divinity would leave us now. An honest man out of Bedlam will learn, from the writings of Mr Sewell, Tutor of Exeter College, and late Professor of Moral Philosophy to the University, the nature, means, and object of Oxford morals.

There never was a writer less entitled to notice on his own account, except as a curiosity, than Mr Sewell. But his connexion with Oxford—the fact that the University has indorsed his bills and guaranteed his credit—makes him a person of importance on this occasion. We cannot omit the opportunity of protesting against the unprincipled way in which that learned body has compromised its reputation, and violated the trust reposed in it by so doing. The scandals of patronage, it is true, have nowhere ranged with wilder license than over every department of public education. The Church, which ought to be the great public teacher, has been jobbed, until the existence of the

Church of Scotland is put in peril by the evil and the remedy; and until the Churches of England and of Ireland can in many quarters, no longer show the noblest title by which Christ announced that his religion* was to be known —'the poor have the gospel preached unto them.' Well might Paley complain, 'that the converting the best share 'of the revenues of the church (the proper fund for maintaining 'those who are occupied in cultivating or communicating religi-'ous knowledge) into annuities for the gay and illiterate youth 'of great families, threatens to stifle the little clerical merit that 'is left among us.' But if lay patrons are bad, ecclesiastical patrons are, if any thing, worse. The misconduct of the Universities in this respect is so flagrant, that no man in his senses, founding a Professorship, would place it at their disposal. Private motives, good, bad, and indifferent, uniformly get the better of all public considerations. Merit is the last thing thought of. At Cambridge, for instance, a member of St John's College, competent or incompetent, may make sure of any University office which the votes of his college can command. At Oxford, not long ago, the newspapers were full, for weeks together, of the election of a Professor of Poetry. Not a word of the proper qualifications of the candidates. The election was turned

* The Bishop of London has lately published three 'Sermons on the Church.' Oxford divinity disposes us to be very thankful to him for his comparative moderation. But we must remonstrate on the part of Scotch Episcopalians, as well as of English Protestant Dissenters, against the narrowness of the test by which the Bishop tries the guilt of *schism.* 'No man (he says) can justify his voluntary separation from the National 'Church, but upon the ground that she requires of him the profession of 'some article of faith at variance with the fundamental truths of the Gos-'pel, or the performance of some act of worship, forbidden, either ex-'pressly or implicitly, by the Word of God!' There is to our minds another justification, less applicable, to be sure, on account of the class to which they respectively belong—to Episcopalian seceders from the Church of Scotland—than to the great majority of Protestant seceders from the Church of England;—we mean that they do not find the ministrations of the National Church so spiritually profitable as those of their own chapels. If Dr Johnson could admit, with tears in his eyes, the justice of Hannah More's defence of her dissenter-reading, the mechanic and the servant-maid, it is to be hoped, may be excused for going on a Sunday where they feel that they receive most good. The truth is, that the intellectual as well as social habits of most English clergymen have made them in many ways above their work. As to educating the poor, Dr Arnold has said, 'I never knew any poor man who could properly be said to be educated.'

into a trial of party strength, and nothing else, between the two religious parties which divide the University at present. Personal or party motives of this description must have the discredit of having made Mr Sewell Professor of Morals; a science, above all others, requiring calmness and caution, a clear comprehensive understanding, and a loving heart. Neither is arrogance the temper, nor a kind of Irish eloquence the talent, wanted. Any page of the book at which its readers may have the luck to open, will satisfy them, not only that the writer of it has a mind intellectually incapable of distinguishing truth from falsehood, but that he could never have had five minutes conversation with any body upon any serious subject, without this most striking disqualification coming out.

When we give Mr Sewell five minutes to expose himself in, we are sure that we give him time enough. For this purpose, it will be all the same whether he shall have been expounding to his friends the theories on Christian art and Christian politics, with which he encourages mankind to hope that he may live to complete his theory of Christian morals; or whether he shall have been dilating on the only way in which, as he conceives, Natural Philosophy can be cultivated with any reasonable prospect of success. His contempt for modern science, and for the drudges digging in its mines for facts, will have prevented him from communicating with the British Association concerning the methods by which alone discoveries are to be made. But this is clear. His chapter upon the subject (ch. 22) is either greater nonsense than Swift or Munchausen durst have attributed to the academy of Laputa; or the *Novum Organum* is nothing to it. Our readers must say which.

It is declared, that Theology is the root and mother of all knowledge; and 'that the sciences which relate to matter ought 'to be studied upon Christian principles and methods, just as 'much as the sciences which relate to mind.' This being assumed, the chapter consists of two propositions:—First, the human mind, unless it be supported by a theological creed, is incapable of making a successful effort upon any subject. Next, from their inseparable connexion with the facts with which all science has to deal, the Scriptures, duly studied and applied, are the appropriate guide to every species of scientific truth. If the first of these propositions is true, no man can trust to his understanding for any purpose—and especially no man of science can expect his understanding to stand him in any stead in scientific enquiries—unless he has first settled his religious creed to the satisfaction of Mr Sewell. If the second proposition is true, Sir David Brewster and Dr Whewell may save themselves the

trouble of discussing, whether discoverers in science can be assisted in their noble labours by any rules. They have only to read their Bibles properly, and they will find the key to the secrets of nature there. Now for the proofs of such astounding communications.

That a religious creed is necessary to preserve a man in the use of his faculties, is demonstrated as follows. . Without a religious creed there can be no active moral principle; and without an active moral principle, 'the very highest productions of the 'human intellect are just as much the result of circumstan- 'ces, and the work of chance, (*as what?*) as a piece of cotton 'which comes out of a mill.' Again, 'the whole earth, every 'night about twelve o'clock, becomes a vast lunatic asylum.' And, it is supposed, that man in his lucid intervals—that is, in his waking hours—would be precisely in the same state but for the control of the moral principle; in other words, (for they are spoken of as synonymous,) but for the influence of a religious creed. Our experience is appealed to for the truth of this statement. 'Scarcely any thing has been done in the present 'day for the real advancement of science by speculative men.' A religious paralysis, it is assumed, has struck their understandings. 'Whatever discoveries have been made in that ma- 'chinery which is our chief boast, have been made by common 'workmen by accident. It is a notorious fact.' Let the Wattses and Babbages attend. The world has been giving them credit on false pretences. Their calculations are an affair of chance. The limits, within which Mr Sewell's disciples are allowed to look for their religious creed, are small indeed. But stretch these limits from the east unto the west; and was there ever before printed, in any age or country, such a prodigy of falsehood—as—not merely that men without religion were for the ordinary business of life no more to be depended upon than lunatics or somnambulists—but that the probability of a successful exercise of our intellectual powers, on whatever subject they are applied, rise or fall with the nature of our religious opinions. A moment's consideration* of the difference between speculative and practical reason, and of the subjects on which they are respectively exercised; and how the will, and the infirmities thereto belonging, only attach to subjects of practical as distinguished from subjects of speculative reason, would

* Mr Sewell likes the parade of obsolete learning. He will nowhere see this difference better put, than in the Prima Secundæ of Thomas Aquinas.—Quæst. xciv.

with most people have prevented all this folly. That this would not have been the case with Mr Sewell, is but too true. Since, he says, what are termed the *speculative* doctrines of the Church, are falsely termed so: and that in one instance, morals, Bishop Butler has shown 'the Athanasian Creed to be as much the 'basis of Christian morality, so far as morality is a part of re-'ligion, and religion a part of morality, as the Ten Command-'ments.'

The use to be made, in physical investigations, of the nature, attributes, and moral government of God, is illustrated more in detail.

Before we give our readers a specimen of these details, we must observe, as Pitt observed to Wilberforce on returning him Bishop Butler's celebrated treatise, that there is nothing which *Analogy* may not prove, if it is admitted as a mode of positive proof. Its proper sphere is to remove out of the way objections, whether founded on *à priori* or other reasoning, or on supposed evidence of improbability, ill applied. If this be so, what alone can be the consequence, even in the most prudent hands, of searching for similitudes between things, which have nothing in common except their common author? More especially does the folly of quoting Scriptural analogies, on the ground of the supposed connexion of Scripture facts 'with every other branch of facts in every other science,' become quite incredible, when every body allows that much of the precise and positive language of Scripture concerning physics, as well as many of its precedents in moral and social life, are in direct contradiction with those physical truths and moral duties upon which all mankind are now agreed. The Scriptures are not the less true for their own great purpose, whatever we may think of the Astronomy and Geology which are contained in them; and whether we adopt or not Paley's explanation of the wars of Canaan, or Milton's panegyric on the polygamous marriage bed, 'as Saints and Patriarchs used.'

A study of the facts with which a particular science has to deal, will be constantly suggesting to inventive minds different hypotheses or leading ideas, among which the law of their relation is likely to be found. It is part of the divination of genius, to ascertain with the least possible cost of time and labour, which of these seeds will grow. In hammering away at nature, there will be greatly too many chips in the case even of the best workmen. But the best workman will have the fewest. Mr Sewell, we fear, is all chips. His dogmas are—first, that there can be no physical science without religion; next, that whether any kind of science can emerge under a religion, partly true and

partly false, will depend on the nature of the errors; and lastly, that the leading ideas which will take philosophers by the shortest and most infallible cut to all truths, physical or metaphysical, are latent in the Scriptures, if philosophers have but religion enough to find them out. 'All the great discoveries of 'speculative men have been made by first taking some theory of 'a very high and general nature, closely connected with the na-'ture of Almighty God.' This being the case, as it has fared with speculative men in time past, we must expect that it will fare with them in time to come. If there ever was philosopher, whose course was likely to have coincided with the above assertion, it was Kepler. But we shall see, notwithstanding, that he has declared that any religious theory would have led him, not to, but from, his discovery of the Elliptical Orbits. His great contemporary, Galileo, was the head of an opposite school. He is generally understood to have been a speculative man, and to have made some discoveries; and he has recorded his opinion not merely against religious theories, but against all suppositions of preconceived relations. 'Men ignorant of geometry might per-'haps lament that the circumference of a circle does not happen 'to be three times the diameter, or in some other assignable pro-'portion to it, rather than such that we have not yet been able to 'explain what the ratio between them is.' We are at a loss which to admire most, Mr Sewell's recklessness in stating principles, or in stating facts.

The question, so put, resembles a question of cause and effect, more than an ordinary case of analogy. To take first the persons of no religion. From what has been said above, it would not appear to signify much, on what subject they employed themselves. Being by the supposition no more rational than somnambulists, they must employ themselves equally in vain on all. In another place, however, it is suggested, that 'a sepa-'ration between the Athanasian creed and the discoveries of our 'human philosophy' must operate much more injuriously in our researches into the mind of man, than into the world of matter. If any inconsistency in such a writer could surprise us, it would be surprising to be told, immediately after this, that the 'effect 'of a want of knowledge of some infinite good being' was (not the stultifying of Aristotle and Plato, or the confining their contemplations to the material world, but) that of 'compelling the 'highest Greek philosophy to throw all its energies into purely 'metaphysical speculations.'

The Hindoos seem to have been worse off with their religion than they would have been with a religion which is treated in the last paragraph as equivalent to none at all. As Mr Sewell's

style of philosophizing might lead us to expect, learned Bramins would have as much difficulty in recognizing their mythology and Avatars in the following description, as in subscribing to the supposed effects:—'The doctrine of the unity of the Divine Being, exclusive of all plurality, and of the purely spiritual nature of God, unconnected with the doctrine of the Incarnation, crushed in the East all science whatever.' The reproach of the East in this place agrees but ill with the panegyric on it in another, where its learning is said to have stood like a gigantic temple on the solid foundations of antiquity—in which Plato acquired the best part of his knowledge, and in which the light of God's primitive revelations was kept alive.

But, at other times, and with other people, marvellous effects are attributed unconditionally to the simple doctrine of the unity of the Divine Being. For instance, it is said to have led to the truest ancient astronomy—and to have suggested, that the heavenly bodies were globular, and moved in circular orbits! Kepler, on the contrary, submitted his own marvellous imagination so far to facts, as to see in this supposed suggestion, the origin not of truth but error. 'If planets were carried round by angels, '(he says) their orbits would be perfectly circular; but the elliptic form, in which we find them, smacks rather of the lever and 'material necessity.' Mr Sewell adds, that if the framers of this system had but believed in an author of evil, and in his final subjugation, as well as in an author of good, they might not have left it to modern astronomers to discover, that the mechanism of the heavens was full of disturbing forces, and nevertheless its regularity was faithfully maintained! In the same manner, Newton's discoveries are stated to have been owing to his belief in the unity of the Divine Being. 'The 'same line of thought would suggest the undulating theory 'of light; the whole theory of vegetable bodies as analogical to 'those of animals; the identity of electricity and lightning; the 'application of steam to navigation; the discovery of the New 'World.' It is easy to assert, that the unity of the Divine Being *would* suggest all these wonders. To make out the several steps, by which the supposed suggestion would work out its way, is not merely difficult, but impossible. If all that is meant by a belief in the unity of the Divine Being, is a belief in the uniformity of the laws of matter, atheists might make experiments, and might reason (and were just as likely to do so) on that belief. But Mr Sewell's argument requires more than a mere possibility of suggestion. It should have been shown that the doctrine of the unity of the Divine Being, or some equivalent theological tenet, *did in fact* suggest these different discoveries. If it did not, we

must suppose them to have been made by accident; seeing Mr Sewell has before informed us that all discoveries must be made by accident, or by the means of a religious creed.

The discoveries of modern chemistry are mentioned as being among those lucky accidents, which modern science insists on calling discoveries by experiment. Mr Sewell takes as an instance of this perverseness, the principle of 'definite proportions.' This, he says, is, in other words, only the Pythagorean theory, that the world was formed by Numbers. Supposing the discovery to have been made by one of these experimental accidents, Mr Sewell is of opinion that the more natural and simple way would have been to have had recourse to one of his theories of 'a high and general nature connected with the nature of Almighty God.' Mr Dalton should have gone at once either with Pythagoras 'to the ancient traditions of a revelation which invested numbers with a mysterious character, and which traced up their various combinations to one primitive root—the number three; and that to a still prior root of unity, which nevertheless could not be conceived to exist without the other;' or he should have taken example from 'the ancient fathers who made use of the same mystery as enunciated in Scripture, for their interpretation of the innumerable passages in Scripture, where numbers are introduced.' Men of science, we apprehend, have shown more wisdom in taking a warning, in the opposite direction, from the seventeen years which Kepler wasted in these bewildering mazes. Mr Sewell nevertheless expects (and his book abounds in passages, which prove how strongly the association is bound up with all his philosophical hopes,) that the mysterious numbers of the Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity, are incorporate with all knowledge. 'Perhaps the book of nature may be like the book of the gospel, and contain a whole world of enigmas only to be opened by this key.' With this view, Mr Sewell notices the deficiencies of Logic and of modern Physics, as sciences of classification. He observes, that if 'the recent theory of what is called circular arrangement—classes entering into classes, one within the other, vegetable, animal, and mineral—should, as is probable, change the face of natural history, it must modify the process of syllogism also.' Now, on what is founded the probability that the new theory of circular arrangement will turn out true? On the fact, that the 'former theory did not correspond with the form of the Divine Nature as laid down by the church:' and, on the fact, that the 'name of circulation' was the name given to 'the true Catholic doctrine of the Holy Trinity, when it became necessary to state it formally, in order to contradict the very

'same principle of classification and subordination, which a 'logical Arianism endeavoured to introduce.'

Many very religious men have been materialists. They would be astounded at hearing, that the miracle of the Incarnation (' Perfect God and Perfect Man, of a reasonable soul and human ' flesh subsisting,') was considered to be a conclusive argument against them; whereas, they might to the full as reasonably aver, that the distinction implied in the above passage between the Man-God and ordinary man, was a conclusive argument in favour of their opinion.

The assumption, that all creation is a shadow and revelation of God himself, is connected with the inference that, in that case, even brute matter may bear on it an inscription recording the mysteries of his nature. Dr Buckland, accordingly, must begin the world anew. ' I believe, then, that a geologist, deeply ' impressed with the mystery of baptism—that mystery by ' which a ' new creature' is formed by means of ' water and ' fire'—(*how fire in baptism?*) ' would never have fallen into ' the absurdities of accounting for the formation of the globe ' solely by water, or solely by fire. He would not have main-' tained either a Vulcanian or a Neptunian theory. He would ' have suspected, as most men now suspect, that the truth lay ' in the union of both. And in conceiving a typical connexion ' between the material earth and the spiritual church, he would ' have been justified by the whole tenor of Scripture.' Can any thing be madder than this?—except what follows. For, in like manner, geologists, zoologists, and mathematicians, must take up the Cross with them in their studies. ' I believe that a ' spiritualized eye, seeing all the human race shut up in the per-' son of our Lord, having before it always the figure in which it ' pleased Almighty God to place him before us on the Cross, might ' expect to find a similar figure—the figure of the Cross—placed ' here and there all over the work of creation; as a religious spirit ' in better days than the present erected that Cross on high, where-' ever a human foot might be arrested by it; and as the ancient ' fathers detected it in the most hidden allusions of Scripture:— ' Moses stretching out his hands to the Amalekites—his rod— ' the branch which he threw into the bitter waters—the wood of ' the Ark—the tree of life. In every animal and material nature ' he would expect to discern the figure of a cross; and he would ' not be surprized to find that all mathematical figures were redu-' cible to this element; or, as modern anatomists have suggsted, ' that the whole animal world is framed upon this type—a cen-' tral column with lateral processes. It is one of the grand spe-' culations of zoological science.'

So, Oxford philologists are tutored to look on language (not merely on Greek, which, we are told, was formed for Christianity, and Latin, which was maintained by Popery, but on all language, from Sanscrit to Cherokee,) with the deepest reverence. They are not to permit themselves to dream of its being an invention of man, 'weighing carefully the mysterious title of 'the *Word* given to our Lord.'

The application of this kind of reasoning to the affairs of civil life is as easy as putting on a glove. While we are disputing what proportion of the property of the country may be necessary to maintain the poor, the clergy, and the temples of God, 'we 'have forgotten the doctrine of revelation upon this subject. 'Would it be fanciful to suppose that a *tenth* might probably be 'the amount?' Does Mr Sewell mean that he would recommend the adoption of the Jewish law of tythe throughout? Does he know what it really was? And, if the law of tythe, we should like to know, what one point our return to the Mosaic dispensation is to stop at, rather than another. The mistake of the French Revolutionists in setting apart the *tenth* day for rest, in place of the *seventh*, was set right it seems by the nature of things, as well as by the fourth commandment. 'They were compelled to re- 'turn to a seventh: because (?) human nature it was found could 'not labour for a longer term together.'

Among our scientific desiderata, it is supposed that we are in want of a model by which we may explain the organization of the human body, and the theory of vegetation. Such a model, it is assumed, is to be found 'in a perfect ecclesiastical polity modelled 'after the pattern seen on the Mount.' In explanation of this, we are gravely asked, if 'we have not near us a body and a tree 'full formed with all its organs more perfectly developed, written 'in larger letters, and of which we know that man's body and the 'tree are but the types and symbols?' If the church be really any such tree and body, it is no wonder that Mr Sewell and his friends attach immeasurable importance to questions of church government. In Mr Sewell's unparalleled jargon, 'the problem of reconciling plurality with unity' is constantly recurring in all questions, ecclesiastical and temporal. It is solved in the following manner; 'Let each insulated fact be made the type and representation of 'one common principle, and at once they fall into unity, however 'diversified in their accidental circumstances. Thus in the Scrip- 'tures, as was said before, the Cross of Christ is seen in the tree 'of life, in the wood of the sacrifice laid on the shoulders of Isaac, 'in the rod of Moses, in the pole on which the serpent hung, 'in the staff of David, in the wood of the ark, in the bough 'thrown into the bitter waters. So the mystery of Baptism is

'read in the deep which covered the earth, in the waters of the 'deluge, in the Red Sea, in Jordan, in the waters of the Nile 'turned into blood, in the pitcher of water changed into wine for 'the marriage of Cana, in the water borne by the man who pre-'pared the room for our Lord's passover; and so of the other 'mysteries of Christianity. *And thus also in civil society,' &c.* God help this man's pupils! And this is the light set up by Oxford to enlighten a darkened age!

We have seen Mr Sewell's way of treating a considerable variety of subjects. Having done so, we think that we may safely repeat the opinion, that it would have been difficult to find a subject, five minutes' conversation upon which with him would not have been sufficient to satisfy any rational being, that, whatever talents Mr Sewell might possess, it was impossible that there should be found among them the talent of discovering, or of communicating truth.

The subject of Christian Morals is certainly no exception. For, as much of the book, with this mendacious title, as has any bearing on them, is of a piece with the wild and insolent raving which Mr Sewell pours out upon other matters. From first to last, there is not a single observation upon Morals, by which any body can possibly be made either better, wiser, or happier; while, under the name of Christian, the subject has been undertaken with the avowed object of confounding Christianity with church government, of putting the body of the people into abject subjection to the priesthood, and of excluding almost the whole of Christendom from the benefit of the Gospel. This is done with the dashing and showy air of a most presumptuous infallibility; and with an imposing manner of familiarly appealing to one or two persons—such as Bishop Butler—whose names, we are sure, if they had but been alive, he would never have dared to utter. The atmosphere of contempt which pervades the book for all extant things and persons, except the author's own spiritual *coterie*, must be painful to good-natured readers. But the marvel of the book is, its utter indifference to credibility in the assumptions it makes, and in the consequences it draws. If we consider the Gospel as a system of Christian morals, delivered by Christ himself, and then turn to the declamation of Mr Sewell, it reads as though it were written under a different dispensation. Faith, hope, and charity have almost disappeared. —To make room for what, and whom?

The moral character of the supposed revelations of the Divine will, which have prevailed at different times in different countries, has been frequently analyzed and compared. There was ample choice, both metaphysical and historical, of the ways by which

the relation in which Christianity stands to morals, might be expounded. But it is a scandalous misnomer to give the name to such a book as this. We will not pretend to say, that 'Church of England morals' would have been better. For we are satisfied that nine-tenths of the members of the Church of England would protest as vehemently as the rest of Christendom, against being compromised by Mr Sewell. Among a cloud of vague and desultory words, it is often almost impossible to lay hold of the meaning of any particular page or chapter. We come out of the fog as wise as we went in. But the object of the work, as a work, is, we repeat, clear enough. Mr Sewell describes it as being the restoration of the connexion so long dissevered, between the Science of Ethics, and the Catholic Christianity of the Church. We, on the other hand, should describe it as an outrage upon all Christian freedom; and as being, to say the least of it, as dogmatical a substitution of the authority of what they call the Church, for the authority of the Bible, as was ever ventured upon by Priest or Presbyter before. If there is a word of truth in the book, the clergy ought to be looked up to as a Braminical caste, not simply entitled, but solemnly bound, to exercise a paramount influence in the state. The aggrandizement of his order may not have been among the proofs* by which the author of this spider's web was guided in his researches; but it is certainly a consideration which the public will not overlook, in estimating the value of the result arrived at. The 'Christian Morals' of Mr Sewell make the Laity absolutely and necessarily dependent upon the Clergy, for all the means they can ever hope for of grace or knowledge. Upon the important point, who are the clergy, in whose keeping the benefits of Christianity are locked up, nothing positive is said, one way or another; but the reader is left with the impression, that it will not be safe for him to trust to any

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* Bishop Philpotts, who knows man—at least controversial and sacerdotal man—as well as any body, stirs up his clergy with the *argumentum ad hominem* upon this very point, in a recent charge. 'Until the people 'shall think thus of these mysteries, (the sacraments,) they will not think 'of *us*, (*sic. in orig.*) as it is far more for their benefit, than for ours, that 'they should always think.' The real presence in the sacraments is allowed to be a difficulty; but the sacramental presence in Dr Philpotts is a much greater one. The state of mind in which his Clergy must have been, when they could request their Diocesan to publish to the world at large the above singular intimation, assists us to the meaning of another passage, in which the Clergy, while restrained from meeting in Convocation, are compared to 'a maniac in a strait waistcoat.' Sir Robert Peel is a very different man from what we take him to be, if he lets them loose.—(*Charge of the Bishop of Exeter*, 1842.)

clergyman but a clergyman of the Church of England. We shall soon see how little the Church of England, in fact, can profit by all his good intentions.

Mr Sewell shall speak for himself. His object being to restore the connexion between the Church and Morals—the first point is, to determine what Christian communities are comprehended by him under the imposing generality of the *Church*. This is soon done. According to him, Adam and the Jews had imperfect churches. But his Catholic Church, with its appropriate powers and doctrines, is another and a greater thing. It is Divine in its origin, and Episcopal in its form. It has come down from the Apostles in direct succession; and can admit of no sects or schools. It is essentially independent of any human power. Its rulers are individual bishops, assisted by councils of clergy in each diocese. Its supreme authority lies in a council of these bishops.—(Pp. 29, 50.)

These being the conditions of the Catholic Church, let us see what particular church can make good its title to be a branch of it. Is the Church of Rome successful? It can comply with some of the conditions; unfortunately not with all. The Romanist has indeed received powers; but he confesses(?) to have altered the doctrines in the course of their transmission. The Pope it was who broke up the beautiful system of a federal union of independent bishops by his personal usurpations; who blotted out the catholic character of the Church and its written word; and who left us no assurance for God's commands but the declaration of a self-chosen teacher, our choice of whom will be as erroneous as our moral character is defective.—(P. 380.) Since the Catholic Church is defined to be a church admitting neither sect nor school, the Roman Church, after this description, evidently does not belong to it. To show this must be supposed, indeed, to have been the very object with which the above description of the Roman Church was inserted here. Can the Protestant Dissenter make out a better title? On the contrary, he has no case at all from the very beginning. The tyranny and usurpations of Popery are contrasted with the still more fatal tyranny, and still more unauthorized usurpation of Dissent. It does not pretend to have received either the 'powers or the doctrines'(?)—(P. 32;) and has fallen into still worse errors even than Popery, blotting out the testimony of the Church altogether. Dissent is a vague word. Dissent from what? It would have been more in order to have stated what it was, in doctrine or discipline or institution, a dissent from which is an exclusion from the Catholic Church. It is plain, however, that the Church of England is *the Church* which was

present to the mind of Mr Sewell, while inditing these damnatory clauses against dissent; as also, in a later passage, where dissenters are charitably informed what is the way in which 'an erroneous theological dogma becomes a moral 'crime.' But did ever monk, writing for his convent, set about his work more blindly than a self-satisfied enquirer after the Church of Christ, who, in distributing his subject, does not notice, even by name, a single national protestant communion, except the one of which he is himself a member? To be sure, the result would have been much the same; since there is not one of them—Lutheran or Calvinist, Scotch or Swiss, Dutch or German—to which any of his characteristics of the Catholic Church, whether regarding origin, government, or supreme authority, could possibly apply. It comes therefore to this. The Church of England is not only (in Oxford language) the Anglo-Catholic Church, but it is the only Catholic Church among the Western Churches. There is no *tertium quid.* Did the greatest enemies to Christianity ever say so much against it? In all the license of their irony, and satire, and malicious learning, did they ever devise so exaggerated a picture of its corruptions, of its schisms, and of the completeness of its failure? There has not been, since the days of Laud and the Nonjurors, so suicidal an attempt at cutting off the Church of England from the rest of Christendom. We do not presume to guess what is the force under which the Bishop of Exeter has been drawn into the orbit, alongst which, like an ill-omened comet, he scorched and perplexed his Diocese in his Charge of September last. He is shrewd enough to have known, that he could not burn his neighbour's house to roast his eggs by, without running a considerable risk of setting his own on fire. Whatever may be the pleasure of saying mysterious and bitter things on the preference of unity to union; of insinuating the superiority of the corporate character of a Christian over his personal; and of telling all, who are not good churchmen, that the promises of the Gospel are not for them—the price to be paid for so great a pleasure may, after all, be more than it is worth. What a spectacle for reasonable men, the excommunicating the greater part of Christendom, on points which it is not easy to make persons, in possession of their senses, understand! If the controversies of Christians among themselves have done more to stop the progress of Christianity at home and abroad,* than

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* Hey, Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was a man of a very different stamp from Mr Sewell. 'It seems likely,' he says,

all other causes put together, there is nothing that we should deprecate so much, as the possibility of Mr Sewell making out his case. Divines of common charity and common sense have been quite aware of this, from Jeremy Taylor to the Bishop of London downwards. It was for a short time, a sufficient security against any sane member of a Reformed Church—setting up extravagant pretensions in behalf of the Church in general—that it could not be done without necessarily playing into the hands of the Church of Rome. But, more than this. Every thinking Christian could not but feel that, as far he was successful in exposing particular Churches, he was to a great degree weakening the foundations and the evidence of Christianity itself. Intelligent members of the Church of England had this further consciousness: whatever were the scandals of schism, heresy, idolatry, and what not, which they might object to the Church of Rome, they must stop short, in prudence, of denying her to be a Church—seeing that it was out of the bosom of the Church of Rome that the Church of England, as it was constructed and christened at the Reformation, had been itself derived.

Modern zeal or superstition was never worse employed, than in attempting to re-adapt to the curiosity or the passions of our times, high-flown theories about the Church. As every man is said to be born a Platonist, or an Aristotelian, so, we apprehend, any person with a mind capable of being misled by Mr Sewell and the like, will have but little chance of being kept right, or of being brought back again by such books as 'the Kingdom of Christ' of Archbishop Whateley, and the Sermons of Dr Arnold.† The Bishop of London, however, is sufficient for us on this occasion. He will be found a great deal too latitudinarian for Mr Sewell. If the Catholic Church be a corporate community, apostolically descended, we can connect ourselves with it, whatever it may be, only by means of some particular Church. Now, the Bishop of

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'that the Christian religion would have been successfully taught in '*China*, had not the different sects of Christians there got into contro-'versy with one another, and carried it on in such a manner as to 'disgust the Emperor.' We once more have an opening for Christianity among those three hundred millions, who, as Hey observes, are not unimproved in that which is chiefly wanting for its reception—*morals*. Are our divines more reasonable now? What chance, to say the least, would be left for Christianity, with Oxford Missionaries, who must treat as Heathens the Missionaries of every Church, except their own?

† *Passim.*—But especially the first Appendix to the third volume, and the Introduction to his *Christian Life.*

London, we feel certain, knows as well as we do, that the Church of England cannot so connect itself, on the terms required by Mr Sewell.

Before entering on the question of pedigree, it is right to notice that the Catholic Church of Mr Sewell has no sects or schools. Is that the case with the Church of England? Ever since the Reformation, it has comprised, under its articles of peace, a greater variety of opinions, than would be necessary to set up a greater number of schools than heathen philosophy ever knew. We question whether there are not, at the present moment even, as many sects within, as without, its pale.

But to come to the question of pedigree: the Catholic Church of Mr Sewell has come down from the Apostles in direct succession. In this case, the Church of England must connect itself with the Church of the Apostles, by means of the Church of Rome. For a question of succession is a question of pedigree, and nothing else. Now, what says Mr Sewell of the Church of Rome? He denies that, with its present constitution and doctrine, it can belong to the Catholic Church. But its constitution and doctrines at the time of the Reformation, were the same as at present. To raise a question about the Anglo-Saxon Church is beside the purpose. The only Church known in England in the reign of Henry VIII., and for many ages previous, was a local Church—a branch Church of the general Church of Rome—the same in England as the Gallican Church in France. If the Church of Rome is no part of the Catholic Church now, the English branch of it, at the time of the Reformation, could be no part of the Catholic Church then. Consequently, on the doctrine of Apostolical succession, it was incapable of transferring to itself, under the name of the Protestant Church of England, a title by descent—which title, on Mr Sewell's supposition, it had lost already. It is one of the misfortunes of cases of pedigree, that a break in the pedigree, though but for a moment, or in a single instance, can never afterwards be repaired.

So much for the case of pedigree and descent on the part of the Church of England. There is a worse flaw, however, than this, in its title to be the Catholic Church of Mr Sewell. For, granting the absurdity, that the Church of Rome could pass on to the Church of England a better title than it had itself,—the Church of England, from the very first, repudiated the notion of any transfer of the kind. It set up its own form of Church government, upon its own grounds, not only in independence of these suppositions, but in complete contradiction to them. The Church of England, so far from claiming any *Divine origin*, was, at its birth, emphatically designated '*the*

Church as by law established.' However independent of the civil magistrate may be the truths which it professes, and the character in which it delivers them, nevertheless, in its *form and legislature*, it is a merely human institution. The legislative charter, under which this modern spiritual corporation was reformed, and reconstituted, passed at a period when the English nation was more submissive to its monarchs than at any other, before or since. It owed its existence, as a church, to the humour of Henry VIII., the interests of the guardians of Edward VI., and the political necessities of Elizabeth. Parliament made it, and Parliament can unmake it. The difference between the Church of England, as it is by law, and the Church of England, which churchmen of Mr Sewell's cast see in visions, and dream of in their dreams, cannot be better set forth than in the words of Speaker Onslow. The passage is longer than we well have room for; but it is so complete an exposure of the ignorance by which the Church of England is represented as being, by any possibility, Mr Sewell's church, that we could not put our answer into better form. 'By the constitution of the Church of England it is, that the supreme legislative power of the church is in 'King, Lords, and Commons in Parliament. And it is the same 'with regard to the King's supremacy, whose ecclesiastical juris'diction and authority is an essential part of our church constitu'tion, renewed and confirmed by Parliament, as the supreme 'legislature of the church, which has the same extent of true 'power in the Church of England as any church legislature ever 'had; and may therefore censure, excommunicate, deprive, de'grade, &c., or may give authoritative directions to the officers 'of the church to perform any of them; and may also make laws 'and canons to bind the whole church, as they shall judge pro'per, not repugnant to the laws of God or nature. Nay, the 'laity in England cannot otherwise be bound but by Parliament, 'who have a right (when they think proper) to the advice and 'assistance of the convocations, or the true parliamentary meet'ings of the clergy, by the *præmunientes* clause in the parlia'mentary writs to the bishops, if the one or the other, or both, 'should be then assembled.* The legislature of the primitive 'church was in the whole body, and afterwards had many varia'tions in its constituents, and may still vary with the consent of 'the several communities. If this distinction of legislature in 'the Parliament be true, (and I am not the first who has men-

* See the Journals of the House of Commons of the 13th, and 16th of April 1689; 1st of March, 1710, 1712, 1713.

'tioned it,) the Church of England is freed from the imputation 'of being a creature *only* of the state, which by some sects of 'Christians has been often and much objected to, and makes it 'to be agreeable to Mr Locke's notion, indeed demonstration, '"that matters of mere religion are absolutely independent of 'the civil magistrate, as such." Where ecclesiastical jurisdic-'tions have cognizance of temporal matters, they are thus far 'civil courts; and so *vice versâ*. The King is said in our law to 'be *mixta persona*, as regards his supremacy in the execution of 'all civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and so is the Parliament 'a mixed legislature. As to which or what is the best church 'constitution, I say nothing here. But this may be said, that no 'church power, whatsoever or wheresoever placed, legislative or 'otherwise, can have any right to the sanction of civil punish-'ments—nor ought they to be—or any temporal disadvantages. 'All religions ought to have their free course, where they inter-'fere not with the peace and rights of human society; of such '*the civil power is to endow one, and to protect all.*—(See Mr 'Locke's "Treaties of Government and Toleration.") The 'convocation can by their canons bind only their own body. 'They are in the nature of by-laws; and that is now fully 'settled by a solemn determination in the King's Bench, made 'in my Lord Hardwick's times there.' *

The rulers of the Catholic Church of Mr Sewell, it must be remembered, are bishops, assisted by their clergy, and its supreme authority is in a Council of Bishops. It follows, therefore, from Speaker Onslow's statement, that the Church of England is not the Catholic Church which Mr Sewell is in quest of. Whatever rule English bishops can legally exercise, is exercised without the assistance of their clergy. The supreme authority of the Church of England is in no Council of Bishops, but in Parliament. Ages before the Reformation this was equally the case. The canons of Popes and Councils (though they have been lately called, by way of compliment, the common law of Christendom,) were admitted only partially into England; and then as *imperium sub imperio—lex sub graviore lege.* They did not become law as far as the Anglican Church was concerned, until they had received the assent of Parliament, express or implied. Witness, out of a hundred instances, the *Articuli Cleri,** and the famous answer, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.* The King was even then (10, Hen. VII.) described as *persona mixta*, exercising ecclesiastical

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* *Burnet's History of his own Times*, Vol. iv. p. 17. (Note to the last edition.)

as well as temporal authority;—an idea which was afterwards adopted and enlarged upon, in the statutes declaring the King's supremacy. (24th and 26th Henry VIII., and 1 Eliz.) So complete is the royal supremacy, that the clergy cannot even pass bye-laws in their convocation, to bind merely themselves, unless these bye-laws are confirmed afterwards by the King. Since the Reformation, the fact, that the supreme authority in legislating for the Church is Parliament, has been brought out much more clearly, as was to be expected. This is exceedingly well shown by Dr Arnold, (*Sermons*, 3d vol. app. 431.) A single paragraph from the judgment by Lord Hardwicke, referred to by Speaker Onslow, will be sufficient for our purpose. It was given more than a century ago, and has never been questioned. 'The constant uniform practice ever since the Reformation (for there is no occasion to go further back) has been, 'that when any material ordinances or regulations have been 'made to bind the laity as well as clergy, in matters merely ecclesiastical, they have been either enacted or confirmed by Parliament. Of this proposition the several acts of uniformity are 'so many proofs, for by those the whole doctrine and worship, 'the very rites and ceremonies, and the literal form of public 'prayers, are prescribed and established; and it is plain from the 'several preambles of these acts, that though the matters were 'first considered and approved in convocation, yet the convocation was only looked upon as an assembly of learned men, able 'and proper to prepare and propound them, but not to enact and 'give them their force.'—(2 Atkyns, 650.)

Lord Hardwicke gives it as his opinion, in the preceding page, that no notion of divine authority was attached to the legislative power under which the ancient canons were made, after the Roman Emperors became Christian. 'The binding force of 'these ancient canons over laymen was not derived from any 'particular prerogative or supremacy of the Emperor, as head of 'the church; but from the supreme legislative power being lodged 'in his person.' In the same manner, on the principles of the English constitution, the right to bind the laity, even in matters ecclesiastical, is in no apostolically descended body. Lord Hardwicke declares it cannot be any where but in Parliament. And why? For a common-sense English reason. In Parliament only are the laity represented. In the matter of ecclesiastical judicature and legislation, it is by no means necessary that the judge or legislator should be an ecclesiastic. We could add pages of proofs and illustrations; but the constitution of the Privy Council, and the case of lay-baptism before it, only the other day, (Martin *v.* Escott) being the most authoritative,

solely as being the last instance, are decisive. Surely the concurring authority of Coke, Hale, Holt, and Hardwicke, upon the relation in which the Church of England stands to the State—and what is the supreme legislature therein—might satisfy even Mr Sewell, that his general propositions are larger than they are discreet. As far as the Church of England is concerned, he is evidently falling into the folly which has become a proverb, that of reckoning without his host.

Mr Sewell is already out of court. He is contending for a magnificent inheritance in the gifts and privileges of the church. But like an awkward advocate, in the very opening of his case he has laid down rules of law and evidence concerning title, which are fatal to his client. On his own showing, it is highly probable that there is no ecclesiastical heir at all. At all events the inheritance does not belong to that reverend body for which Mr Sewell is appearing. The inheritance, as described, is certainly well worth looking after. But a prior question is also worth considering. Is there really any such inheritance, except in the legendary romance of our spiritual Quixote? There is no mistaking the nature of the gifts and privileges which are supposed to be inherent in the church. They are laid down in broad and peremptory propositions. Let us hear what those are with which at present we are most concerned. Whatever moral advantages individuals are to get from Christianity, must be got through the means of membership with this unknown, or at least this unagreed upon and debated about church. These advantages consist—first, in the metaphysical change effected in our natures by the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper; next, in the help of the ecclesiastical guides, from childhood to the grave, provided for us by the Church in the persons of the clergy. Such is literally the whole of Mr Sewell's moral commentary on the Christian Bible;—the sum total of all that he can find there, worth the teaching. These are his 'grateful but mean 'acknowledgments' to the university of Oxford, for all that he owes to her wise teaching, and her blessed institutions—'a light 'in a darkened age.'

Many men have method in their madness. An instance of this is Mr Sewell's earnestness in turning every thing into revelation. Now, positive revelation is the subject of proof. Once proved, the necessity of it is of course admitted by all believing in it, to the extent to which the revelation is believed to have been made. But with some people this is not enough. They insist further on imaginary revelations, conjectural divine commissions, and arbitrary spiritual aids. What is the reason of this? Why do persons who, after all, pretty much agree on the amount of know-

ledge and of virtue which men acquire, make the theory of the means by which it is supposed to be acquired, of such importance? One should have thought at first, that to persons living under positive revelation, it would be, in the way of speculation at least, a matter of indifference, whether God had given man from his birth a nature capable of acquiring knowledge and virtue, by what we may call in distinction merely human means; or, whether, in the first instance, he had made man's general nature more imperfect, but had afterwards supplied the deficiency partially, and from time to time, by the means of particular revelations, and the aids provided under them. Man is equally indebted to God, his Creator and Preserver, either way. But Mr Sewell and his school are looking to an object widely different from this. They are preparing the ground for Church Authority. By degrading man—by describing him, such as he has come out of the hands of his Maker ever since the days of Adam, as a being incapable, in his own nature, of knowledge and virtue—by representing the learning of the heathen world, as only the fragments of 'a forgotten revelation'—a foundation is in some sort of manner laid for the building up of a mighty spiritual structure, and the overshadowing of human life. In this manner it appears to follow, as a natural inference, that these latter days have probably also nothing else to look to for knowledge and virtue than to a revelation; and that they have no sense given them (for in that case there would be no use for it) but just as much as may enable them to see the testimony by which that revelation is established; which testimony, in Mr Sewell's language, is, and only can be, the witness of the Church. So the whole argument is conveniently concluded, as a matter of course, by the testimony of Mr Sewell's Church in its own favour. In his Cosmogony, the Church is the Elephant which supports the World.

This testimony is backed up by potent maxims. Such, for instance, as that you are to ask for no evidence—to take the Creed as it is presented to you upon trust—and, having once taken it, to make a solemn vow never to doubt its truth. The candour of the first of these maxims is exemplified by a beautiful distinction. Mr Sewell's disciple is told: 'You must ask, not 'the clergyman, but all the others who come to you, to produce 'their credentials. *I say, not the clergyman.*' But you must be sure and 'ask the dissenter—who claims to be a minister from 'God, with a right to assist you in your study, and in your practice of Christian ethics,'—by whom he is appointed? The extent to which Mr Sewell's Christians are to take their religion upon trust, is exemplified by the fact, that the first condition of enter-

ing into relation with the Church is, that the Christian learn a creed. He can believe without understanding. The transmission of a creed is indeed matter of historical evidence. But evidence will not make a Christian. It is God who gives faith. Metaphysical abstractions are, in all things, the first conveyed to the child, and must be.—(Pp. 287, 300.) The philosophy, out of which these assertions are derived, is not satisfied with the reasonable doctrine, that in religion as in other subjects, there are many things which a child must receive on credit, in the hope that he may comprehend them afterwards; but it goes on to declare, even with regard to grown-up men, that '*the highest* '*exercise of the reason or intellect*, is the embracing as truth with- 'out evidence something that you do not understand.' Baptism is elsewhere stated to endow equally all the children of the Church with the spirit of truth and wisdom; so as to qualify all equally for appreciating the higher truths of religion, as well as its mere facts. But upon this theory of belief, where is the use of wisdom, when all appreciation is disclaimed? Suppose that a Christian has been in this manner carried blindfold within the fold, the door is locked upon him by requiring of him a vow that he will not doubt. Certain circumstances are mentioned, as showing 'the wisdom of 'insisting on a pledge, vow, or promise, that he will hold fast 'what he has been taught. It is in his power to exclude doubt 'as much as to exclude any evil thought. It is his moral duty 'to do so.' What a pleasant way Mr Sewell has of conciliating such minds, as are looking out boldly but faithfully for the truth, and of representing the service of religion to be a reasonable service!

After this, Dissenters will not wonder that the University moralist leaves them out, and passes on upon the other side. 'Does your parent take you to the church? Does he tell 'you that the clergyman of the parish is to be your religious 'instructor? If this is not the case, I have little intention of 'addressing myself to you.' Yet at what peril are they omitted! For, listen to the language which he puts into the mouth of his parish clergyman:—'Look round you on this 'side and that, and in every part of the country you will see 'others like myself, each in his own district representing the 'same body, and ministering, like me, in an ancient holy 'building, especially called the Church. How came we here? 'Should I be permitted to preach in this pulpit as of my own 'will? No. We receive a special and most solemn commis- 'sion from the heads and rulers of this body or society, of 'which I need not tell you that the name is the Church. '*They delegated to us the power to which, if you would ever*

'*become good, you must have recourse at our hands.*'—(26.) We do not know whether we may test the truth of the last part of this paragraph by that of the former part. But Mr Sewell is woefully mistaken, if he thinks his parish clergyman has any title to the parish Church and parish Pulpit from bishops and councils, or otherwise than by Act of Parliament.

The University moralist proceeds in the same tone:—'Any 'discussion of ethics which does not include the fact of a 'Catholic Apostolical Church must be as faulty as a theory of 'astronomy which left out the sun.' . . . 'If you cannot 'commence any science, much less the science of morals, with- 'out learning its fundamental principles from the testimony of 'others. the very first thing to be done, is to show you which 'testimony is to be followed.' . . . . 'All inquiry into 'ethical science is virtually a treatise on education; so every 'act of education throws us back upon a search for some com- 'munication from God. Without this, education is a dream.' . . . . 'And to obtain this we must recur to Revelation; 'for Revelation we must go to the Apostles; for communica- 'tion with the Apostles we must go to the Catholic Church.' . . . . 'I have said what many will think strange, that 'man by himself is *unable* to educate man. I add now what 'many will think stranger—that without the Church he has no 'right to educate him. Education without the Church is an 'absurdity. Therefore a system of ethics, which is not based 'upon the Church, must be an absurdity likewise. Both 'parental and civil authority require the support and witness of 'the Church, or they fall to the ground. But when they thus 'recognize the existence of the Church as a commissioned 'ambassador from God, they must also recognize its full powers. 'Thus, if either parent or state attempt to educate man without 'the co-operation of the Church, without giving to it its due 'prominence and presidency, without allowing, nay, requiring 'the exercise of all the powers committed to it, they are flying 'in the face of their Lord and Master, and they must take the 'consequences.'—(40 *et passim*.)

There is a preliminary operation to be performed by the Church, the object of which is a metaphysical change in our nature, to prepare the soil for the clergyman's moral husbandry. This operation is Baptism. In consequence of the change produced by it, the Church is said to begin its education where heathen education ended. 'A system of professedly 'Christian education, which does not constantly bear in mind 'this distinction, and frame itself upon the privileges of 'Baptism, as on its fundamental fact, can only end in con-

'fusion and mischief.' . . . . . . 'Let us go back about 'fifteen hundred centuries, and imagine ourselves standing 'by the side of the cradle of an infant with a Father of the 'Church, and a heathen philosopher standing with us, and con- 'templating the condition and prospects of that little child. 'Before any thing can be done or hoped, a ceremony must be 'performed over the child. What is it? We are living in an 'age which despises forms, and to this contempt we owe no 'little part of our moral evils. Without rightly appreciating 'them and comprehending their use, we shall not understand the 'most essential laws of Christian ethics. . . . The Church 'commences her work of education with an outward form. If 'you know any thing of the Christianity which you profess, you 'will know that. . . . The Church educates mainly and 'chiefly by communicating to you certain gifts of immeasurable 'value. These it professes to communicate through the means 'of certain outward acts and symbols. Its great instruments of 'good are the sacraments. These sacraments 1500 years ago 'were administered with many more symbolic forms than they 'are at present: especially the sacrament of Baptism, which is 'the beginning of your Christian education: *the act in which are 'condensed all the great truths of Christian ethics.*'

One of the great truths to which these symbolic forms pointed, is the fact, that Christian education must commence by literally driving out the Devil, who 'possesses' us at our births. It is represented as being a matter of the utmost consequence, that 'we hold, and realize, and act upon the unfigurative literal per- 'sonality of a spirit of evil, going about daily, seeking whom he 'may devour. On this main fact must rest the foundation of 'all Christian ethics. . . . The ancient church first took 'the child and solemnly exorcised it. The origin of evil is a 'fundamental problem in human nature; and exorcism contains 'the answer to it, which was given by the Catholic Church de- 'livering that answer from the lips of Almighty God.' By answer to the problem, Mr Sewell, if he means any thing, must mean discharge from the consequences; since, as to the *origin* of evil, exorcism leaves the problem where it found it.

What we are practically most concerned with is, with these consequences: that is, with the effect of exorcism; whether ex- press as formerly, or implied as at present. In what state then does baptism place us by casting out the Devil? Greek sculpture had two statues: one, of man in an offensive, the other, in a defen- sive attitude. These statues, it is said, will serve to represent the fundamental difference between Christian and Heathen ethics. 'The perception of it is necessary to understand the ethical cha-

'racter of Christian doctrine; by confusing it this doctrine was 'corrupted; and it brings out into the fullest light the wonders, 'and privileges, and responsibilities of the Church. . . . 'The very things which a heathen moralist would most desire, '—all these are described in the Bible as effected by baptism al-'ready. It is something past and done. And the subsequent 'struggle, for struggle there must be, is to defend what we have 'received, to secure ourselves from falling from the high estate 'in which we have been placed. I repeat the distinction again 'and again, because it is of vital importance. It is the grand 'separation between Christian and heathen ethics. It is because 'all modern systems of ethics, whether treated as a science, or 'practically applied in education, have neglected this difference, 'that the science has fallen into its present degraded state, and 'education itself has become a farce.' But in the ancient church even greater things, than the destruction of the evil power, and the removal of natural pollution, were symbolized by baptism. A want of unity is at the bottom of all human weakness; and, by the miracle of baptismal regeneration we are made members of Christ, and united with God, through the inspiration of his Holy Spirit. The union with Christianity so begun is to be continued by means of the Lord's Supper. 'Until once more 'the Catholic Church in this country shall restore this awful 'mystery to its due prominence; until it makes prayer and 'praise, and even right action, subservient to the reception of 'the Holy Communion, Christian ethics will still remain a 'vague, inconsistent, fluctuating chaos of contradictory prin-'ciples and empty feelings. Men do not choose goodness, be-'fore it is given to them in baptism; they cannot afterwards pro-'cure it for themselves, without the ministration of the Church. 'The nearer you approach to the Apostolic age, the more strik-'ing is the light in which the mystery of the sacraments is placed, 'as if they were the great treasure committed to the keeping of 'the church, not merely a metaphysical creed relating to the 'nature of God, but a code of laws tending to the government 'of man.'

Mr Sewell has here again damaged his case by overstating it. He is aware of the vastness of the power which he is claiming for the Church—'a power which places it almost on a level with 'God himself.' So strongly is he aware of this, that the extravagance of the claim is made an argument in favour of it. He asks, with some simplicity, 'if any human being could dare to as-'sume it without authority from God.'—(27.) Really it is impossible to say what any Church, heathen, or Christian may not *dare*. It will be more to the purpose to ask, whether the members of a

church, really in possession of any such supernatural powers, would not be at once distinguishable from all other people by their moral excellence; and, whether a church, thus miraculously endowed, could have ever so far lost its hold upon mankind, that not only its distinguishing characteristic, but its very identity and existence should be matter of dispute. Certain miraculous powers—as the missionary gift of tongues—may be in suspense for ages. Others may be in daily exercise, but may lie beyond the reach of human discernment—as Roman Catholics believe to be the case with transubstantiation in the mass; and as all sober-minded Christians believe to be the case with the influences of divine grace. But the miraculous transformation of man's nature, attributed to the sacraments, especially to that of baptism, is a change which takes place, if at all, in every baptised person; while, from the nature of the change described, the difference produced by it between the baptised and the unbaptised, ought to be not merely distinctly visible, but startling. If this is not the case under the baptism of any known Christian church, (and can any body pretend it is so ?)—there is only one alternative—either the theory is false, or not one of our Christian churches is the church of God. Mr Sewell has anticipated our doubt, and allows that though any person raising it would once have been highly criminal, yet in the present age, such a person is more properly the object of compassion than anger. He answers, that the work of perfecting man's nature is not performed in baptism fully, finally, and unconditionally, to those who survive it long. But this is a very insufficient answer to our doubt. We complain not that the work of perfecting is not completed, but that it has not made any visible progress at all in baptism. Mr Sewell, however, tenders us a sign of the presence of the gift, where it continues after baptism. 'There is but one infallible sign of the presence of the gift, struggles and resistance.' Was there ever such a criterion imagined? It would have been much better to have honestly spoken out with Saint Augustin, and have called the virtues of the heathens splendid sins. The behaviour of most pious Christians, after baptism, only helps to embarrass Mr Sewell. It is admitted that they 'yet speak of their efforts to do right, as if they were endeavouring to obtain the gift of the Holy Spirit for the first time, instead of clinging to it as a treasure already within them. . . . They propose to secure to themselves the love of God and the favour of Christ, as if it had not been imparted to them while they were lying in the cradle.' Poor people! They do so from an entire unconsciousness that baptism has dispensed with these efforts and resolutions. Must they deny their own natures to make evidence

for Mr Sewell? He declares, that the moral struggles of a Christian life ought to take an entirely different character under his theory, from that which he allows they take in fact. Now, on this, we have only to observe, that man appears to have been before the Fall to a great degree the same imperfect creature as he has been since; or how came he to fall? In the same manner, whatever degree of original sin baptism may remove, it leaves enough behind, to make such representations as Mr Sewell's, of the change wrought in our natures by it, evidently contrary to the fact. This appears two ways; first, positively, by the amount of evil remaining in us all; next, comparatively, by comparing the natures of the baptised and unbaptised; and for this purpose it is the same whether we look at unbaptised Pagans or misbaptised Presbyterians. In the true spirit of that philosophy which disposes of facts with a contemptuous sneer—so much the worse for facts—Mr Sewell only notices the ignorance of baptized Christians by saying, 'it is evident that such a mistake must 'introduce into all our moral acts the most startling confusion 'and contradictions. And such has been the case.' If morals are out of joint, Mr Sewell has mistaken his vocation in believing that he is born to set them right. His exaggerated views of baptismal regeneration will introduce ten times more confusion than the supernatural philosophy, as he considers it, of the seventeenth article of the Church of England will remove.

In his late Charge, the Bishop of London has shown but little judgment in reviving the insoluble question of regeneration. But here again he stops short a thousand miles of Mr Sewell. 'The plain doctrine of our church is, that baptism is 'instrumentally connected with justification.' . . . But our article says, 'not that we are *made* righteous, but that we are '*counted* righteous before God. If, indeed, we are *made* righteous, 'we must of course be *accounted* righteous; but it does not follow 'conversely, that if we are accounted righteous, we must be made 'so. The notion that God accounts us righteous by reason, and 'for the sake of any actual righteousness wrought in us by infused 'and inherent grace, seems irreconcileable with our article.' From Mr Holloway's 'Reply' to this Charge, it is abundantly clear that the Bishop has gone further on this point than the known differences of opinion in regard to it, in the Church, authorise him to go. But the remission of sins, promised by the Bishop, is one thing, the change of nature, promised by Mr Sewell, is another. The learned Selden, however, in Protestant practice, could scarcely perceive even the first. 'In England, of late years, I 'ever thought the parson baptized his own fingers rather than

'the child.' Oxford has Selden's books. Would to God they had the motto which he inscribed in them, and the spirit that inspired it!

Mr Sewell talks of mistakes. The only mistake which the world will see, is in Mr Sewell himself, and in his intrepid preference, whether the subject be morals or physics, of hypothesis to facts. Mr Sewell casts a longing, lingering look upon the age when the rites of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and of Confirmation, were the ordinary accompaniments of the baptismal service. The practice of administering the holy Eucharist to infants is recommended to us by the following considerations:—'Our animal life is like our spiritual life; the 'nourishment of both is a sacrament. There is in each an out-'ward sign and an inward power.' A sucking child clinging to the breast of its wet nurse is compared to the condition of a young Christian with the Church for his nursing mother. The sucking child takes 'from the hand of those whom God has set to guard 'him, the mysterious symbols and vehicles in which the vital 'sustenance is embodied. He incorporates these with him in 'faith, for the support and developement of the microcosm 'of the universe of his material frame, the church of his body.' Upon this we are asked, who, duly reflecting on this analogy, 'will dare to say that there is any thing strange or incongruous 'in that theory of our spiritual life which the Church pronoun-'ced, when, immediately the germ of life had been imparted, she 'administered new sustenance and food to it through the out-'ward emblems of bread and wine?—that theory, which the 'Catholic Church at this day retains, though with a dimmer 'apprehension and fainter belief, but which a modern igno-'rance has rejected. And what has it substituted instead? A 'speculation of spiritual vitality, without any fresh support 'analogous to the reception of food.' The view of Confirmation is equally new. It belongs to the branch of the subject which Mr Sewell calls Christian Politics. Much of its significancy, it is said, depends on its close connexion with baptism. 'It appears to con-'tain in it the type and germ of the *social principle of the Church.* 'Baptism brings us as individuals into union with Christ; but 'something else is wanted to express that union with Christ can 'only be obtained by union with his body, the Church. * * The 'forms of this ceremony imply that, besides Almighty God, the 'source of all wisdom and power, there is upon earth a delegated 'power in the person of His Church; that to this delegated min-'ister we owe, under God, not only the beginning of the moral 'and spiritual blessings of Christianity, but their continuance and 'confirmation. * * * The rite is administered by the bishop,

'and the bishop only; that, as the Christian in confirmation re-'cognizes his allegiance to the Church, he may recognize also its 'true monarchical constitution.' So much for the more than renewal of the old cry—No Bishop, no King.

The heathens, it is said, knew little of prayer. But its importance in a system of ethics is conveyed in the announcement, that 'all the precepts and principles of ethics are summed up in 'this one practice.' We will only add—Good news for monks and hermits. 'As the creed was given to the baptized person 'before he was baptized, so the first words to be uttered afterwards 'were also taught him in the Lord's Prayer. * * * If all our 'moral duties and moral relations, as well as our physical exist-'ence, depend on the one relation between man and God, prayer '—perpetual and universal prayer—is the only form (?) in which 'such a relation can be acknowledged.'

After this exposition of the special powers and privileges of the Church in connexion with Morals, nobody can be surprised to learn that virtue, by its very definition, is necessarily traced up to the same source. 'Virtue is obedience to external law. * * * 'Every thought is bad which is erroneous, and every thought is 'erroneous which is not conformable to some external law or form, 'which you did not invent yourself, but found placed over you by 'a superior authority; and that authority emanating from God. 'Every positive institution is thus traced up to God; and 'those men only are to be taken as our guide, who are ap-'pointed by God, profess to deliver God's law, and found 'their whole authority on His commission. * * * * When 'obedience to man, as to the appointed minister of God, is made 'identical with obedience to God himself, as it is in all right 'statements of parental, and civil, and ecclesiastical authority, 'the whole of man's moral duties are brought round to this one 'simple relation. Virtue is made intelligible to the poorest 'capacity.' The witnesses to this external law are Parent, King, and Church; but parent and king are only witnesses and representatives of God, as long as they act in subordination to the Church!

Peculiar rites and peculiar knowledge are thus presented to our acceptance. Both are supposed to be indispensable alike to our goodness and our salvation. For the performance of the one, and for the attainment of the other, we are further supposed to be entirely dependent on the clergy; and our state of dependence is enforced upon us in a somewhat alarming tone. 'If 'God has been pleased to appoint that man shall be his instru-'ment and agent in conveying his blessings to mankind, and we 'choose to slight and despise man, and insist on communicating

'with God, the sovereign of the universe, without the interven-'tion of his ministers—to hope for blessings from other channels 'invented by ourselves—to intrude on Him without introduction 'or permission--may it not be that our very worship may be-'come a profanation, and our prayers be turned into a curse?'

Whatever the reader may think of the spiritual powers of the Church—how far they are proved or not—and in whatever degree he may or may not shrink from the thought of taking upon himself his own responsibilities, one thing is clear, that an Englishman must be mad indeed, not to be upon his guard against Mr Sewell and his friends. We have notice served upon us in time of the forbearance which we are to expect. 'When the Church, as it once did, stood before men in its 'full stature, bearing upon it all the features and insignia of a 'divinely constituted power and ambassador of God, and acknow-'ledged as such by all that was wise and great among men, to 'dispute her word was the mark of a presuming and rebellious 'spirit, and deserved little more than chastisement. But in these 'present days, her power humbled, her body mutilated, her voice 'struck dumb, her history unknown, her noblest faculties torpid 'with disease, her name a byword among the nations, we may 'well pardon the man who asks for some proof of her assertions. 'Doubt is no longer a self-evident offence against humility and 'trustfulness. It is to be pitied more than punished. And un-'til the Church has once more put forth her strength, arrayed 'herself in her real attributes of power, and made her claims 'known and felt throughout the world, she has no right whatever 'to complain of those who look upon her suspiciously, or even 'with alarm.' What should we say if we heard such language from Salamanca, or Maynooth?

We have given more space to Mr Sewell's presumptuous hallucinations than we at first intended. But we found that, if we were to notice the book at all, this would be necessary. For the mind exhibited in it appears so marvellously strange, that we were satisfied, as we went on, that we should not be believed to be representing fairly Christian morals, as taught at Oxford, if we did not give a number of passages in the author's words. It would take up fully as much more space were we to extract an equal proportion of the hundred incidental absurdities with which the volume swarms. We will only give a specimen or two.

'The property which gives unity to plurality is the real ex-'ternal quality in an act to which we apply the term good. . . 'It is this quality, in fine, which produces in us the internal sen-'sation of heat.' 'Every individual Christian, (perhaps it may

'be said that every man in the workings of his intellect,) rea-'lizes in his own mind the fact of a Trinity in Unity, and an 'Unity in Trinity.' . . 'It seems impossible that a bad 'man should ever act wilfully. . . . Unless man acts as the 'representative and delegate of God, as doing God's will, he 'must act wrongly. Perhaps we may say rather, he cannot act 'at all; but ought rather to be considered as the unconscious 'minister of some other power, probably a power of evil. . . 'Men who are absorbed in physical or metaphysical science, or 'in mathematics, such men are in the sight of Scripture the 'most immoral. . . Are we quite aware of the real difficulty and 'mystery contained in the fact of a *covenant* between God and 'man? . . . A covenant implies two independent agents. It 'implies also another fact more wonderful. These two indepen-'dent agents in it must also be mutually dependent. . . . It 'may be that all the hierarchy of heaven are so formed that they 'move as a mighty machine. But the relation of man to God, 'even in man's corruptible and fallen state, is far higher. It is 'the relation of two mighty potentates, capable of making a 'treaty, and binding each other by mutual conditions. The 'language is very awful; but it does not go beyond the truth. 'If I have the power of thwarting the designs of God, of mar-'ring his creation, of disobeying his laws, I am, so far, an inde-'pendent sovereign, and a sovereign of vast power, for it is a 'power reaching to the will of God himself.' Well may this misguided man say, that his language is sometimes 'very awful.'

Mr Sewell's account of the sympathy of the Church is very different from the parable of the good Samaritan. 'None, strictly 'speaking, possess that spontaneity which entitles them to be 'considered as *persons*, except such as are acting under the 'inspiration of God, and as members of the body of Christ. 'All others we must regard as machines, which it is our duty to 'raise into personality, by communicating to them the spirit 'of God; and which are worthless and punishable if they 'reject the communication, but which, simply as machines, can 'neither excite nor claim any moral affection or duty. Apart 'from the command of God, however signified, neither king, 'parent, friend, or fellow-creature, has a well-founded title to our 'respect or love.' From the passage last cited, it will readily be believed, that Mr Sewell has little scruple in breaking the vials of his wrath over the heads of all who differ from him. We need hardly say, that his list includes some of the most respectable names in English history, 'during the unhappy period 'of the last two centuries.' It is perhaps equally needless to mention, that his scorn begins with Queen Elizabeth

and the Reformation, and swells and darkens, until language seems almost to refuse to do his bidding, and to choke him in the utterance of it, when he has to speak of the generation among whom he has the misfortune to be living. We will not quote any of these passages. Why need laymen know the bitterness which divines can put into Christian morals? and what harm can come to Doddridge, Locke, and Milton, from a whole university of Sewells? Zeal without humanity, talents without sense, thoughts connected by tricks of the imagination, instead of by the steps of reason, have never yet done much for the service of mankind.

While reviewing this book, we have more than once thrown it aside, from a feeling of humiliation in the employment. The author, in the statement of his case, had made it so absurd and offensive, that there was little left for criticism to do. But a production of this kind, proceeding from the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, is a circumstance not to be passed lightly over. Our readers will bear in mind, what is the place in Education, in the Church, and in general Politics, which Oxford affects to hold. When Locke (whom Mr Sewell never mentions but to abuse him) was pressed to follow up his *Essay on the Human Understanding* with an *Essay on Morals*, he replied: ‘ Did the world want a rule, there would be no work so necessary nor so commendable. But the Gospel contains so perfect ‘ a body of ethics, that Reason may be excused from that enquiry, since she may find man's duty clearer and easier in Revelation than in herself.’ Light and darkness certainly cannot be more opposite than the book which would have been written by Locke, and that which has been written by Mr Sewell. What is, indeed, the element which in his life and teaching Christ has added unto Morals? What is it that the best of us aspire to learn from the ennobling precepts of Christianity, from its great encouragements, from its touching voice of patience and of charity, from its paths of pleasantness and peace? Yet, what are the elements which not only predominate, but are in truth the exclusive elements, elaborated out of it in the crucible of Mr Sewell? The Gospel, the book of glad tidings, is turned into a book of Spiritual Magic, and of ecclesiastical domination. The days, however, of the black art are over, in any form of it. Selden has quaintly said:—‘ There never was a merry world ‘ since the Fairies left dancing, and the Parson left conjuring. The ‘ opinion of the latter kept thieves in awe, and did as much good ‘ in a country as a justice of peace.’ But the man must be more of a conjurer than Mr Sewell, who is to persuade the English nation that Christianity and Church Government are one and the

same thing. O'Connell begins his letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury with an old saying—'the greatest enemy to religion is a 'pious fool.' We have no means of knowing any thing for or against the piety of Mr Sewell; and he is certainly no fool, in the sense in which that uncourteous monosyllable is usually understood. But there cannot easily be a greater wrong and violence done to Religion, than to tell us, that, to be really Christians, we must hold our moral and intellectual natures, our hearts and consciences and understandings, upon no better title than the existence of a Church of Apostolical succession, the votes of a Council or a Convocation, and the spiritual guidance which we may happen to receive from the ministrations or the teaching of our Parish Priest. Men have been often told before that St Peter kept the doors of Heaven, and that without the good word of the Clergy nobody would ever get there. Terms of Communion, and terms of Salvation, we have got accustomed to see put together, and we must bear it as best we can. Accordingly, if this had been one of the ordinary impertinencies of theologians, we should have neither made nor meddled in it. But morals are another matter; and we are not as yet disposed to bear so meekly, on the mere authority of the Chair at Oxford, the imposition of a Moral Law, more oppressive than the Jewish ceremonies, and little less incredible than the Pagan superstitions, from which it is our blessing that Christianity relieved us. Mr Sewell has fortunately defined his Church in such a manner that it is utterly impossible he ever should be able to identify its existence. But were it otherwise, and could he make out, as an historical fact, the existence of such a Church, he would be as far as ever from the possibility of proving any of the consequences, which, under the fumes of a heated fancy, some ill-digested learning, and a contagious neighbourhood, he has incorporated with his imaginary fact. The Right of Private Judgment was the great prize fought for at the Reformation. It was won at the cost of many evils, but was fairly worth them all. And, at all events, Mr Sewell may make sure of this: If Protestants are called upon to surrender it to Church authority, the bosom of the Church in which they will lie down for a false unity, and false repose, will be neither the Church of England nor that of Mr Sewell.

Art. VIII.—*American Notes for General Circulation.* By Charles Dickens. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1842.

Travellers should be well-instructed and conscientious men, for the reputation of nations is in their hands. Lawyers, Physicians, and Clergymen, must pass their examinations, and receive their credentials, before they can give opinions which the public are authorized to confide in; but for a man who has been where no man else has been, it is enough if he can write—spelling, punctuation, and syntax, will be furnished by his publisher; and there is no Continent so large but he can pronounce upon the character of its laws, government, and manners, with an authority which few Professors enjoy. If there be any Englishman living who has smuggled himself through the interior of China, ascertained the colour of the Emperor's eyes and beard, eluded the officers of justice, and escaped from bowstring and bastinado down the river Yang-tse-Kiang, now is his time for a book on China and the Chinese. For three months to come, he will be an absolute authority on all the internal affairs of 'a third of the human 'race.' Every body will read his book, and every body will believe all he says. But he must not lose his tide; if he let any body get the start of him, his authority will go for little more than it is worth—unless he be able, not only to write, but to write the more readable book; for it may be generally observed, that where we have conflicting accounts of a foreign country, the opinion which carries the day is not that of the person who has taken most pains, or had the best opportunities, or is best qualified, by education and natural ability, for forming a judgment, but that of the most agreeable writer.

We say this only of the 'reading public' in general. Very many, no doubt, there are amongst us of whom it is not true. Very many there are, who are more particular about the formation of their opinions on such matters—who hold it to be not foolish only, but wrong, to let false impressions settle in the mind; and who, remembering that a few weeks' residence among strangers will not qualify a man to judge of the character of Nations and Governments, whose opinion nobody would ask on the working of the Poor Law or the Corporation Act in his own parish, require some better assurance of the worth of a traveller's judgment before they will take the character of a Continent from his representation. With such fastidious readers, in entering upon a book of travels, to learn something of the character and capacity of the writer is a primary object. Unfortunately, printed books having no physiognomy,

but being all alike plausible, it is an object scarcely attainable; except where the writer has the rare art of impressing his character upon his composition, or where he has already written on matters which others understand. It is on this account that we have looked forward with considerable interest to a work on America by Mr Dickens;—not as a man whose views on such a subject were likely to have any conclusive value, but as one with whom the public is personally acquainted through his former works. We all know 'Boz,' though we may not have seen his face. We know what he thinks about affairs at home, with which we are all conversant—about poor-laws and rich-laws, elections, schools, courts of justice, magistrates, policemen, cab-drivers, and housebreakers—matters which lie round about us, and which we flatter ourselves we understand as well as he. We know, therefore, what to infer from his pictures of society abroad; what weight to attribute to his representations; with what caution and allowance to entertain them. If his book abound in broad pictures of social absurdities and vulgarities, we know that his tendency in that direction is so strong, that, though possessing sources of far finer and deeper humour, he can hardly refrain from indulging it to excess. If he draw bitter pictures of harsh jailers and languishing prisoners, we know that his sympathy for human suffering sometimes betrays him into an unjust antipathy to those whose duty it is to carry into effect the severities of justice. We know, in short, where we may trust his judgment, where we must take it with caution, and where we may neglect it.

Mr Dickens has many qualities which make his testimony, as a passing observer in a strange country, unusually valuable. A truly genial nature; an unweariable spirit of observation, quickened by continual exercise; an intimate acquaintance with the many varieties of life and character which are to be met with in large cities; a clear eye to see through the surface and false disguises of things; a desire to see things truly; a respect for the human soul, and the genuine face and voice of nature, under whatever disadvantages of person, situation, or repute in the world; a mind which, if it be too much to call it original in the highest sense of the word, yet uses always its own eyes, and applies itself to see the object before it takes the impression—to understand the case before it passes judgment; a wide range of sympathy, moreover—with sweetness, and a certain steady self-respect, which keeps the spirit clear from perturbations, and free to receive an untroubled image;—a mind, in short, which moves with freedom and pleasure in a wider world than has been thrown open to the generality of men. This happy combina-

tion of rare qualities, which Mr Dickens's previous works show that he possesses, would seem to qualify him, in some respects, beyond any English traveller that has yet written about the United States,—if not to discuss the political prospects of that country, or to draw comparisons between monarchical and republican institutions, yet to receive and reproduce, for the information of the British public, a just image of its existing social condition. To balance these, however, it must be confessed that he labours under some considerable disadvantages. His education must have been desultory, and not of a kind likely to train him to habits of grave and solid speculation. A young man, a satirist both by profession and by humour, whose studies have lain almost exclusively among the odd characters in the odd corners of London, who does not appear to have attempted the systematic cultivation of his powers, or indeed to have been aware of them, until they were revealed to him by a sudden blaze of popularity which would have turned a weaker head—who has since been constantly occupied in his own peculiar field of fiction and humour—how can he have acquired the knowledge and the speculative powers necessary for estimating the character of a great people, placed in circumstances not only strange to him, but new in the history of mankind; or the working of institutions which are yet in their infancy, their hour of trial not yet come—in their present state resembling nothing by the analogy of which their tendency and final scope may be guessed at? Should he wander into prophecies or philosophic speculations, it is clear that such a guide must be followed with considerable distrust. How, indeed, can his opinions be taken without abatement and allowance, even in that which belongs more especially to his own province—the aspect and character of society as it exists? As a comic satirist, with a strong tendency to caricature, it has been his business to observe society in its irregularities and incongruities, not in the sum and total result of its operation; a habit which, even in scenes with which we are most familiar, can hardly be indulged without disturbing the judgment; and which, among strange men and manners, may easily mislead the fancy beyond the power of the most vigilant understanding to set it right. It is the nature of an Englishman to think every thing ridiculous which contrasts with what he has been used to; and it costs some effort of his reflective and imaginative powers to make him feel that the absurdity is in himself, and not in the thing he sees. In a strange country, where the conventional manners and regulations of society are not the same as in England, every room and every street must teem with provocations to this kind of amusement, which will keep a good-humoured English tra-

veller, of average reflective powers, in continual laughter. And though Mr Dickens *knows* better, it is too much to expect of him that he should have always acted upon his better knowledge; especially when we consider that he had his character as an amusing writer to keep up. The obligation which he undoubtedly lies under to keep his readers well entertained, (failing which, any book by 'Boz' would be universally denounced as a catchpenny,) must have involved him in many temptations quite foreign to his business as an impartial observer; for any man who would resolutely abstain from seeing things in false lights, must make up his mind to forego half his triumphs as a wit, and *vice versâ.* Even his habits as a writer of fiction must have been against him; for such a man will always be tempted to study society, with a view to gather suggestions and materials for his creative faculty to work upon, rather than simply to consider and understand it. The author of 'Pickwick' will study the present as our historical novelists study the past—to find not what it is, but what he can make of it.

It is further to be borne in mind, in estimating Mr Dickens's claims to attention, that the study of America does not appear to have been his primary object in going, nor his main business while there. He went out, if we are rightly informed, as a kind of missionary in the cause of International Copyright; with the design of persuading the American public (for it was the public to which he seems to have addressed himself) to abandon their present privilege, of enjoying the produce of all the literary industry of Great Britain without paying for it;—an excellent recommendation, the adoption of which would, no doubt, in the end prove a vast national benefit. In the mean time, however, as it cannot be carried into effect, except by taxing the very many who read for the benefit of the very few who write, and the present for the benefit of the future—to attempt to get it adopted by a legislature over which the will of the many has any paramount influence, would seem to be a very arduous, if not an altogether hopeless enterprize. In this arduous, if not hopeless enterprize, Mr Dickens, having once engaged himself, must be presumed, during the short period of his visit, to have chiefly occupied his thoughts; therefore the gathering of materials for a book about America must be regarded as a subordinate and incidental task—the produce of such hours as he could spare from his main employment. Nor must it be forgotten that in this, the primary object of his visit, he decidedly failed; a circumstance (not unimportant when we are considering his position and opportunities as an observer of manners in a strange country) to which we draw attention, the rather because Mr Dickens makes no allusion to it himself.

A man may read the volumes through without knowing that the question of International Copyright has ever been raised on either side of the Atlantic.

Our catalogue of cautions and drawbacks grows long; but there is yet another point to which, as it does not appear on the face of the book itself, we must advert. Though Mr Dickens does not tell us of it, it is a notorious fact, that throughout his stay in the United States he was besieged by the whole host of lion-hunters, whose name in that land of liberty and equality is *legion*. In England, we *preserve* our lions: to be admitted to the sight of one, except on public occasions, is a privilege granted only to the select. Persons of a certain distinction in the fashionable world are alone licensed to exhibit him; and the exhibition is open to those only whom such distinguished persons may choose to honour by admission. In America, (always excepting a skin of the right colour,) the pursuit of this kind of game requires no qualification whatever; for though society seems to form itself there, just as it does with us, into a series of circles, self-distinguished and excluded one from the other, yet there does not appear to be any generally acknowledged scale of social dignity. Each circle may assert its own pretensions, and act upon them; but they are not binding upon the rest. One citizen may not choose to dine with another, just as one party may refuse to act with another in politics; but they are not the less equal in the eye of the law. In the eye of the law and of the universe, a citizen is a citizen, and, as such, has a right to do the honours of his country to a stranger; and though there are, doubtless, many circles in which the stranger is pitied for having to receive such promiscuous attentions, there is none which seems to consider itself excluded from the privilege of offering them. Of the evils which necessarily beset a man whom every body is eager to see, this is a very serious aggravation. In London, his condition is bad enough; for the attentions which are prompted, not by respect, but by this prurient curiosity, must always be troublesome and thankless. But, in America, the whole population turns out, and the hunted animal has no escape. The popularity of Mr Dickens's works is said to be even greater there than it is at home. Copies are circulated through all corners of the land at a tenth of the native cost; readers, therefore, are ten times as numerous. The curiosity to see him, hear him, and touch him, was accordingly universal; and (if we may trust current report) his time must have been passed in one continual levee. It was not merely the profusion of hospitable offers—the crowd of callers that besieged his lodgings—the criticisms upon his person—and the regular announce-

ment of his movements in the newspapers, that indicated this intense feeling. But if he walked in the street, he was followed; if he went to the play, he had to pass through a lane formed by rows of uncovered citizens; if he took his seat in the railway car a few minutes before the time of starting, the idlers in the neighbourhood came about him, and fell to discussing his personal appearance; if he sat in his room, boys from the street came in to look at him, and from the window beckoned their companions to follow, (Vol. i. p. 277;) if he took the wings of the evening, and fled to the farthest limits of geography, even there his notoriety pursued him. As he lay reading in a steam-boat, between Sandusky and Buffalo, he was startled by a whisper in his ear—(which came, however, from the adjoining cabin, and was not addressed to him)—'Boz is on board still, my dear.' Again, after a pause, (complainingly,) 'Boz keeps himself very close.' And once more, after a long interval of silence, 'I suppose that Boz will be writing a book by and by, and putting all our names in it.' This is the very misery of Kings, who can enjoy no privacy, nor ever see the natural face of the world they live in, but see only their own importance reflected in the faces of the gaping crowd that surrounds them. We set down the circumstance among Mr Dickens's most serious disadvantages—not because we suppose his judgment to have been biassed by it, for he has too much sense to be gratified by this kind of homage, and too much good-nature to take it unkindly; but because it must have prevented him from seeing society in its natural condition: it must have presented the New World to his eyes under circumstances of disturbance, which brought an undue proportion of the sediment to the surface, and thereby made his position as an observer very unfavourable. In the New World as in the Old, and in all classes, from the highest to the lowest, the curiosity which follows the steps of every much-talked-of man is essentially vulgar; and, in such a case as this, can hardly fail to leave upon the mind of the sufferer an undue impression of disgust.

Such being our opinion of Mr Dickens's faculties and opportunities for observation, we expected from him a book, not without large defects both positive and negative, but containing some substantial and valuable addition to our stock of information with regard to this most interesting country—interesting not only for the indissoluble connexion of its interests with our own, but likewise as the quarter from which we must look for light on the great question of these times.—What is to become of *Democracy*, and how is it to be dealt with? We cannot say that our expectations are justified by the result. But though

the book is said to have given great offence on the other side of the Atlantic, we cannot see any sufficient reason for it.

To us it appears that Mr Dickens deserves great praise for the care with which he has avoided all offensive topics, and abstained from amusing his readers at the expense of his entertainers; and if we had an account of the temptations in this kind which he has resisted, we do not doubt that the reserve and self-control which he has exercised, would appear scarcely less than heroical. But, on the other hand, we cannot say that his book throws any new light on his subject. He has done little more than confide to the public, what should have been a series of Letters for the entertainment of his private friends. Very agreeable and amusing Letters they would have been; and as such, had they been posthumously published, would have been read with interest and pleasure. As it is, in the middle of our amusement at the graphic sketches of life and manners, the ludicrous incidents, the wayside conversations about nothing, so happily told, and the lively remarks with which these 'Notes' abound—in the middle of our respect for the tone of good sense and good humour which runs through them—and in spite of a high appreciation of the gentlemanly feeling which has induced him to refrain from all personal allusions and criticisms; and for the modesty which has kept him silent on so many subjects, concerning which most persons in the same situation (not being reminded of the worthlessness of their opinions by the general inattention of mankind to what they say) are betrayed into the delivery of oracles, —in the middle of all this, we cannot help feeling that we should have respected Mr Dickens more if he had kept his book to himself; if he had been so far dissatisfied with these 'American Notes' as to shrink from the 'general circulation' of them; if he had felt unwilling to stand by and see them trumpeted to all corners of the earth—quoted and criticized in every newspaper— passing through edition after edition in England—and settling in clouds of sixpenny copies all over the United States. That he had nothing better to say is no reproach to him. He had much to say about International Copyright, and that, we doubt not, was well worth having; we only wish it had been heard with more favour. But, having nothing better to say, why say any thing? To us it seems to imply a want of respect either for himself or for his subject, that he should be thus prompt to gratify the prominent public appetite for novelty, by bringing the fruits of his mind into the market unripe. This, however, is a matter of taste. In reputation, so easy and abundant a writer will suffer little from an occasional mistake. Though this book should only live till New-Year's day, it will

have lived long enough for his fame: for on that day we observe that he is himself to come forth again in a series of Monthly Numbers—so that none but himself will be his extinguisher. In the mean time, as a candidate for 'general circulation,' it stands before us for judgment, and must be dealt with according to its deserts.

Concerning America in her graver aspects, we have already said that it does not add much to our existing stock of information. In comprehensiveness, completeness, and solidity, the fruits of a judicial temper, patient and persevering observation, and a mind accustomed to questions of politics and government, it is not to be compared to the work entitled 'Men and Manners in America,' by the author of Cyril Thornton.* Any one who is curious about the state of things in that country, and wishes to form some idea of its real condition, should rather look there for it, than here. There he will find the matter discussed and illustrated; here he will find little more than a loose record of the travelling impressions of Mr Dickens. Still, even this is not without its value. To know the impression made by the first aspect of a country upon a mind like his, is to know something of the country itself. The good things he has been able to say, and the good stories he has met with in his travels, are things of less real interest, though a good deal more entertaining. Good stories grow wild in all societies; no man who can tell one when found, had ever any difficulty in finding one to tell. Sketches of odd characters, specimens of the slang of coachmen and porters, ludicrous incidents, picturesque groups, whimsical phrases, or such as sound whimsical to strange ears—these things (though it is of such that the better part of these volumes consists) tell us nothing about a country. We want to know the total aspect, complexion, and constitution of society; these are only its flying humours. Leaving these, therefore, to the newspapers, (which have rarely come in for such a windfall during the recess,) we shall apply ourselves to discover from such hints as these volumes supply, what kind of people these transatlantic brethren of ours really are, and what kind of life they live. We shall not, indeed, enquire at what hour they dine; whether they wear their hair long or short; how they pronounce certain words; how they take their tobacco; and

* We are sorry to learn that the able and accomplished author of these works, (Captain Hamilton,) has very lately, while in the prime of life, been called to pay the great debt of nature. He died, we believe, in Italy.

whether, when they wish to soften the absoluteness of their positives or negatives, they say, 'I guess,' or 'I suppose,' 'I *expect*,' or 'I *sus*pect.' In these and the like matters, the natives have our good leave to please themselves. We want to know how they act and feel in the substantial relations and emergencies of life, in their marryings and givings in marriage—in their parental, conjugal, filial duties—in the neighbourly charities—in the offices of friendship. The fire-side, the market-place, the sick-room, the place of worship and the court of justice, the school, the library—it is in the management of these that the life and being of a people must be looked for, not in their dress, or dialect, or rules of etiquette.

We must confess, indeed, that to gather any sound knowledge, and form any just opinions on these points, is a matter of extreme difficulty; and when we say that Mr. Dickens has not given us much information about them, we are far from meaning it as a reproach. 'He that hath knowledge spareth his words'—and the stranger who thinks to understand a people in a fortnight, is not wise. In all his observations on a strange society, a man must have a reference, more or less direct, to that with which he is familiar at home. Without reference to some such standard he cannot explain his feeling to himself—much less to another. Yet to compare a familiar world with a strange one,—what is it but comparing the ore as it comes out of the smelting-house, with the ore as it comes out of the mine? In remembering his own country, a man takes no account of the dross; in observing another, he values the gross lump—dross and gold together. At home he has made himself comfortable—that is, he has gradually settled into the ways he likes, gathered about him the people he likes: of the things he did *not* like, he has got rid of when he could, reconciled himself to what he must, and forgotten all about the rest. Out of a hundred persons whose acquaintance he might have cultivated, he has cultivated ten. Out of a dozen places of resort that are open to him, he resorts to one. He has tried three or four servants, and at last found one that suits him. They gave him damp sheets and a bad breakfast at the Crown Inn: instead of making a note of the fact for general circulation, he went to the Bell, where they serve him better, and forgot it. And thus, out of the jarring elements of the world into which he was born, he has shaped out a small peculiar world expressly for himself, which fits him; and this private world it is that he boasts of to others, grumbles at to himself, and carries about in his thoughts as a standard to measure foreign pretensions by. In the foreign world, meanwhile, he can make neither selections nor distinctions; he looks at every thing

alike, and every thing he looks at he sets down as alike characteristic. Some delusion from so unequal a comparison it is impossible to avoid. But it may be partly corrected—some estimate at least may be formed of the extent of correction required —by taking any given surface of ground at home, the inhabitants of which have been drawn together, not by any common interest or pursuit, but each by his several occasion; supposing yourself suddenly set down among them without any previous knowledge of their characters; and endeavouring to imagine the impression you would take of the place and people during the first exchange of visits; how they would figure in your Journal in that period of probation, before you had learned to treat them according to their qualities—to cultivate the esteemable, to avoid the disagreeable, and to think nothing about the greater number.

Fully aware, no doubt, of all this—desiring to be just and liberal in his observations—intending to write a book, but remembering withal, that 'in the multitude of words there wanteth 'not sin,' and firmly resolved to violate neither the confidence of social intercourse by revealing private conversations, nor the decency of manners by publishing criticisms upon the character and appearance of the ladies and gentlemen at whose houses he might be received—(a modern practice which, considering the activity of the press, the rapidity and regularity of communication between the two countries, and the scandalous appetite for personal sketches which afflicts both, is little better than to talk of people before their faces; and can be compared to nothing so aptly as to the conduct of the street boys in Baltimore, who came to inspect 'Boz' as he sat in the railway car *)—he landed at Boston on the 22d of January 1842. Having remained there about a fortnight, he proceeded towards New York, where he arrived on the 13th of February. How long he stayed we cannot learn; but in the middle of March we find him at Rich-

* 'Being rather early, those men and boys who happened to have nothing particular to do, *and were curious in foreigners*, came (according to custom) round the carriage in which I sat; let down all the windows; thrust in their heads and shoulders; hooked themselves on conveniently by their elbows; *and fell to comparing notes on the subject of my personal appearance, with as much indifference as if I were a stuffed figure. I never gained so much uncompromising information with reference to my own nose and eyes, the various impressions wrought by my mouth and chin on different minds, and how my head looks from behind, as on these occasions.'*—(Vol. I. p. 277.) The street boys we can excuse; but our literary ladies and gentlemen should know better.

mond in Virginia, having already seen all he meant to see of Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore, and now turning his face towards the great West. The next six or seven weeks must have been spent almost entirely in coaches and steam-boats; for we find him passing from Richmond back to Baltimore; thence up the valley of the Susquehanna to Harrisburg; across the Alleghany mountains to Pittsburg; down the whole length of the Ohio river to its junction with the Mississippi; up the Mississippi to St Louis; back again as far as Cincinnati; thence across the state of Ohio, two or three hundred miles northward, as far as Sandusky; from Sandusky traversing the whole length of Lake Erie; and so proceeding by way of Buffalo to the Falls of Niagara, which he reached about the end of April, and remained there for ten days, in a confusion of sublime emotions, upon which he has enlarged in a passage which our respect for his genius will not permit us to extract. The next three weeks were devoted to Canada; after which he had only time for a rapid journey to New York by way of Lake Champlain, and one spare day, which he devoted to the 'Shakers' at Lebanon.

If to these dates (which we have gathered with some difficulty) we could add an account of the distances between place and place, (distances of which we, who are confined within our four seas, can form no practical conception,) it would be sufficiently apparent that, during the last half of Mr Dickens's sojourn in the United States, he did not stay long enough in any one place to become even tolerably well acquainted with its society; and that his impressions of social character throughout the vast regions lying to the west of Washington, must have been drawn entirely from the company he travelled with—a class of persons whose manners must, in all countries, be far below the average. Any general judgments he may hazard must therefore be taken with the requisite allowance. A fortnight well spent in Boston, and a month between New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, may enable a wise man to say something about the people. The rest of Mr Dickens's experience qualified him admirably well to tell us what to expect in coaches, canal boats, railway carriages, and hotels; and in these matters, if allowance be made for his habitual exaggeration—(a fault, by the way, which, we fear, increases upon him)—we dare say his authority is as good as any man's. But, as we should be sorry to have the character of England inferred from the manners of the road; or indeed to have any conclusions drawn as to our own personal proficiency in the courtesies of life, from our demeanour in the traveller's room; we shall leave his westward observations unnoticed, and endeavour to make out what kind of people he

found in the drawing-rooms at Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington.

Every country—especially a new one—has a right to be judged by the best of its natural growths; for the best is that towards which the rest aspire. Of the manners and character of the best class in America, Mr Dickens (in common, we believe, with every gentleman who has had an opportunity of judging) gives a very favourable impression. On quitting New York, after not more than a fortnight's stay there, he says:—' I never ' thought that going back to England, returning to all who are ' dear to me, and to pursuits that have insensibly grown to be ' a part of my nature, I could have felt so much sorrow as I ' endured, when I parted at last on board this ship with the ' friends that accompanied me from this city. I never thought ' the name of any place so far away, and so lately known, could ' ever associate itself in my mind with the crowd of affectionate ' remembrances that now cluster about it.' And then follows one of Mr Dickens's fine passages, which we wish to be understood as quoting, not because we admire it, but because it shows that the last sentence was not strong enough to satisfy his feelings:—' There are those in this city who would brighten, ' to me, the darkest winter day that ever glimmered and ' went out in Lapland; and before whose presence even home ' grew dim, when they and I exchanged that painful word ' which mingles with our every thought and deed; which ' haunts our cradle-heads in infancy, and closes up the vista ' of our lives in age.'—(Vol. i. p. 230.) And in his concluding remarks, he deliberately repeats the same sentiment as applicable, not to New York only, but to the nation generally:—' They are by nature frank, brave, cordial, hospitable, ' and affectionate. Cultivation and refinement seem but to enhance ' their warmth of heart and ardent enthusiasm; and it is the pos- ' session of these latter qualities in a most remarkable degree, ' which renders an educated American one of the most endearing ' and most generous of friends. I never was so won upon as by ' this class; never yielded up my full confidence and esteem so ' readily and pleasantly as to them; never can make again, in half ' a year, so many friends for whom I seem to entertain the regard ' of half a life.'—(Vol. ii. p. 288.) Acknowledgments, scarcely less strong than these, of the merits of the best class of American gentry, are scattered through Captain Hamilton's book; and even Captain Basil Hall, in spite of his prejudices and conventional feelings—his horror at words wrong pronounced, and meats ungracefully swallowed, and his complacent persuasion that whatever is the fashion in England is right in the eye of universal

reason—tells us, in his gossiping, good-humoured way, the very same thing of the manners and distinguishing qualities of the class to which the individuals belong who called forth the above expressions of admiration. We regret that little or nothing more of the kind can be collected from these volumes. The tone of society in Boston is only described as being 'one of perfect 'politeness, courtesy, and good breeding.' The ladies, we learn, are beautiful; and 'their education much as with us.' Their parties take place at more rational hours, and the conversation 'may possibly be a little louder and more cheerful' than with us. In other respects, a party in Boston appeared to Mr Dickens just like a party in London. In New York, we are only told that 'the tone of the best society is like that of Boston: 'here and there, it may be, with a greater infusion of the mer'cantile spirit, but generally polished and refined, and always 'most hospitable. The houses and tables are elegant; the hours 'later, and more rakish; and there is perhaps a greater spirit of 'contention in reference to appearances, and the display of 'wealth and costly living:' the ladies are again described as 'singularly beautiful.' Of the society in Philadelphia, we only 'learn that 'what he saw of it he greatly liked'—but that it was more 'provincial' than at Boston or New York; and apparently rather *too blue* for his taste. But his stay was very short. At Washington he confines himself to legislators; and of them he speaks only as he finds them in the arena where they exhibit. His remarks on them we shall pass over—for, being in quest of the best manners in the country, we must of course avoid all places consecrated to public debate. To learn the true character and manners of the English bar, you must look at lawyers—any where but in court; and before we pronounce upon the breeding of a member of Congress, we must see him in a private drawing-room. The only persons whom he speaks of as being personally known, are those whom he specially excepts from his general censures. Of these—'the 'foremost among those politicians who are known in Europe'—he says—'to the most favourable accounts that have been writ'ten of them, I more than fully and most heartily subscribe: and 'personal intercourse and free communication have bred within 'me, not the result predicted in the very doubtful proverb, but 'increased admiration and respect. They are striking men to 'look at, hard to deceive, prompt to act, lions in energy, Crich'tons in varied accomplishment, Indians in fire of eye and ges'ture, Americans in strong and generous impulse; and they as 'well represent the honour and wisdom of their country at home, 'as the distinguished gentleman who is now its minister at the

'British court sustains its highest character abroad,' (Vol. i. p. 292.) This is another of those ambitious sentences, from which we can gather no distinct idea except that these gentlemen have inspired Mr Dickens with a strong desire to pay them a splendid compliment. We cannot doubt that his admiration of them is sincere; and we may take his known character and ability as a guarantee that it is well founded.

We do not suppose that his conversation has lain much among Professors, or that his thoughts on Universities are entitled to much authority; but we must not omit to mention, in this place, his notice of the University of Cambridge, and its influence upon the society around. 'The resident professors at that University 'are gentlemen of learning and varied attainments; and are, 'without one exception that I can call to mind, men who would 'shed a grace upon, and do honour to any society in the civi-'lized world. Many of the resident gentry, in Boston and in 'its neighbourhood, and I think I am not mistaken in adding, a 'large majority of those who are attached to the liberal profes-'sions there, have been educated at this same school. . . . 'It was a source of inexpressible pleasure to me to observe the 'almost imperceptible, but not less certain, effect wrought by 'this institution among the small community at Boston; and to 'note, at every turn, the humanizing tastes and desires it has 'engendered—the affectionate friendships to which it has given 'rise—the amount of vanity and prejudice it has dispelled.'

As we are not writing an essay upon the social condition of America, but trying to collect Mr Dickens's impressions of it, we must be content with these somewhat meagre notices of the manners and character of its best society. For further evidence as to its qualities, we must look to its fruits. And the fruits of the social character, as distinguished from the political regulations of a country, are to be looked for in those matters in which the baser appetites and worse dispositions of men having no temptation to interfere, sense, character, knowledge, and virtue have their natural influence—not, therefore, in the Legislature; for the composition of that depends upon the law of election and the amount of qualification; nor in the Press, for the character of that depends upon the cost of printing and paper, and the amount of taxes, direct and indirect, upon what, by courtesy, is called knowledge. The Press and the Legislature react upon the social character, but are not to be taken as representing it. The composition of the House of Representatives is not so much an index to the feelings and opinions of the American gentry, as to the number of Irish labourers who have votes. And the character of the daily and weekly Press is a measure rather of the number of un-

educated persons who can read, than of the taste of the educated. But there are some departments in the social establishment, which the worse half of society silently leaves to the care and taste of the better. Among these, the most conspicuous are charities of all kinds, public and private; arrangements for the education of the people; asylums for persons labouring under natural defects; provision for the relief of sick persons and young children; for the treatment of prisoners, and the like. Institutions of this kind are probably the fairest expression that can be had of the feeling and character of a people, properly considered; reckoning, that is, not by numbers but by weight—counting every man as two whose opinion carries another along with it. Now, in these matters, Mr Dickens's testimony is not only very favourable and very strongly expressed; but is really of great value. Prisons and madhouses have always had strong attractions for him; he went out with the advantage of a very extensive acquaintance with establishments of this kind in England; and, wherever he heard of one in America, he appears to have stayed and seen it. His report leads irresistibly to the conclusion, that in this department New England has, as a people, taken the lead of the civilized world; and that Old England, though beginning to follow, is still a good way behind. And the superiority lies not merely in the practical recognition of the principle, that the care of these things belongs properly to the state; and should not be left, as with us, to the charity and judgment of individuals, however securely that charity may be relied on; but in the excellence of the institutions themselves in respect of arrangement and management. Our limits will not allow us to follow him through his observations and remarks on this subject; which are, however, upon the whole, the most valuable and interesting part of the book. He carefully inspected not less (we think) than ten institutions of this class; and of these he has given minute descriptions. Those at Boston, he believes to be 'as perfect as the most considerate wisdom, benevolence, and 'humanity can make them.' . . . . . 'In all of them, the unfor- 'tunate or degenerate citizens of the State are carefully instruct- 'ed in their duties both to God and man; are surrounded by all 'reasonable means of comfort and happiness that their condition 'will well admit of; are appealed to as members of the great 'human family, however afflicted, indigent, or fallen; are ruled 'by the strong heart, and not by the strong (though immeasu- 'rably weaker) hand.' And the rest, (with the exception of a lunatic asylum in Long Island, and a prison nicknamed 'The 'Tombs' at New York,) appear to deserve, so far at least as the design and the management go, the same praise. Upon

one doubtful and difficult question, which has of late excited a good deal of controversy in England, Mr Dickens's observations will be read with great interest—we allude to the effects of the *solitary* as contrasted with the *silent* system. Against the solitary system Mr Dickens gives his most emphatic testimony; which will, no doubt, have due weight with the department on which the consideration of this question, with reference to our own prison system, devolves. For our own part, we must confess that, highly as we esteem his opinion in such a matter, and free as we are from any prejudice in favour of the system which he condemns, we are not altogether satisfied. His manner of handling the question does not assure us that he is master of it. His facts, as stated by himself, do not appear to us to fit his theory. If not inconsistent with it, they are certainly not conclusive in favour of it. We sometimes cannot help doubting whether his *judging* faculty is strongly developed, and whether he does not sometimes mistake pictures in his mind for facts in nature. He is evidently proud of his powers of intuition—of his faculty of inferring a whole history from a passing expression. Show him any man's face, and he will immediately tell you his life and adventures. A very pretty and probable story he will make of it; and, provided we do not forget that it is all *fiction*, a very instructive one. But, in discussing disputed points in nature or policy, we cannot admit these works of his imagination as legitimate evidence. The case before us supplies a striking illustration of Mr Dickens's power in this way; and likewise, we suspect, of his tendency to be misled by it. We shall take the opportunity of quoting a long passage, which will serve the threefold purpose of exhibiting a favourable specimen of Mr Dickens's style, of justifying the doubts we have expressed as to his judging faculty, and of presenting the case against the solitary in a strong light.

He commences his remarks on the subject by declaring his belief 'that very few men are capable of estimating the immense 'amount of torture and agony which this dreadful punishment, 'prolonged for years, inflicts upon the sufferers,' and that, 'in 'guessing at it himself, and in reasoning from *what he has seen* '*written upon their faces, and what to his certain knowledge they* '*feel within*, he is only the more convinced that there is a depth 'of terrible endurance in it, which none but the sufferers them'selves can fathom, and which no man has a right to inflict upon 'his fellow-creature.'—(Vol. i. p. 239.) He then proceeds to describe the regulations of the prison, and the condition and appearance of several of the prisoners. The sight, and the feelings of awe and pity which the sight awakens, set his 'shaping spirit of imagination' at work, and he thus goes on:—

'As I walked among these solitary cells, and looked at the faces of the men within them, I tried to picture to myself the thoughts and feelings natural to their condition; I imagined the hood just taken off, and the scene of their captivity disclosed to them in all its dismal monotony.

'At first, the man is stunned. His confinement is a hideous vision; and his old life a reality. He throws himself upon his bed, and lies there abandoned to despair. By degrees the insupportable solitude and barrenness of the place rouses him from this stupor, and when the trap in his grated door is opened, he humbly begs and prays for work. "Give me some work to do, or I shall go raving mad!"

'He has it; and by fits and starts applies himself to labour; but every now and then there comes upon him a burning sense of the years that must be wasted in that stone coffin, and an agony so piercing in the recollection of those who are hidden from his view and knowledge, that he starts from his seat, and striding up and down the narrow room, with both hands clasped on his uplifted head, hears spirits tempting him to beat his brains out on the wall.

'Again he falls upon his bed, and lies there, moaning. Suddenly he starts up, wondering whether any other man is near; whether there is another cell like that on either side of him; and listens keenly.

'There is no sound: but other prisoners may be near for all that. He remembers to have heard once—when he little thought of coming there himself—that the cells were so constructed that the prisoners could not hear each other, though the officers could hear them. Where is the nearest man—upon the right, or on the left? or is there one in both directions? Where is he sitting now—with his face to the light? or is he walking to and fro? How is he dressed? Has he been there long? Is he much worn away? Is he very white and spectre-like? Does *he* think of his neighbour too?

'Scarcely venturing to breathe, and listening while he thinks, he conjures up a figure with its back towards him, and imagines it moving about in this next cell. He has no idea of the face; but he is certain of the dark form of a stooping man. In the cell upon the other side, he puts another figure, whose face is hidden from him also. Day after day, and often when he wakes up in the middle of the night, he thinks of these two men until he is almost distracted. He never changes them. There they are always as he first imagined them—an old man on the right; a younger man on the left—whose hidden features torture him to death, and have a mystery that makes him tremble.

'The weary days pass on with solemn pace, like mourners at a funeral; and slowly he begins to feel that the white walls of his cell have something dreadful in them: that their colour is horrible: that their smooth surface chills his blood: that there is one hateful corner which torments him. Every morning when he wakes, he hides his head beneath the coverlet, and shudders to see the ghastly ceiling looking down upon him. The blessed light of day itself peeps in—an ugly phantom face—through the unchangeable crevice which is his prison window.

'By slow but sure degrees, the terrors of that hateful corner swell

until they beset him at all times; invade his rest, make his dreams hideous, and his nights dreadful. At first, he took a strange dislike to it; feeling as though it gave birth in his brain to something of corresponding shape, which ought not to be there, and racked his head with pains. Then he began to fear it, then to dream of it; and of men whispering its name and pointing to it. Then he could not bear to look at it, nor yet to turn his back upon it. Now, it is every night the lurking place of a ghost—a shadow—a silent something, horrible to see; but whether bird or beast, or muffled human shape, he cannot tell.

'When he is in his cell by day, he fears the little yard without. When he is in the yard, he dreads to re-enter the cell. When night comes, there stands the phantom in the corner. If he have the courage to stand in its place and drive it out, (he had once, being desperate,) it broods upon his bed. In the twilight, and always at the same hour, a voice calls to him by name; as the darkness thickens, his loom begins to live; and even that, his comfort, is a hideous figure, watching him till daybreak.

'Again, by slow degrees, these horrible fancies depart from him one by one; returning sometimes unexpectedly, but at longer intervals, and in less alarming shapes. He has talked upon religious matters with the gentleman who visits him; and has read his Bible, and has written a prayer upon his slate, and has hung it up as a kind of protection, and an assurance of heavenly companionship. He dreams now sometimes of his children or his wife, but is sure that they are dead or have deserted him. He is easily moved to tears; is gentle, submissive, and broken-spirited. Occasionally the old agony comes back; a very little thing will revive it; even a familiar sound, or the scent of summer flowers in the air; but it does not last long now; for the world without has come to be the vision, and this solitary life the sad reality.

'If his term of imprisonment be short—I mean comparatively, for short it cannot be—the last half-year is almost worse than all; for then he thinks the prison will take fire and he be burned in the ruins, or that he is doomed to die within the walls, or that he will be detained on some false charge and sentenced for another term: or that something, no matter what, must happen to prevent his going at large. And this is natural, and impossible to be reasoned against; because, after his long separation from human life, and his great suffering, any event will appear to him more probable in the contemplation than the being restored to liberty and his fellow-creatures.

'If his period of confinement have been very long, the prospect of release bewilders and confuses him. His broken heart may flutter for a moment when he thinks of the world outside, and what it might have been to him in all those lonely years; but that is all. The cell door has been closed too long on all his hopes and cares. Better to have hanged him in the beginning than bring him to this pass, and send him forth among his kind, who are his kind no more.'

Now this is a most powerful sketch of a *possible* case. Had it occurred in a professed work of fiction, as a description of the actual condition of one of the characters, we should have thought it re-

markable not only for force but for truth. It is terrible, but not monstrous; we can imagine a man feeling and doing all that is described. But when we are enquiring into the actual and ordinary effects of solitary confinement upon the mind of a prisoner, we are constrained to ask Mr Dickens what authority he has for his many facts? How does he know that prisoners are affected in this manner? And, above all, how does he know that it is the general case? He will say that he saw it in their faces; they had all the same expression; and that expression told him the whole story. But he should at least show that his interpretation of the countenance was corroborated by other indications of less doubtful character. Let us refer to the individual sufferers whom he saw and conversed with in several stages of punishment, and see whether their demeanour (as he himself describes it) accords with his supposition. There are but nine cases of which he gives any detailed report: we will take them all, placing them, however in our own order. First, a German who had been brought in the day before—he was imploring for work. Second, an English thief, who had been in only a few days; still savage. These two cases may be set aside: the effects of the system not having had time to show itself. Third, A man convicted as a receiver of stolen goods; but who denied his guilt. He had been in for six years, and was to remain three more. 'He stopped his work when we 'went in, took off his spectacles, and answered freely to every 'thing that was said to him. * * * * He wore a paper hat of 'his own making, and was pleased to have it noticed and com'mended. He had very ingeniously manufactured a sort of 'Dutch clock from some disregarded odds and ends; and his vine'gar bottle served for the pendulum. Seeing me interested in 'this contrivance, he looked up at it with a great deal of pride, 'and said that he had been thinking of improving it, and that he 'hoped the hammer and a little piece of broken glass beside it 'would play music before long. He had extracted some colours 'from the yarn with which he worked, and painted a few poor 'figures on the wall.' Surely this is not the demeanour, nor these the ways, of a man whose spirit is crushed and faculties destroyed—who suffers day and night from horrible fancies. Fourth, a German imprisoned for larceny; has been in for two years, and has three to come. 'With colours prepared in the same 'manner, he had painted every inch of the walls and ceiling quite 'beautifully. He had laid out the few feet of ground behind 'with exquisite neatness, and had made a little bed in the centre, 'which looked, by the by, like a grave. The taste and ingenuity 'he had displayed in every thing were most extraordinary.' Here again is very strange evidence of the destructive effects of

solitude upon the faculties. Mr Dickens goes on, it is true, to assure us that 'he never saw such a picture of forlorn affliction 'and distress of mind;' that 'his heart bled for him,' &c. And very unhappy he may well have been; people are not sent to prison to be made happy; but the question is, whether he was the worse or the better for it. Fifth, a negro burglar, notorious for his boldness and hardihood, and for the number of previous convictions—*his time nearly out*. He was at work making screws. 'He entertained us with a long account of his achievements, 'which he narrated with such infinite relish that he actually 'seemed to lick his lips as he told us racy anecdotes of stolen 'plate,' &c. Here, at any rate, we have a man who has not been made too miserable. Sixth, a man, of whom we are told no more than that he was allowed to keep rabbits as an indulgence; that he came out of his cell with one in his breast, and that Mr Dickens thought it hard to say which was the nobler animal of the two. Seventh, 'a poet, who, *after doing two days work in every four-'and-twenty hours*, one for himself and one for the prison, *wrote 'verses* about ships, (he was by trade a mariner,) and "the mad-'dening wine-cup," and his friends at home.' Here, again, Mr Dickens must have selected his examples very oddly—or one would think that solitary confinement called out a man's resources instead of paralyzing them. Eighth, at last we come to a case (probably *the* case) in point: a sailor who had been confined for *eleven years*, and would be free in a few months. Mr D. does indeed here draw the picture of a man stupified by suffering; and we can well believe that the picture is just. But the most strenuous advocates of the solitary system will hardly maintain that there may not be too much of it. Try a man who has been in *two* years, and is going to be released next day, and see whether *his* case is hopeless. And here we have him—No. Nine, 'I have the face of 'this man before me now. It is almost more memorable in its hap-'piness then the other faces in their misery. How easy and how 'natural was it for him to say that the system was a good one; 'and that the time went "pretty quick considering;" and that, 'when a man once felt he had offended the law and must satisfy 'it, "he got along somehow;" and so forth!' Upon women Mr Dickens acknowledges that the effect of this punishment is different. He thinks it quite as wrong and cruel in their case; but admits that their faces are humanized and refined by it, and thinks it may be 'because of their *better nature*, which is *elicited 'in solitude.*'

Upon the question at issue, we offer no opinion; but with these discrepancies between Mr Dickens's facts and fancies, we can hardly be rash in saying that his authority, great as it is,

should not be taken as decisive. Commending the matter, therefore, to the further consideration of the inspectors of prisons, we shall return to our own proper subject; which is the character of the American people as expressed in their civil institutions. In the case of this Philadelphia prison, Mr Dickens's objections are confined to the principle. To the intentions, motives, and characters of those who are concerned in the management of it, as well as to the efficacy of the arrangements, he gives unqualified praise.

Another thing on which the true character of a people in its substantial qualities must be expected to impress itself, is the administration of Justice; and we wish that Mr Dickens had frequented the Courts a little more. Except on extraordinary occasions, politics and party find no business there; and where that is the case, the ablest man will naturally have the best place yielded to him, and the true interests (as distinguished from the fleeting inclinations) of the public will be consulted in all forms and proceedings; and in this, after all, consists the true health of the body politic. Let person and property be secured from violence, and let affairs be equitably adjusted between man and man, and what reasonable person would grudge his legislators their long speeches, their personal altercations, or even their *spittoons?* From the scanty notices on this head scattered through these volumes, we should infer that America has no reason to shrink from this test. The high character of the Supreme Court is notorious through Europe. And Mr Dickens tells us that in every place he visited, the Judges were men of high character and attainments; which is saying much, considering that in some of the States they are, we believe, annually elected by the people. Of their modes of proceeding he tells us nothing beyond the general picturesque effect; and we are left to infer from his silence, that the want of wigs and gowns, and of raised platforms for witnesses and prisoners, does not obstruct the course of justice.

The condition of the Church in America is another thing which should throw great light on the character of the people; for in this also politics do not interfere: each party can do as it pleases, and therefore no two need quarrel. Unfortunately there is a great want of sound information on this subject in England; the popular notion of the style of religious worship in America being built, we believe, upon Mrs Trollope's account of a *Revival.* Mr Dickens does not tell us much: from what he does say we should imagine, that the prevailing character of the Church in New England, has more of old Puritanism in it than of modern Methodism. And we have heard it maintained by gentle-

men who have resided in America for months together, and visited different places of worship, that they have rarely met with any symptoms of fanaticism or sycophancy in the preacher, or of enthusiasm in the congregation; but that the service, whatever the persuasion, was generally characterized by decency and dulness.

Of the system of Education in the United States, and the provision for it, (which should stand perhaps next in order as an illustration of the social character,) Mr Dickens says but little. We hear occasionally of a College or a School; and we gather generally, that sufficient provision is made by each State to enable every citizen to receive some degree of education. The proportion of adults who cannot read and write is consequently extremely small; and among these we believe there are scarcely any native Americans. Beyond this fact, which is of great importance, we can learn nothing that is much to our purpose. We could have wished to know, first, the amount of knowledge, and the kind of intellectual cultivation which a man must have, in order to take rank in general opinion as a well-educated man; and, next, the style and amount of accomplishments which are requisite to *distinguish* him in that rank. This would show in what direction the great body of the intellect of the country is working. It would also be very interesting to know something about the composition of American Libraries, especially private ones. What kind of books do you find *permanently* established on the shelves in a gentleman's study; and of these which appear to have been most used. We say permanently; because it is of much less consequence to know which, among the publications of the day, are the most popular. These are read, as newspapers are. not because they are congenial to the taste, but because reading is fashionable, and they are of the newest fashion. Their universal popularity indicates little in the national character beyond a general appetite for light stimulants; and produces little alteration in it except perhaps some general debilitation from swallowing such a deluge of slops. But for the most part, we believe this kind of literature passes through the mind with as little effect upon it for good or for evil, as the conversation of a morning-caller. It is the favourite, not the fashionable, book that betrays the character of the man; and it is the book which works itself into public favour *against* the fashion that indicates the character of the people. That the miscellaneous writings of Mr Carlyle had been collected and printed in America, before his name was generally known in England, is a fact which tells much more about the intellectual and spiritual capacities of the people, than we can infer from

knowing that the whole brood of New-Burlington Street are circulated as fast as they come out, for an annual subscription of a few dollars. The character of the native periodical literature of the costlier class, and therefore of more limited circulation, would throw further light on the matter; for it would show not only what the more select class of readers will pay for, but what the better class of writers can produce. The North American, and the New York Reviews, for instance, will give a juster, as well as a higher idea of the tendencies and prospects of American literature, than the most ambitious and elaborate pamphlets, speeches, and state papers—all of which are addressed to a wider, but a lower, circle.

Whether Mr Dickens has much considered the subject of American literature in its true bearings, we are not informed. From these volumes, we can only gather that he is deeply read in their Newspapers; the character of which he denounces in his bitterest, and by no means his best style. Of the justice of his censures, not having ourselves gone through the nauseous course of reading by which he has qualified himself to speak, we can form no opinion. We shall only say, that, looking at the condition of our own Daily Press, and imagining what it would be were it turned loose in a land of cheap printing and no stamp duties—where every body could read, and every body took a part in politics; and without any capital city in which public opinion might gather to a head and express itself with authority—we can readily believe it to be true in the full extent. Thanks to London, which concentrates and represents the feelings of the British people, the leading London Journals (and from them the provincial press throughout the country takes its tone) are held under some restraint. Gross violations of manners are not countenanced; and wanton slander of private persons would not be tolerated. Moreover, the enormous amount of information which is demanded of an English Newspaper, cannot be supplied at first hand without a costly establishment and machinery; and this, requiring large capital to start with, excludes the worst class of adventurers from competition; and insures in the proprietor that kind and amount of respectability which in England always accompanies substance. A man with something to lose will not offend the feelings of the mass of his customers; a man with nothing, cannot get up a Paper which has any chance of general circulation. We fear, however, that it is imposible to answer for more than this. Private houses, we trust, are (from the stamped press at least) secure. But what conspicuous public man can be insured against the most malignant slander from one party, and the grossest adulation from the other — both equally unprin-

cipled? What measure of what party was ever discussed by the Daily Press, on either side, upon its real merits, or with a desire to represent it truly? What misrepresentation is too gross for our most respectable Newspapers to take up? What rumour too injurious and too ill-founded for them to spread? What sophism so palpable, that if it can be used with effect to damage the character of a political opponent, they will not employ it? And the worst is, that in the guilt of this, the respectability of England is directly implicated. It cannot be said that the disease is incident to liberty, and must be borne with; for, strange to say, this kind of licentious writing, (known as it is, and thoroughly understood to be licentious,) is what the great mass of news *readers* like. The writer has no interest in his malice; he may be a very good-humoured man, with no wish to injure any body. But the readers must have what they call *vigour*. Their party spirit must be at once roused and gratified by powerful attacks, and powerful vindications. A leading article, written in a spirit of candour and justice, (unless it be known to proceed from some responsible quarter, in which case it has a separate and superior interest,) is felt to be insipid. It is true, that the influence of these compositions is not so great as might appear at first, because they impose on nobody; every body knows that they are full of falsehoods. Convict a newspaper of the grossest misrepresentation, and which of its 'constant readers' will be shocked?—even though the writer should not acknowledge his fault. Their influence is, however, considerable, and, so far as it goes, most pernicious. We cannot but regard the condition of our own Daily Press, as a morning and evening witness against the moral character of the people; for if this kind of scurrility were as distasteful to the public, as the grosser kinds of licentiousness are, it would at once disappear. That its condition is still worse in America, we can, for the reasons above indicated, easily believe; but we doubt whether it be fair to draw the same inference from the fact, as to the moral tastes and feelings of the people; for the respectability of America, not having the same means of expressing its will that the respectability of England has, cannot be held in the same degree answerable. In the mean time, we hope that Mr Dickens is mistaken as to the degree in which the Press in the United States impresses and influences the general feeling. We cannot but think that, if his description of it be just, the strength of the poison must act as an antidote. Does any well-educated man in America, read these papers *with respect?*

Among other circumstances, from which something as to the social characteristics of the people may be safely inferred, cer-

tain definite, and generally established reputations of society may be mentioned;—such, for instance, as the courtesy which every body is expected, as a matter of course, to pay to women and to strangers. And we should be inclined to draw very favourable inferences from the fact, that in all public places, including public conveyances, a woman is entitled to the best place, *occupied or unoccupied*, for possession on the part of the man goes for nothing; and also from the courtesies of the Custom-House, which, we believe, all foreigners will bear witness to. Captain Hamilton, indeed, was so possessed with the notion that this business could not be transacted without intolerable annoyance, that he kept away. But Captain Basil Hall gives a pleasant anecdote, to show in how gentlemanly a manner the thing may be done. And Mr Dickens commends to our special consideration and imitation the 'attention, politeness, and good-humour, with which the custom-house officers at Boston discharged their duty.'

We have now nearly exhausted these volumes of the information which they supply, available for the purpose with which we set out. Of the manners of the mass of the people, Mr Dickens gives many amusing illustrations; most of which have been already quoted in various publications, and have made us all very merry. It is but justice to him, however, to say, that he saw all these things in their true light; and that, while indulging his sense of the ludicrous by a hearty English laugh, he was not betrayed by them into any foolish conclusions, or illiberal (we wish we could add *un-English*) contempt. The following sensible remarks are worth extracting, not because they tell us any thing which is not obvious to any man who thinks; but because so few people trouble themselves with thinking about the matter. The scene is Sandusky, at the south-western extremity of Lake Erie.

'We put up at a comfortable little hotel. . . . . . Our host, who was very attentive, and anxious to make us comfortable, was a handsome middle-aged man, who had come to this town from New England, in which part of the country he was "raised." When I say that he constantly walked in and out of the room with his hat on, and stopped to converse in the same free-and-easy state, and lay down on our sofa, and pulled his newspaper out of his pocket and read it at his ease—I merely mention these traits as characteristic of the country; not at all as being matter of complaint, or as having been disagreeable to me. I should undoubtedly be offended by such proceedings at home, because there they are not the custom, and where they are not, they would be impertinences. But in America the only desire of a good-natured fellow of this kind is to treat his guests hospitably and well; and I had no more right, and I can truly say no more disposition, to measure his conduct by our

English rule and standard, than I had to quarrel with him for not being of the exact stature which would qualify him for admission into the Queen's Grenadier Guards. As little inclination had I to find fault with a funny old lady, who was an upper domestic in this establishment, and who, when she came to wait upon us at any meal, sat herself down comfortably in the most convenient chair, and, producing a large pin to pick her teeth with, remained performing that ceremony, and steadfastly regarding us meanwhile with much gravity and composure, (now and then pressing us to eat a little more,) until it was time to clear away. It was enough for us, that whatever we wished done was done with great civility and readiness, and a desire to oblige, not only here but every where else; and that all our wants were in general zealously anticipated.'—Vol. ii. p. 170.

Further on in the volume, a good story about an American bootmaker, which has been quoted every where, is introduced by the following general remark, which has not yet, we believe, been any where quoted.

'The republican institutions of America undoubtedly lead the people to assert their self-respect and their equality; but a traveller is bound to bear those institutions in his mind, and not hastily to resent the near approach of a class of strangers, who at home would keep aloof. This characteristic, when it is tinctured by no foolish pride, and stops short of no honest service, never offended me; and I very seldom, if ever, experienced its rude or unbecoming display.'—Vol. ii. p. 300.

The political condition of the United States has been discussed, on various occasions, in this Journal. Mr Dickens's *Notes* do not throw any new light upon it; and, as no peculiar interest attaches to his opinions on such subjects, we do not feel called upon to criticize them. We have treated the work gravely, out of respect for its author, and the gravity of the subject; and partly because the superior attractiveness and general quotation of the lighter parts is likely, we fear, to give a false impression of the tone and spirit of the whole. In thus endeavouring to collect the substance of his more serious observations, we have no doubt, in a great measure, lost sight of the prevailing character and spirit of his book. But of this it is enough to say, that it leaves our opinion of Mr Dickens's powers just as before.

ART. IX.—*Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay.* Five vols. 8vo. London: 1842.

THOUGH the world saw and heard little of Madame D'Arblay during the last forty years of her life, and though that little did not add to her fame, there were thousands, we believe, who felt a singular emotion when they learned that she was no longer among us. The news of her death carried the minds of men back at one leap, clear over two generations, to the time when her first literary triumphs were won. All those whom we had been accustomed to revere as intellectual patriarchs, seemed children when compared with her; for Burke had sate up all night to read her writings, and Johnson had pronounced her superior to Fielding, when Rogers was still a schoolboy, and Southey still in petticoats. Yet more strange did it seem that we should just have lost one whose name had been widely celebrated before any body had heard of some illustrious men who, twenty, thirty, or forty years ago, were, after a long and splendid career, borne with honour to the grave. Yet so it was. Frances Burney was at the height of fame and popularity before Cowper had published his first volume, before Porson had gone up to college, before Pitt had taken his seat in the House of Commons, before the voice of Erskine had been once heard in Westminster Hall. Since the appearance of her first work, sixty-two years had passed; and this interval had been crowded, not only with political, but also with intellectual revolutions. Thousands of reputations had, during that period, sprung up, bloomed, withered, and disappeared. New kinds of composition had come into fashion, had gone out of fashion, had been derided, had been forgotten. The fooleries of Della Crusca, and the fooleries of Kotzebue, had for a time bewitched the multitude, but had left no trace behind them; nor had misdirected genius been able to save from decay the once flourishing schools of Godwin, of Darwin, and of Radcliffe. Many books, written for temporary effect, had run through six or seven editions, and had then been gathered to the novels of Afra Behn, and the epic poems of Sir Richard Blackmore. Yet the early works of Madame D'Arblay, in spite of the lapse of years, in spite of the change of manners, in spite of the popularity deservedly obtained by some of her rivals, continued to hold a high place in the public esteem. She lived to be a classic. Time set on her fame, before she went hence, that seal which is seldom set except on the fame of the departed. Like Sir Condy Rackrent in the tale, she survived her own wake, and overheard the judgment of posterity.

Having always felt a warm and sincere, though not a blind admiration for her talents, we rejoiced to learn that her Diary was about to be made public. Our hopes, it is true, were not unmixed with fears. We could not forget the fate of the Memoirs of Dr Burney, which were published ten years ago. That unfortunate book contained much that was curious and interesting. Yet it was received with a cry of disgust, and was speedily consigned to oblivion. The truth is, that it deserved its doom. It was written in Madame D'Arblay's later style—the worst style that has ever been known among men. No genius, no information, could save from proscription a book so written. We, therefore, opened the Diary with no small anxiety, trembling lest we should light upon some of that peculiar rhetoric which deforms almost every page of the Memoirs, and which it is impossible to read without a sensation made up of mirth, shame, and loathing. We soon, however, discovered to our great delight that this Diary was kept before Madame D'Arblay became eloquent. It is, for the most part, written in her earliest and best manner; in true woman's English, clear, natural, and lively. The two works are lying side by side before us, and we never turn from the Memoirs to the Diary without a sense of relief. The difference is as great as the difference between the atmosphere of a perfumer's shop, fetid with lavender water and jasmine soap, and the air of a heath on a fine morning in May. Both works ought to be consulted by every person who wishes to be well acquainted with the history of our literature and our manners. But to read the Diary is a pleasure; to read the Memoirs will always be a task.

We may, perhaps, afford some harmless amusement to our readers if we attempt, with the help of these two books, to give them an account of the most important years of Madame D'Arblay's life.

She was descended from a family which bore the name of Macburney, and which, though probably of Irish origin, had been long settled in Shropshire, and was possessed of considerable estates in that county. Unhappily, many years before her birth, the Macburneys began, as if of set purpose and in a spirit of determined rivalry, to expose and ruin themselves. The heir-apparent, Mr James Macburney, offended his father by making a runaway match with an actress from Goodman's Fields. The old gentleman could devise no more judicious mode of wreaking vengeance on his undutiful boy, than by marrying the cook. The cook gave birth to a son named Joseph, who succeeded to all the lands of the family, while James was cut off with a shilling. The favourite son, however, was so extravagant, that he soon became

as poor as his disinherited brother. Both were forced to earn their bread by their labour. Joseph turned dancing-master, and settled in Norfolk. James struck off the Mac from the beginning of his name, and set up as a portrait-painter at Chester. Here he had a son named Charles, well known as the author of the History of Music, and as the father of two remarkable children, of a son distinguished by learning, and of a daughter still more honourably distinguished by genius.

Charles early showed a taste for that art, of which, at a later period, he became the historian. He was apprenticed to a celebrated musician in London, and applied himself to study with vigour and success. He early found a kind and munificent patron in Fulk Greville, a high-born and high-bred man, who seems to have had in large measure all the accomplishments and all the follies, all the virtues and all the vices which, a hundred years ago, were considered as making up the character of a fine gentleman. Under such protection, the young artist had every prospect of a brilliant career in the capital. But his health failed. It became necessary for him to retreat from the smoke and river fog of London, to the pure air of the coast. He accepted the place of organist at Lynn, and settled at that town with a young lady who had recently become his wife.

At Lynn, in June 1752, Frances Burney was born. Nothing in her childhood indicated that she would, while still a young woman, have secured for herself an honourable and permanent place among English writers. She was shy and silent. Her brothers and sisters called her a dunce, and not altogether without some show of reason; for at eight years old she did not know her letters.

In 1760, Mr Burney quitted Lynn for London, and took a house in Poland Street; a situation which had been fashionable in the reign of Queen Anne, but which, since that time, had been deserted by most of its wealthy and noble inhabitants. He afterwards resided in St Martin's Street, on the south side of Leicester Square. His house there is still well known, and will continue to be well known as long as our island retains any trace of civilisation; for it was the dwelling of Newton, and the square turret which distinguishes it from all the surrounding buildings was Newton's observatory.

Mr Burney at once obtained as many pupils of the most respectable description as he had time to attend, and was thus enabled to support his family, modestly indeed, and frugally, but in comfort and independence. His professional merit obtained for him the degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Oxford; and his works on subjects connected with his art gained

for him a place, respectable, though certainly not eminent, among men of letters.

The progress of the mind of Frances Burney, from her ninth to her twenty-fifth year, well deserves to be recorded. When her education had proceeded no further than the horn-book, she lost her mother, and thenceforward she educated herself. Her father appears to have been as bad a father as a very honest, affectionate, and sweet-tempered man can well be. He loved his daughter dearly; but it never seems to have occurred to him that a parent has other duties to perform to children than that of fondling them. It would indeed have been impossible for him to superintend their education himself. His professional engagements occupied him all day. At seven in the morning he began to attend his pupils, and, when London was full, was sometimes employed in teaching till eleven at night. He was often forced to carry in his pocket a tin box of sandwiches, and a bottle of wine and water, on which he dined in a hackney-coach while hurrying from one scholar to another. Two of his daughters he sent to a seminary at Paris; but he imagined that Frances would run some risk of being perverted from the Protestant faith if she were educated in a Catholic country, and he therefore kept her at home. No governess, no teacher of any art or of any language, was provided for her. But one of her sisters showed her how to write; and, before she was fourteen, she began to find pleasure in reading.

It was not, however, by reading that her intellect was formed. Indeed, when her best novels were produced, her knowledge of books was very small. When at the height of her fame, she was unacquainted with the most celebrated works of Voltaire and Molière; and, what seems still more extraordinary, had never heard or seen a line of Churchill, who, when she was a girl, was the most popular of living poets. It is particularly deserving of observation, that she appears to have been by no means a novel-reader. Her father's library was large; and he had admitted into it so many books which rigid moralists generally exclude, that he felt uneasy, as he afterwards owned, when Johnson began to examine the shelves. But in the whole collection there was only a single novel, Fielding's Amelia.

An education, however, which to most girls would have been useless, but which suited Fanny's mind better than elaborate culture, was in constant progress during her passage from childhood to womanhood. The great book of human nature was turned over before her. Her father's social position was very peculiar. He belonged in fortune and station to the middle class. His daughters seem to have been suffered to mix freely with those whom

butlers and waiting-maids call vulgar. We are told that they were in the habit of playing with the children of a wig-maker who lived in the adjoining house. Yet few nobles could assemble in the most stately mansions of Grosvenor Square or St James's Square, a society so various and so brilliant as was sometimes to be found in Dr Burney's cabin. His mind, though not very powerful or capacious, was restlessly active; and, in the intervals of his professional pursuits, he had contrived to lay up much miscellaneous information. His attainments, the suavity of his temper, and the gentle simplicity of his manners, had obtained for him ready admission to the first literary circles. While he was still at Lynn, he had won Johnson's heart by sounding with honest zeal the praises of the English Dictionary. In London the two friends met frequently, and agreed most harmoniously. One tie, indeed, was wanting to their mutual attachment. Burney loved his own art passionately; and Johnson just knew the bell of St Clement's church from the organ. They had, however, many topics in common; and on winter nights their conversations were sometimes prolonged till the fire had gone out, and the candles had burned away to the wicks. Burney's admiration of the powers which had produced Rasselas and The Rambler, bordered on idolatry. He gave a singular proof of this at his first visit to Johnson's ill-furnished garret. The master of the apartment was not at home. The enthusiastic visiter looked about for some relique which he might carry away; but he could see nothing lighter than the chairs and the fire-irons. At last he discovered an old broom, tore some bristles from the stump, wrapped them in silver paper, and departed as happy as Louis IX. when the holy nail of St Denis was found. Johnson, on the other hand, condescended to growl out that Burney was an honest fellow, a man whom it was impossible not to like.

Garrick, too, was a frequent visiter in Poland Street and St Martin's Lane. That wonderful actor loved the society of children, partly from good-nature, and partly from vanity. The ecstasies of mirth and terror which his gestures and play of countenance never failed to produce in a nursery, flattered him quite as much as the applause of mature critics. He often exhibited all his powers of mimicry for the amusement of the little Burneys, awed them by shuddering and crouching as if he saw a ghost, scared them by raving like a maniac in St Luke's, and then at once became an auctioneer, a chimney-sweeper, or an old woman, and made them laugh till the tears ran down their cheeks.

But it would be tedious to recount the names of all the men of letters and artists whom Frances Burney had an opportunity

of seeing and hearing. Colman, Twining, Harris, Baretti, Hawkesworth, Reynolds, Barry, were among those who occasionally surrounded the tea-table and supper-tray at her father's modest dwelling. This was not all. The distinction which Dr Burney had acquired as a musician, and as the historian of music, attracted to his house the most eminent musical performers of that age. The greatest Italian singers who visited England regarded him as the dispenser of fame in their art, and exerted themselves to obtain his suffrage. Pachierotti became his intimate friend. The rapacious Agujari, who sang for nobody else under fifty pounds an air, sang her best for Dr Burney without a fee; and in the company of Dr Burney even the haughty and eccentric Gabrielli constrained herself to behave with civility. It was thus in his power to give, with scarcely any expense, concerts equal to those of the aristocracy. On such occasions the quiet street in which he lived was blocked up by coroneted chariots, and his little drawing-room was crowded with peers, peeresses, ministers, and ambassadors. On one evening, of which we happen to have a full account, there were present Lord Mulgrave, Lord Bruce, Lord and Lady Edgecumbe, Lord Barrington from the War-Office, Lord Sandwich from the Admiralty, Lord Ashburnham, with his gold key dangling from his pocket, and the French Ambassador, M. De Guignes, renowned for his fine person and for his success in gallantry. But the great show of the night was the Russian Ambassador, Count Orloff, whose gigantic figure was all in a blaze with jewels, and in whose demeanour the untamed ferocity of the Scythian might be discerned through a thin varnish of French politeness. As he stalked about the small parlour, brushing the ceiling with his toupee, the girls whispered to each other, with mingled admiration and horror, that he was the favoured lover of his august mistress; that he had borne the chief part in the revolution to which she owed her throne; and that his huge hands, now glittering with diamond rings, had given the last squeeze to the windpipe of her unfortunate husband.

With such illustrious guests as these were mingled all the most remarkable specimens of the race of lions—a kind of game which is hunted in London every spring with more than Meltonian ardour and perseverance. Bruce, who had washed down steaks cut from living oxen with water from the fountains of the Nile, came to swagger and talk about his travels. Omai lisped broken English, and made all the assembled musicians hold their ears by howling Otaheitean love-songs, such as those with which Oberea charmed her Opano.

With the literary and fashionable society which occasionally

met under Dr Burney's roof, Frances can scarcely be said to have mingled. She was not a musician, and could therefore bear no part in the concerts. She was shy almost to awkwardness, and scarcely ever joined in the conversation. The slightest remark from a stranger disconcerted her; and even the old friends of her father who tried to draw her out could seldom extract more than a Yes or a No. Her figure was small, her face not distinguished by beauty. She was therefore suffered to withdraw quietly to the background, and, unobserved herself, to observe all that passed. Her nearest relations were aware that she had good sense, but seem not to have suspected, that under her demure and bashful deportment were concealed a fertile invention and a keen sense of the ridiculous. She had not, it is true, an eye for the fine shades of character. But every marked peculiarity instantly caught her notice and remained engraven on her imagination. Thus, while still a girl, she had laid up such a store of materials for fiction as few of those who mix much in the world are able to accumulate during a long life. She had watched and listened to people of every class, from princes and great officers of state down to artists living in garrets, and poets familiar with subterranean cook-shops. Hundreds of remarkable persons had passed in review before her, English, French, German, Italian, lords and fiddlers, deans of cathedrals and managers of theatres, travellers leading about newly caught savages, and singing women escorted by deputy-husbands.

So strong was the impression made on the mind of Frances by the society which she was in the habit of seeing and hearing, that she began to write little fictitious narratives as soon as she could use her pen with ease, which, as we have said, was not very early. Her sisters were amused by her stories. But Dr Burney knew nothing of their existence; and in another quarter her literary propensities met with serious discouragement. When she was fifteen, her father took a second wife. The new Mrs Burney soon found out that her daughter-in-law was fond of scribbling, and delivered several good-natured lectures on the subject. The advice no doubt was well-meant, and might have been given by the most judicious friend; for at that time, from causes to which we may hereafter advert, nothing could be more disadvantageous to a young lady than to be known as a novel-writer. Frances yielded, relinquished her favourite pursuit, and made a bonfire of all her manuscripts.*

* There is some difficulty here as to the chronology. 'This sacrifice,' says the editor of the Diary, 'was made in the young authoress's fifteenth

She now hemmed and stitched from breakfast to dinner with scrupulous regularity. But the dinners of that time were early; and the afternoon was her own. Though she had given up novel-writing, she was still fond of using her pen. She began to keep a diary, and she corresponded largely with a person who seems to have had the chief share in the formation of her mind. This was Samuel Crisp, an old friend of her father. His name, well known, near a century ago, in the most splendid circles of London, has long been forgotten. His history is, however, so interesting and instructive, that it tempts us to venture on a digression.

Long before Frances Burney was born, Mr Crisp had made his entrance into the world, with every advantage. He was well connected and well educated. His face and figure were conspicuously handsome; his manners were polished; his fortune was easy; his character was without stain; he lived in the best society; he had read much; he talked well; his taste in literature, music, painting, architecture, sculpture, was held in high esteem. Nothing that the world can give seemed to be wanting to his happiness and respectability, except that he should understand the limits of his powers, and should not throw away distinctions which were within his reach in the pursuit of distinctions which were unattainable.

'It is an uncontrolled truth,' says Swift, 'that no man ever 'made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good 'one who mistook them.' Every day brings with it fresh illustrations of this weighty saying; but the best commentary that we remember is the history of Samuel Crisp. Men like him have their proper place, and it is a most important one, in the Commonwealth of Letters. It is by the judgment of such men that the rank of authors is finally determined. It is neither to the multitude, nor to the few who are gifted with great creative genius, that we are to look for sound critical decisions. The multitude, unacquainted with the best models, are captivated by whatever stuns and dazzles them. They deserted Mrs Siddons to run after Master Betty; and they now prefer, we have no doubt, Jack Sheppard to Von Artevelde. A man of great original genius, on the other hand, a man who has attained to mastery in some high walk of art, is by no means to be implicitly

year.' This could not be; for the sacrifice was the effect, according to the editor's own showing, of the remonstrances of the second Mrs Burney; and Frances was in her sixteenth year when her father's second marriage took place.

trusted as a judge of the performances of others. The erroneous decisions pronounced by such men are without number. It is commonly supposed that jealousy makes them unjust. But a more creditable explanation may easily be found. The very excellence of a work shows that some of the faculties of the author have been developed at the expense of the rest; for it is not given to the human intellect to expand itself widely in all directions at once, and to be at the same time gigantic and well-proportioned. Whoever becomes pre-eminent in any art, nay, in any style of art, generally does so by devoting himself with intense and exclusive enthusiasm to the pursuit of one kind of excellence. His perception of other kinds of excellence is therefore too often impaired. Out of his own department he praises and blames at random, and is far less to be trusted than the mere connoisseur, who produces nothing, and whose business is only to judge and enjoy. One painter is distinguished by his exquisite finishing. He toils day after day to bring the veins of a cabbage-leaf, the folds of a lace veil, the wrinkles of an old woman's face, nearer and nearer to perfection. In the time which he employs on a square foot of canvass, a master of a different order covers the walls of a palace with gods burying giants under mountains, or makes the cupola of a church alive with seraphim and martyrs. The more fervent the passion of each of these artists for his art, the higher the merit of each in his own line, the more unlikely it is that they will justly appreciate each other. Many persons who never handled a pencil, probably do far more justice to Michael Angelo than would have been done by Gerhard Douw, and far more justice to Gerhard Douw than would have been done by Michael Angelo.

It is the same with literature. Thousands who have no spark of the genius of Dryden or Wordsworth, do to Dryden the justice which has never been done by Wordsworth, and to Wordsworth the justice which, we suspect, would never have been done by Dryden. Gray, Johnson, Richardson, Fielding, are all highly esteemed by the great body of intelligent and well-informed men. But Gray could see no merit in Rasselas; and Johnson could see no merit in the Bard. Fielding thought Richardson a solemn prig; and Richardson perpetually expressed contempt and disgust for Fielding's lowness.

Mr Crisp seems, as far as we can judge, to have been a man eminently qualified for the useful office of a connoisseur. His talents and knowledge fitted him to appreciate justly almost every species of intellectual superiority. As an adviser he was inesti-

able. Nay, he might probably have held a respectable rank as a writer, if he would have confined himself to some department of literature in which nothing more than sense, taste, and reading was required. Unhappily he set his heart on being a great poet, wrote a tragedy in five acts on the death of Virginia, and offered it to Garrick, who was his personal friend. Garrick read, shook his head, and expressed a doubt whether it would be wise in Mr Crisp to stake a reputation which stood high on the success of such a piece. But the author, blinded by self-love, set in motion a machinery such as none could long resist. His intercessors were the most eloquent man and the most lovely woman of that generation. Pitt was induced to read Virginia, and to pronounce it excellent. Lady Coventry, with fingers which might have furnished a model to sculptors, forced the manuscript into the reluctant hand of the manager; and, in the year 1754, the play was brought forward.

Nothing that skill or friendship could do was omitted. Garrick wrote both prologue and epilogue. The zealous friends of the author filled every box; and, by their strenuous exertions, the life of the play was prolonged during ten nights. But, though there was no clamorous reprobation, it was universally felt that the attempt had failed. When Virginia was printed, the public disappointment was even greater than at the representation. The critics, the Monthly Reviewers in particular, fell on plot, characters, and diction without mercy, but, we fear, not without justice. We have never met with a copy of the play; but, if we may judge from the lines which are extracted in the Gentleman's Magazine, and which do not appear to have been malevolently selected, we should say that nothing but the acting of Garrick, and the partiality of the audience, could have saved so feeble and unnatural a drama from instant damnation.

The ambition of the poet was still unsubdued. When the London season closed, he applied himself vigorously to the work of removing blemishes. He does not seem to have suspected, what we are strongly inclined to suspect, that the whole piece was one blemish, and that the passages which were meant to be fine, were, in truth, bursts of that tame extravagance into which writers fall, when they set themselves to be sublime and pathetic in spite of nature. He omitted, added, retouched, and flattered himself with hopes of a complete success in the following year; but, in the following year, Garrick showed no disposition to bring the amended tragedy on the stage. Solicitation and remonstrance were tried in vain. Lady Coventry, drooping

under that malady which seems ever to select what is loveliest for its prey, could render no assistance. The manager's language was civilly evasive; but his resolution was inflexible.

Crisp had committed a great error; but he had escaped with a very slight penance. His play had not been hooted from the boards. It had, on the contrary, been better received than many very estimable performances have been—than Johnson's Irene, for example, and Goldsmith's Good-Natured Man. Had Crisp been wise, he would have thought himself happy in having purchased self-knowledge so cheap. He would have relinquished without vain repinings the hope of poetical distinction, and would have turned to the many sources of happiness which he still possessed. Had he been, on the other hand, an unfeeling and unblushing dunce, he would have gone on writing scores of bad tragedies in defiance of censure and derision. But he had too much sense to risk a second defeat, yet too little to bear his first defeat like a man. The fatal delusion that he was a great dramatist, had taken firm possession of his mind. His failure he attributed to every cause except the true one. He complained of the ill-will of Garrick, who appears to have done every thing that ability and zeal could do; and who, from selfish motives, would, of course, have been well pleased if Virginia had been as successful as the Beggar's Opera. Nay, Crisp complained of the languor of the friends whose partiality had given him three benefit-nights to which he had no claim. He complained of the injustice of the spectators, when, in truth, he ought to have been grateful for their unexampled patience. He lost his temper and spirits, and became a cynic and a hater of mankind. From London he retired to Hampton, and from Hampton to a solitary and long-deserted mansion, built on a common in one of the wildest tracts of Surrey. No road, not even a sheep-walk, connected his lonely dwelling with the abodes of men. The place of his retreat was strictly concealed from his old associates. In the spring he sometimes emerged, and was seen at exhibitions and concerts in London. But he soon disappeared, and hid himself, with no society but his books, in his dreary hermitage. He survived his failure about thirty years. A new generation sprang up around him. No memory of his bad verses remained among men. How completely the world had lost sight of him, will appear from a single circumstance. We looked for his name in a copious Dictionary of Dramatic Authors published while he was still alive, and we found only that Mr Samuel Crisp, of the Custom-house, had written a play called Virginia, acted in 1754. To the last, however, the unhappy man continued to brood over the injustice of the manager and the pit, and tried to convince himself and

others that he had missed the highest literary honours, only because he had omitted some fine passages in compliance with Garrick's judgment. Alas, for human nature! that the wounds of vanity should smart and bleed so much longer than the wounds of affection! Few people, we believe, whose nearest friends and relations died in 1754, had any acute feeling of the loss in 1782. Dear sisters and favourite daughters, and brides snatched away before the honeymoon was passed, had been forgotten, or were remembered only with a tranquil regret. But Samuel Crisp was still mourning for his tragedy, like Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted. 'Never,' such was his language twenty-eight years after his disaster, 'never give up or alter a tittle unless it perfectly coincides with 'your own inward feelings. I can say this to my sorrow and 'my cost. But, mum!' Soon after these words were written, his life—a life which might have been eminently useful and happy—ended in the same gloom in which, during more than a quarter of a century, it had been passed. We have thought it worth while to rescue from oblivion this curious fragment of literary history. It seems to us at once ludicrous, melancholy, and full of instruction.

Crisp was an old and very intimate friend of the Burneys. To them alone was confided the name of the desolate old hall in which he hid himself like a wild beast in a den. For them were reserved such remains of his humanity as had survived the failure of his play. Frances Burney he regarded as his daughter. He called her his Fannikin, and she in return called him her dear Daddy. In truth, he seems to have done much more than her real father for the development of her intellect; for though he was a bad poet, he was a scholar, a thinker, and an excellent counsellor. He was particularly fond of Dr Burney's concerts. They had, indeed, been commenced at his suggestion, and when he visited London he constantly attended them. But when he grew old, and when gout, brought on partly by mental irritation, confined him to his retreat, he was desirous of having a glimpse of that gay and brilliant world from which he was exiled, and he pressed Fannikin to send him full accounts of her father's evening parties. A few of her letters to him have been published; and it is impossible to read them without discerning in them all the powers which afterwards produced Evelina and Cecilia, the quickness in catching every odd peculiarity of character and manner, the skill in grouping, the humour, often richly comic, sometimes even farcical.

Fanny's propensity to novel-writing had for a time been kept down. It now rose up stronger than ever. The heroes and heroines

of the tales which had perished in the flames, were still present to the eye of her mind. One favourite story, in particular, haunted her imagination. It was about a certain Caroline Evelyn, a beautiful damsel who made an unfortunate love match, and died, leaving an infant daughter. Frances began to image to herself the various scenes, tragic and comic, through which the poor motherless girl, highly connected on one side, meanly connected on the other, might have to pass. A crowd of unreal beings, good and bad, grave and ludicrous, surrounded the pretty, timid, young orphan; a coarse sea-captain; an ugly insolent fop, blazing in a superb court-dress; another fop, as ugly and as insolent, but lodged on Snow-Hill, and tricked out in second-hand finery for the Hampstead ball; an old woman, all wrinkles and rouge, flirting her fan with the air of a Miss of seventeen, and screaming in a dialect made up of vulgar French and vulgar English; a poet lean and ragged, with a broad Scotch accent. By degrees these shadows acquired stronger and stronger consistence: the impulse which urged Frances to write became irresistible; and the result was the history of Evelina.

Then came, naturally enough, a wish, mingled with many fears, to appear before the public; for, timid as Frances was, and bashful, and altogether unaccustomed to hear her own praises, it is clear that she wanted neither a strong passion for distinction, nor a just confidence in her own powers. Her scheme was to become, if possible, a candidate for fame without running any risk of disgrace. She had not money to bear the expense of printing. It was therefore necessary that some bookseller should be induced to take the risk; and such a bookseller was not readily found. Dodsley refused even to look at the manuscript unless he were trusted with the name of the author. A publisher in Fleet Street, named Lowndes, was more complaisant. Some correspondence took place between this person and Miss Burney, who took the name of Grafton, and desired that the letters addressed to her might be left at the Orange Coffee-House. But, before the bargain was finally struck, Fanny thought it her duty to obtain her father's consent. She told him that she had written a book, that she wished to have his permission to publish it anonymously, but that she hoped that he would not insist upon seeing it. What followed may serve to illustrate what we meant when we said that Dr Burney was as bad a father as so good-hearted a man could possibly be. It never seems to have crossed his mind that Fanny was about to take a step on which the whole happiness of her life might depend, a step which might raise her to an honourable eminence, or cover her with ridicule and contempt.

Several people had already been trusted, and strict concealment was therefore not to be expected. On so grave an occasion, it was surely his duty to give his best counsel to his daughter, to win her confidence, to prevent her from exposing herself if her book were a bad one, and, if it were a good one, to see that the terms which she made with the publisher were likely to be beneficial to her. Instead of this, he only stared, burst out a laughing, kissed her, gave her leave to do as she liked, and never even asked the name of her work. The contract with Lowndes was speedily concluded. Twenty pounds were given for the copyright, and were accepted by Fanny with delight. Her father's inexcusable neglect of his duty, happily caused her no worse evil than the loss of twelve or fifteen hundred pounds.

After many delays Evelina appeared in January 1778. Poor Fanny was sick with terror, and durst hardly stir out of doors. Some days passed before any thing was heard of the book. It had, indeed, nothing but its own merits to push it into public favour. Its author was unknown. The house by which it was published, was not, we believe, held in high estimation. No body of partisans had been engaged to applaud. The better class of readers expected little from a novel about a young lady's entrance into the world. There was, indeed, at that time a disposition among the most respectable people to condemn novels generally: nor was this disposition by any means without excuse; for works of that sort were then almost always silly, and very frequently wicked.

Soon, however, the first faint accents of praise began to be heard. The keepers of the circulating libraries reported that every body was asking for Evelina, and that some person had guessed Anstey to be the author. Then came a favourable notice in the London Review; then another still more favourable in the Monthly. And now the book found its way to tables which had seldom been polluted by marble-covered volumes. Scholars and statesmen who contemptuously abandoned the crowd of romances to Miss Lydia Languish and Miss Sukey Saunter, were not ashamed to own that they could not tear themselves away from Evelina. Fine carriages and rich liveries, not often seen east of Temple Bar, were attracted to the publisher's shop in Fleet Street. Lowndes was daily questioned about the author; but was himself as much in the dark as any of the questioners. The mystery, however, could not remain a mystery long. It was known to brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins: and they were far too proud and too happy to be discreet. Dr Burney wept over the book in rapture. Daddy Crisp shook his

fist at his Fannikin in affectionate anger at not having been admitted to her confidence. The truth was whispered to Mrs Thrale; and then it began to spread fast.

The book had been admired while it was ascribed to men of letters long conversant with the world, and accustomed to composition. But when it was known that a reserved, silent young woman had produced the best work of fiction that had appeared since the death of Smollett, the acclamations were redoubled. What she had done was, indeed, extraordinary. But, as usual, various reports improved the story till it became miraculous. Evelina, it was said, was the work of a girl of seventeen. Incredible as this tale was, it continued to be repeated down to our own time. Frances was too honest to confirm it. Probably she was too much a woman to contradict it; and it was long before any of her detractors thought of this mode of annoyance. Yet there was no want of low minds and bad hearts in the generation which witnessed her first appearance. There was the envious Kenrick and the savage Wolcot, the asp George Steevens and the polecat John Williams. It did not, however, occur to them to search the parish-register of Lynn, in order that they might be able to twit a lady with having concealed her age. That truly chivalrous exploit was reserved for a bad writer of our own time, whose spite she had provoked by not furnishing him with materials for a worthless edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, some sheets of which our readers have doubtless seen round parcels of better books.

But we must return to our story. The triumph was complete. The timid and obscure girl found herself on the highest pinnacle of fame. Great men, on whom she had gazed at a distance with humble reverence, addressed her with admiration, tempered by the tenderness due to her sex and age. Burke, Windham, Gibbon, Reynolds, Sheridan, were among her most ardent eulogists. Cumberland acknowledged her merit, after his fashion, by biting his lips and wriggling in his chair whenever her name was mentioned. But it was at Streatham that she tasted, in the highest perfection, the sweets of flattery, mingled with the sweets of friendship. Mrs Thrale, then at the height of prosperity and popularity—with gay spirits, quick wit, showy though superficial acquirements, pleasing though not refined manners, a singularly amiable temper, and a loving heart—felt towards Fanny as towards a younger sister. With the Thrales Johnson was domesticated. He was an old friend of Dr Burney; but he had probably taken little notice of Dr Burney's daughters, and Fanny, we imagine, had never in her life dared to speak to him, unless to ask whether

he wanted a nineteenth or a twentieth cup of tea. He was charmed by her tale, and preferred it to the novels of Fielding, to whom, indeed, he had always been grossly unjust. He did not, indeed, carry his partiality so far as to place Evelina by the side of Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison; yet he said that his little favourite had done enough to have made even Richardson feel uneasy. With Johnson's cordial approbation of the book was mingled a fondness, half gallant half paternal, for the writer; and this fondness his age and character entitled him to show without restraint. He began by putting her hand to his lips. But soon he clasped her in his huge arms, and implored her to be a good girl. She was his pet, his dear love, his dear little Burney, his little character-monger. At one time, he broke forth in praise of the good taste of her caps. At another time, he insisted on teaching her Latin. That, with all his coarseness and irritability, he was a man of sterling benevolence, has long been acknowledged. But how gentle and endearing his deportment could be, was not known till the Recollections of Madame D'Arblay were published.

We have mentioned a few of the most eminent of those who paid their homage to the author of Evelina. The crowd of inferior admirers would require a catalogue as long as that in the second book of the Iliad. In that catalogue would be Mrs Cholmondeley, the sayer of odd things, and Seward, much given to yawning, and Baretti, who slew the man in the Haymarket, and Paoli, talking broken English, and Langton, taller by the head than any other member of the club, and Lady Millar, who kept a vase wherein fools were wont to put bad verses, and Jerningham, who wrote verses fit to be put into the vase of Lady Millar, and Dr Franklin—not, as some have dreamed, the great Pennsylvanian Dr Franklin, who could not then have paid his respects to Miss Burney without much risk of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, but Dr Franklin the less—

Αἴας
μείων, οὔτι τόσος γε ὅσος Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
ἀλλὰ πολὺ μείων

It would not have been surprising if such success had turned even a strong head, and corrupted even a generous and affectionate nature. But, in the Diary, we can find no trace of any feeling inconsistent with a truly modest and amiable disposition. There is, indeed, abundant proof that Frances enjoyed, with an intense, though a troubled, joy, the honours which her genius

had won; but it is equally clear that her happiness sprang from the happiness of her father, her sister, and her dear Daddy Crisp. While flattered by the great, the opulent, and the learned, while followed along the Steyne at Brighton and the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells by the gaze of admiring crowds, her heart seems to have been still with the little domestic circle in St Martin's Street. If she recorded with minute diligence all the compliments, delicate and coarse, which she heard wherever she turned, she recorded them for the eyes of two or three persons who had loved her from infancy, who had loved her in obscurity, and to whom her fame gave the purest and most exquisite delight. Nothing can be more unjust than to confound these outpourings of a kind heart, sure of perfect sympathy, with the egotism of a blue-stocking, who prates to all who come near her about her own novel or her own volume of sonnets.

It was natural that the triumphant issue of Miss Burney's first venture should tempt her to try a second. Evelina, though it had raised her fame, had added nothing to her fortune. Some of her friends urged her to write for the stage. Johnson promised to give her his advice as to the composition. Murphy, who was supposed to understand the temper of the pit as well as any man of his time, undertook to instruct her as to stage-effect. Sheridan declared that he would accept a play from her without even reading it. Thus encouraged she wrote a comedy named The Witlings. Fortunately it was never acted or printed. We can, we think, easily perceive from the little which is said on the subject in the Diary, that The Witlings would have been damned, and that Murphy and Sheridan thought so, though they were too polite to say so. Happily Frances had a friend who was not afraid to give her pain. Crisp, wiser for her than he had been for himself, read the manuscript in his lonely retreat, and manfully told her that she had failed, that to remove blemishes here and there would be useless, that the piece had abundance of wit but no interest, that it was bad as a whole, that it would remind every reader of the *Femmes Savantes*, which, strange to say, she had never read, and that she could not sustain so close a comparison with Molière. This opinion, in which Dr Burney concurred, was sent to Frances in what she called 'a hissing, groaning, cat-calling epistle.' But she had too much sense not to know that it was better to be hissed and cat-called by her Daddy than by a whole sea of heads in the pit of Drury-Lane Theatre; and she had too good a heart not to be grateful for so rare an act of friendship. She returned an answer which shows how well she deserved to have a judicious, faithful, and affectionate adviser. 'I intend,' she wrote, 'to

'console myself for your censure by this greatest proof I have 'ever received of the sincerity, candour, and, let me add, esteem, 'of my dear daddy. And as I happen to love myself rather 'more than my play, this consolation is not a very trifling one. 'This, however, seriously I do believe, that when my two dad-'dies put their heads together to concert that hissing, groaning, 'cat-calling epistle they sent me, they felt as sorry for poor little 'Miss Bayes as she could possibly do for herself. You see I 'do not attempt to repay your frankness with the air of pre-'tended carelessness. But, though somewhat disconcerted just 'now, I will promise not to let my vexation live out another 'day. Adieu, my dear daddy! I won't be mortified, and I 'won't be *downed;* but I will be proud to find I have, out of 'my own family, as well as in it, a friend who loves me well 'enough to speak plain truth to me.'

Frances now turned from her dramatic schemes to an undertaking far better suited to her talents. She determined to write a new tale, on a plan excellently contrived for the display of the powers in which her superiority to other writers lay. It was in truth a grand and various picture-gallery, which presented to the eye a long series of men and women, each marked by some strong peculiar feature. There were avarice and prodigality, the pride of blood and the pride of money, morbid restlessness and morbid apathy, frivolous garrulity, supercilious silence, a Democritus to laugh at every thing, and a Heraclitus to lament over every thing. The work proceeded fast, and in twelve months was completed. It wanted something of the simplicity which had been among the most attractive charms of Evelina; but it furnished ample proof that the four years which had elapsed since Evelina appeared, had not been unprofitably spent. Those who saw Cecilia in manuscript pronounced it the best novel of the age. Mrs Thrale laughed and wept over it. Crisp was even vehement in applause, and offered to insure the rapid and complete success of the book for half a crown. What Miss Burney received for the copyright is not mentioned in the Diary; but we have observed several expressions from which we infer that the sum was considerable. That the sale would be great nobody could doubt; and Frances now had shrewd and experienced advisers, who would not suffer her to wrong herself. We have been told that the publishers gave her two thousand pounds, and we have no doubt that they might have given a still larger sum without being losers.

Cecilia was published in the summer of 1782. The curiosity of the town was intense. We have been informed by persons who remember those days, that no romance of Sir Walter Scott

was more impatiently awaited, or more eagerly snatched from the counters of the booksellers. High as public expectation was, it was amply satisfied; and Cecilia was placed, by general acclamation, among the classical novels of England.

Miss Burney was now thirty. Her youth had been singularly prosperous; but clouds soon began to gather over that clear and radiant dawn. Events deeply painful to a heart so kind as that of Frances, followed each other in rapid succession. She was first called upon to attend the death-bed of her best friend, Samuel Crisp. When she returned to St Martin's Street, after performing this melancholy duty, she was appalled by hearing that Johnson had been struck with paralysis; and, not many months later, she parted from him for the last time with solemn tenderness. He wished to look on her once more; and on the day before his death she long remained in tears on the stairs leading to his bedroom, in the hope that she might be called in to receive his blessing. But he was then sinking fast, and, though he sent her an affectionate message, was unable to see her. But this was not the worst. There are separations far more cruel than those which are made by death. Frances might weep with proud affection for Crisp and Johnson. She had to blush as well as to weep for Mrs Thrale.

Life, however, still smiled upon her. Domestic happiness, friendship, independence, leisure, letters, all these things were hers; and she flung them all away.

Among the distinguished persons to whom Miss Burney had been introduced, none appears to have stood higher in her regard than Mrs Delany. This lady was an interesting and venerable relique of a past age. She was the niece of George Granville Lord Lansdowne, who, in his youth, exchanged verses and compliments with Edmund Waller, and who was among the first to applaud the opening talents of Pope. She had married Dr Delany, a man known to his contemporaries as a profound scholar and an eloquent preacher, but remembered in our time chiefly as one of the small circle in which the fierce spirit of Swift, tortured by disappointed ambition, by remorse, and by the approaches of madness, sought for amusement and repose. Doctor Delany had long been dead. His widow, nobly descended, eminently accomplished, and retaining, in spite of the infirmities of advanced age, the vigour of her faculties and the serenity of her temper, enjoyed and deserved the favour of the royal family. She had a pension of three hundred a-year; and a house at Windsor, belonging to the crown, had been fitted up for her accommodation. At this house the King and Queen sometimes called, and found a very natural pleasure in thus

catching an occasional glimpse of the private life of English families.

In December 1785, Miss Burney was on a visit to Mrs Delany at Windsor. The dinner was over. The old lady was taking a nap. Her grand-niece, a little girl of seven, was playing at some Christmas game with the visiters, when the door opened, and a stout gentleman entered unannounced, with a star on his breast, and 'What? what? what?' in his mouth. A cry of 'The King' was set up. A general scampering followed. Miss Burney owns that she could not have been more terrified if she had seen a ghost. But Mrs Delany came forward to pay her duty to her royal friend, and the disturbance was quieted. Frances was then presented, and underwent a long examination and cross-examination about all that she had written and all that she meant to write. The Queen soon made her appearance, and his Majesty repeated, for the benefit of his consort, the information which he had extracted from Miss Burney. The good-nature of the royal pair might have softened even the authors of the Probationary Odes, and could not but be delightful to a young lady who had been brought up a Tory. In a few days the visit was repeated. Miss Burney was more at ease than before. His Majesty, instead of seeking for information, condescended to impart it, and passed sentence on many great writers, English and foreign. Voltaire he pronounced a monster. Rousseau he liked rather better. 'But 'was there ever,' he cried, 'such stuff as great part of Shak'speare? Only one must not say so. But what think you? 'What? Is there not sad stuff? What? What?'

The next day Frances enjoyed the privilege of listening to some equally valuable criticism uttered by the Queen touching Goethe and Klopstock, and might have learned an important lesson of economy from the mode in which her Majesty's library had been formed. 'I picked the book up on a stall,' said the Queen. 'Oh, it is amazing what good books there are on stalls!' Mrs Delany, who seems to have understood from these words that her Majesty was in the habit of exploring the booths of Moorfields and Holywell Street in person, could not suppress an exclamation of surprise. 'Why,' said the Queen, 'I don't 'pick them up myself. But I have a servant very clever; and, 'if they are not to be had at the booksellers, they are not for 'me more than for another.' Miss Burney describes this conversation as delightful; and, indeed, we cannot wonder that, with her literary tastes, she should be delighted at hearing in how magnificent a manner the greatest lady in the land encouraged literature.

The truth is, that Frances was fascinated by the condescending kindness of the two great personages to whom she had been presented. Her father was even more infatuated than herself. The result was a step of which we cannot think with patience, but which, recorded as it is, with all its consequences, in these volumes, deserves at least this praise, that it has furnished a most impressive warning.

A German lady of the name of Haggerdorn, one of the keepers of the Queen's robes, retired about this time; and her Majesty offered the vacant post to Miss Burney. When we consider that Miss Burney was decidedly the most popular writer of fictitious narrative then living, that competence, if not opulence, was within her reach, and that she was more than usually happy in her domestic circle, and when we compare the sacrifice which she was invited to make with the remuneration which was held out to her, we are divided between laughter and indignation.

What was demanded of her was, that she should consent to be almost as completely separated from her family and friends as if she had gone to Calcutta, and almost as close a prisoner as if she had been sent to jail for a libel; that with talents which had instructed and delighted the highest living minds, she should now be employed only in mixing snuff and sticking pins; that she should be summoned by a waiting-woman's bell to a waiting-woman's duties; that she should pass her whole life under the restraints of a paltry etiquette, should sometimes fast till she was ready to swoon with hunger, should sometimes stand till her knees gave way with fatigue; that she should not dare to speak or move without considering how her mistress might like her words and gestures. Instead of those distinguished men and women, the flower of all political parties, with whom she had been in the habit of mixing on terms of equal friendship, she was to have for her perpetual companion the chief keeper of the robes, an old hag from Germany, of mean understanding, of insolent manners, and of temper which, naturally savage, had now been exasperated by disease. Now and then, indeed, poor Frances might console herself for the loss of Burke's and Windham's society, by joining in the 'celestial colloquy sublime' of his Majesty's Equerries.

And what was the consideration for which she was to sell herself into this slavery? A peerage in her own right? A pension of two thousand a-year for life? A seventy-four for her brother in the navy? A deanery for her brother in the Church? Not so. The price at which she was valued was her board, her lodging, the attendance of a man-servant, and two hundred pounds a-year.

The man who, even when hard pressed by hunger, sells his

birthright for a mess of pottage, is unwise. But what shall we say of him who parts with his birthright, and does not get even the pottage in return? It is not necessary to enquire whether opulence be an adequate compensation for the sacrifice of bodily and mental freedom; for Frances Burney paid for leave to be a prisoner and a menial. It was evidently understood as one of the terms of her engagement, that, while she was a member of the royal household, she was not to appear before the public as an author: and, even had there been no such understanding, her avocations were such as left her no leisure for any considerable intellectual effort. That her place was incompatible with her literary pursuits, was indeed frankly acknowledged by the King when she resigned. 'She has given up,' he said, 'five years of her pen.' That during those five years she might, without painful exertion—without any exertion that would not have been a pleasure—have earned enough to buy an annuity for life much larger than the precarious salary which she received at court, is quite certain. The same income, too, which in St Martin's Street would have afforded her every comfort, must have been found scanty at St James's. We cannot venture to speak confidently of the price of millinery and jewellery; but we are greatly deceived if a lady who had to attend Queen Charlotte on many public occasions, could possibly save a farthing out of a salary of two hundred a-year. The principle of the arrangement was, in short, simply this, that Frances Burney should become a slave, and should be rewarded by being made a beggar.

With what object their Majesties brought her to their palace, we must own ourselves unable to conceive. Their object could not be to encourage her literary exertions; for they took her from a situation in which it was almost certain that she would write, and put her into a situation in which it was impossible for her to write. Their object could not be to promote her pecuniary interest; for they took her from a situation where she was likely to become rich, and put her into a situation in which she could not but continue poor. Their object could not be to obtain an eminently useful waiting-maid; for it is clear that, though Miss Burney was the only woman of her time who could have described the death of Harrel, thousands might have been found more expert in tying ribands and filling snuff-boxes. To grant her a pension on the civil list would have been an act of judicious liberality, honourable to the court. If this was impracticable, the next best thing was to let her alone. That the King and Queen meant her nothing but kindness, we do not in the least doubt. But their kindness was the kindness of persons raised high above the mass of mankind, accustomed to be addressed with profound deference, accus-

tomed to see all who approach them mortified by their coldness and elated by their smiles. They fancied that to be noticed by them, to be near them, to serve them, was in itself a kind of happiness; and that Frances Burney ought to be full of gratitude for being permitted to purchase, by the surrender of health, wealth, freedom, domestic affection, and literary fame, the privilege of standing behind a royal chair, and holding a pair of royal gloves.

And who can blame them? Who can wonder that Princes should be under such a delusion, when they are encouraged in it by the very persons who suffer from it most cruelly? Was it to be expected that George the Third and Queen Charlotte should understand the interest of Frances Burney better, or promote it with more zeal, than herself and her father? No deception was practised. The conditions of the house of bondage were set forth with all simplicity. The hook was presented without a bait; the net was spread in sight of the bird. And the naked hook was greedily swallowed; and the silly bird made haste to entangle herself in the net.

It is not strange indeed that an invitation to court should have caused a fluttering in the bosom of an inexperienced woman. But it was the duty of the parent to watch over the child, and to show her that on the one side were only infantine vanities and chimerical hopes, on the other liberty, peace of mind, affluence, social enjoyments, honourable distinctions. Strange to say, the only hesitation was on the part of Frances. Dr Burney was transported out of himself with delight. Not such are the raptures of a Circassian father who has sold his pretty daughter well to a Turkish slave-merchant. Yet Dr Burney was an amiable man, a man of good abilities, a man who had seen much of the world. But he seems to have thought that going to court was like going to heaven; that to see Princes and Princesses was a kind of beatific vision; that the exquisite felicity enjoyed by royal persons was not confined to themselves, but was communicated by some mysterious efflux or reflection to all who were suffered to stand at their toilettes, or to bear their trains. He overruled all his daughter's objections, and himself escorted her to her prison. The door closed. The key was turned. She, looking back with tender regret on all that she had left, and forward with anxiety and terror to the new life on which she was entering, was unable to speak or stand; and he went on his way homeward rejoicing in her marvellous prosperity.

And now began a slavery of five years, of five years taken from the best part of life, and wasted in menial drudgery or in recreations duller than even menial drudgery, under galling restraints and amidst unfriendly or uninteresting companions. The

history of an ordinary day was this: Miss Burney had to rise and dress herself early, that she might be ready to answer the royal bell, which rang at half after seven. Till about eight she attended in the Queen's dressing-room, and had the honour of lacing her august mistress's stays, and of putting on the hoop, gown, and neck-handkerchief. The morning was chiefly spent in rummaging drawers and laying fine clothes in their proper places. Then the Queen was to be powdered and dressed for the day. Twice a week her majesty's hair was curled and craped; and this operation appears to have added a full hour to the business of the toilette. It was generally three before Miss Burney was at liberty. Then she had two hours at her own disposal. To these hours we owe great part of her Diary. At five she had to attend her colleague, Madame Schwellenberg, a hateful old toad-eater, as illiterate as a chambermaid, as proud as a whole German Chapter, rude, peevish, unable to bear solitude, unable to conduct herself with common decency in society. With this delightful associate Frances Burney had to dine, and pass the evening. The pair generally remained together from five to eleven; and often had no other company the whole time, except during the hour from eight to nine, when the Equerries came to tea. If poor Frances attempted to escape to her own apartment, and to forget her wretchedness over a book, the execrable old woman railed and stormed, and complained that she was neglected. Yet, when Frances stayed, she was constantly assailed with insolent reproaches. Literary fame was, in the eyes of the German crone, a blemish, a proof that the person who enjoyed it was meanly born, and out of the pale of good society. All her scanty stock of broken English was employed to express the contempt with which she regarded the author of Evelina and Cecilia. Frances detested cards, and indeed knew nothing about them; but she soon found that the least miserable way of passing an evening with Madame Schwellenberg was at the card-table, and consented, with patient sadness, to give hours, which might have called forth the laughter and the tears of many generations, to the king of clubs and the knave of spades. Between eleven and twelve the bell rang again. Miss Burney had to pass twenty minutes or half an hour in undressing the Queen, and was then at liberty to retire, and dream that she was chatting with her brother by the quiet hearth in St Martin's Street, that she was the centre of an admiring assemblage at Mrs Crewe's, that Burke was calling her the first woman of the age, or that Dilly was giving her a cheque for two thousand guineas.

Men, we must suppose, are less patient than women; for we are utterly at a loss to conceive how any human being could

endure such a life, while there remained a vacant garret in Grub Street, a crossing in want of a sweeper, a parish workhouse, or a parish vault. And it was for such a life that Frances Burney had given up liberty and peace, a happy fireside, attached friends, a wide and splendid circle of acquaintance, intellectual pursuits in which she was qualified to excel, and the sure hope of what to her would have been affluence.

There is nothing new under the sun. The last great master of Attic eloquence and Attic wit, has left us a forcible and touching description of the misery of a man of letters, who, lured by hopes similar to those of Frances, had entered the service of one of the magnates of Rome:—'Unhappy that I am,' cries the victim of his own childish ambition, 'would nothing content 'me but that I must leave mine old pursuits and mine old com- 'panions, and the life which was without care, and the sleep 'which had no limit save mine own pleasure, and the walks 'which I was free to take where I listed, and fling myself into 'the lowest pit of a dungeon like this? And, O God! for 'what? Is this the bait which enticed me? Was there no way 'by which I might have enjoyed in freedom comforts even 'greater than those which I now earn by servitude? Like a 'lion which has been made so tame that men may lead him about 'with a thread, I am dragged up and down, with broken and 'humbled spirit, at the heels of those to whom, in mine own do- 'main, I should have been an object of awe and wonder. And, 'worst of all, I feel that here I gain no credit, that here I give 'no pleasure. The talents and accomplishments, which charmed 'a far different circle, are here out of place. I am rude in the arts 'of palaces, and can ill bear comparison with those whose calling, 'from their youth up, has been to flatter and to sue. Have I 'then, two lives, that, after I have wasted one in the service of 'others, there may yet remain to me a second, which I may live 'unto myself?'

Now and then, indeed, events occurred which disturbed the wretched monotony of Frances Burney's life. The court moved from Kew to Windsor, and from Windsor back to Kew. One dull colonel went out of waiting, and another dull colonel came into waiting. An impertinent servant made a blunder about tea, and caused a misunderstanding between the gentlemen and the ladies. A half-witted French Protestant minister talked oddly about conjugal fidelity. An unlucky member of the household mentioned a passage in the Morning Herald reflecting on the Queen, and forthwith Madame Schwellenberg began to storm in bad English, and told him that he made her 'what you call perspire!'

A more important occurrence was the royal visit to Oxford. Miss Burney went in the Queen's train to Nuneham, was utterly neglected there in the crowd, and could with difficulty find a servant to show the way to her bed-room, or a hairdresser to arrange her curls. She had the honour of entering Oxford in the last of a long string of carriages which formed the royal procession, of walking after the Queen all day through refectories and chapels, and of standing, half-dead with fatigue and hunger, while her august mistress was seated at an excellent cold collation. At Magdalene College, Frances was left for a moment in a parlour, where she sank down on a chair. A good-natured Equerry saw that she was exhausted, and shared with her some apricots and bread, which he had wisely put into his pockets. At that moment the door opened; the Queen entered; the wearied attendants sprang up; the bread and fruit were hastily concealed. 'I found,' says poor Miss Burney, 'that our appe-'tites were to be supposed annihilated, at the same moment that 'our strength was to be invincible.'

Yet Oxford, seen even under such disadvantages, 'revived in 'her,' to use her own words, 'a consciousness to pleasure which 'had long lain nearly dormant.' She forgot, during one moment, that she was a waiting-maid, and felt as a woman of true genius might be expected to feel amidst venerable remains of antiquity, beautiful works of art, vast repositories of knowledge, and memorials of the illustrious dead. Had she still been what she was before her father induced her to take the most fatal step of her life, we can easily imagine what pleasure she would have derived from a visit to the noblest of English cities. She might, indeed, have been forced to travel in a hack-chaise, and might not have worn so fine a gown of Chambery gauze as that in which she tottered after the royal party; but with what delight would she have then paced the cloisters of Magdalene, compared the antique gloom of Merton with the splendour of Christ Church, and looked down from the dome of the Radcliffe Library on the magnificent sea of turrets and battlements below! How gladly would learned men have laid aside for a few hours Pindar's Odes and Aristotle's Ethics, to escort the author of Cecilia from college to college? What neat little banquets would she have found set out in their monastic cells? With what eagerness would pictures, medals, and illuminated missals have been brought forth from the most mysterious cabinets for her amusement? How much she would have had to hear and to tell about Johnson as she walked over Pembroke, and about Reynolds in the ante-chapel of New College! But these indulgences were not for one who had sold herself into bondage.

About eighteen months after the visit to Oxford, another event diversified the wearisome life which Frances led at court. Warren Hastings was brought to the bar of the House of Peers. The Queen and Princesses were present when the trial commenced, and Miss Burney was permitted to attend. During the subsequent proceedings a day-rule for the same purpose was occasionally granted to her; for the Queen took the strongest interest in the trial, and, when she could not go herself to Westminster Hall, liked to receive a report of what passed from a person who had singular powers of observation, and who was, moreover, personally acquainted with some of the most distinguished managers. The portion of the Diary which relates to this celebrated proceeding is lively and picturesque. Yet we read it, we own, with pain; for it seems to us to prove that the fine understanding of Frances Burney was beginning to feel the pernicious influence of a mode of life which is as incompatible with health of mind as the air of the Pomptine marshes with health of body. From the first day she espouses the cause of Hastings with a presumptuous vehemence and acrimony quite inconsistent with the modesty and suavity of her ordinary deportment. She shudders when Burke enters the Hall at the head of the Commons. She pronounces him the cruel oppressor of an innocent man. She is at a loss to conceive how the managers can look at the defendant, and not blush. Windham comes to her from the manager's box, to offer her refreshment. 'But,' says she, 'I could not break 'bread with him.' Then, again, she exclaims—'Ah, Mr Windham, 'how came you ever engaged in so cruel, so unjust a cause?' 'Mr 'Burke saw me,' she says, 'and he bowed with the most marked 'civility of manner.' This, be it observed, was just after his opening speech, a speech which had produced a mighty effect, and which certainly no other orator that ever lived could have made. 'My curtsy,' she continues, 'was the most ungrateful, distant, 'and cold; I could not do otherwise; so hurt I felt to see him 'the head of such a cause.' Now, not only had Burke treated her with constant kindness, but the very last act which he performed on the day on which he was turned out of the Pay-Office, about four years before this trial, was to make Dr Burney organist of Chelsea Hospital. When, at the Westminster election, Dr Burney was divided between his gratitude for this favour and his Tory opinions, Burke in the noblest manner disclaimed all right to exact a sacrifice of principle. 'You have little or no 'obligations to me,' he wrote; 'but if you had as many as I 'really wish it were in my power, as it is certainly in my desire, 'to lay on you, I hope you do not think me capable of conferring 'them, in order to subject your mind or your affairs to a painful

'and mischievous servitude.' Was this a man to be uncivilly treated by a daughter of Dr Burney, because she chose to differ from him respecting a vast and most complicated question, which he had studied deeply during many years, and which she had never studied at all? It is clear from Miss Burney's own statement, that when she behaved so unkindly to Mr Burke, she did not even know of what Hastings was accused. One thing, however, she must have known, that Burke had been able to convince a House of Commons, bitterly prejudiced against him, that the charges were well founded; and that Pitt and Dundas had concurred, with Fox and Sheridan, in supporting the impeachment. Surely a woman of far inferior abilities to Miss Burney, might have been expected to see that this never could have happened unless there had been a strong case against the late Governor-General. And there was, as all reasonable men now admit, a strong case against him. That there were great public services to be set off against his great crimes, is perfectly true. But his services and his crimes were equally unknown to the lady who so confidently asserted his perfect innocence, and imputed to his accusers, that is to say, to all the greatest men of all parties in the state, not merely error, but gross injustice and barbarity.

She had, it is true, occasionally seen Mr Hastings, and had found his manners and conversation agreeable. But surely she could not be so weak as to infer from the gentleness of his deportment in a drawing-room, that he was incapable of committing a great state crime, under the influence of ambition and revenge. A silly Miss, fresh from a boarding-school, might fall into such a mistake; but the woman who had drawn the character of Mr Monckton should have known better.

The truth is, that she had been too long at Court. She was sinking into a slavery worse than that of the body. The iron was beginning to enter into the soul. Accustomed during many months to watch the eye of a mistress, to receive with boundless gratitude the slightest mark of royal condescension, to feel wretched at every symptom of royal displeasure, to associate only with spirits long tamed and broken in, she was degenerating into something fit for her place. Queen Charlotte was a violent partisan of Hastings; had received presents from him, and had so far departed from the severity of her virtue as to lend her countenance to his wife, whose conduct had certainly been as reprehensible as that of any of the frail beauties who were then rigidly excluded from the English Court. The King, it was well known, took the same side. To the King and Queen all the members of the household looked submissively for guidance. The impeachment, therefore, was an atrocious persecution; the mana-

gers were rascals; the defendant was the most deserving, and the worst used man in the kingdom. This was the cant of the whole palace, from Gold Stick in Waiting, down to the Table-Deckers and Yeomen of the Silver Scullery; and Miss Burney canted like the rest, though in livelier tones, and with less bitter feelings.

The account which she has given of the King's illness, contains much excellent narrative and description, and will, we think, be more valued by the historians of a future age than any equal portion of Pepys' or Evelyn's Diaries. That account shows also, how affectionate and compassionate her nature was. But it shows also, we must say, that her way of life was rapidly impairing her powers of reasoning, and her sense of justice. We do not mean to discuss, in this place, the question, whether the views of Mr Pitt or those of Mr Fox respecting the regency were the more correct. It is, indeed, quite needless to discuss that question: for the censure of Miss Burney falls alike on Pitt and Fox, on majority and minority. She is angry with the House of Commons for presuming to enquire whether the King was mad or not, and whether there was a chance of his recovering his senses. 'A melancholy day,' she writes; 'news bad both at 'home and abroad. At home the dear unhappy king still 'worse; abroad new examinations voted of the physicians. 'Good heavens! what an insult does this seem from Parliamen-'tary power, to investigate and bring forth to the world every 'circumstance of such a malady as is ever held sacred to secrecy 'in the most private families! How indignant we all feel here, 'no words can say.' It is proper to observe, that the motion which roused all this indignation at Kew was made by Mr Pitt himself; and that, if withstood by Mr Pitt, it would certainly have been rejected. We see, therefore, that the loyalty of the minister, who was then generally regarded as the most heroic champion of his Prince, was lukewarm indeed when compared with the boiling zeal which filled the pages of the back-stairs and the women of the bed-chamber. Of the Regency bill, Pitt's own bill, Miss Burney speaks with horror. 'I shuddered,' she says, 'to hear it named.' And again—'Oh, how dreadful will 'be the day when that unhappy bill takes place! I cannot 'approve the plan of it.' The truth is, that Mr Pitt, whether a wise and upright statesman or not, was a statesman; and whatever motives he might have for imposing restrictions on the regent, felt that in some way or other there must be some provision made for the execution of some part of the kingly office, or that no government would be left in the country. But this was a matter of which the household never thought. It never occur-

red, as far as we can see, to the Exons and Keepers of the Robes, that it was necessary that there should be somewhere or other a power in the state to pass laws, to preserve order, to pardon criminals, to fill up offices, to negotiate with foreign governments, to command the army and navy. Nay, these enlightened politicians, and Miss Burney among the rest, seem to have thought that any person who considered the subject with reference to the public interest, showed himself to be a bad-hearted man. Nobody wonders at this in a gentleman-usher; but it is melancholy to see genius sinking into such debasement.

During more than two years after the King's recovery, Frances dragged on a miserable existence at the palace. The consolations which had for a time mitigated the wretchedness of servitude, were one by one withdrawn. Mrs Delany, whose society had been a great resource when the Court was at Windsor, was now dead. One of the gentlemen of the royal establishment, Colonel Digby, appears to have been a man of sense, of taste, of some reading, and of prepossessing manners. Agreeable associates were scarce in the prison-house, and he and Miss Burney were therefore naturally attached to each other. She owns that she valued him as a friend; and it would not have been strange if his attentions had led her to entertain for him a sentiment warmer than friendship. He quitted the Court, and married in a way which astonished Miss Burney greatly, and which evidently wounded her feelings, and lowered him in her esteem. The palace grew duller and duller; Madame Schwellenberg became more and more savage and insolent. And now the health of poor Frances began to give way; and all who saw her pale face, her emaciated figure, and her feeble walk, predicted that her sufferings would soon be over.

Frances uniformly speaks of her royal mistress, and of the princesses, with respect and affection. The princesses seem to have well deserved all the praise which is bestowed on them in the Diary. They were, we doubt not, most amiable women. But 'the sweet queen,' as she is constantly called in these volumes, is not by any means an object of admiration to us. She had undoubtedly sense enough to know what kind of deportment suited her high station, and self-command enough to maintain that deportment invariably. She was, in her intercourse with Miss Burney, generally gracious and affable, sometimes, when displeased, cold and reserved, but never, under any circumstances, rude, peevish, or violent. She knew how to dispense, gracefully and skilfully, those little civilities which, when paid by a sovereign, are prized at many times their intrinsic value; how to pay a

compliment; how to lend a book; how to ask after a relation. But she seems to have been utterly regardless of the comfort, the health, the life of her attendants, when her own convenience was concerned. Weak, feverish, hardly able to stand, Frances had still to rise before seven, in order to dress the sweet queen, and to sit up till midnight, in order to undress the sweet queen. The indisposition of the handmaid could not, and did not, escape the notice of her royal mistress. But the established doctrine of the Court was, that all sickness was to be considered as a pretence until it proved fatal. The only way in which the invalid could clear herself from the suspicion of malingering, as it is called in the army, was to go on lacing and unlacing, till she dropped down dead at the royal feet. 'This,' Miss Burney wrote, when she was suffering cruelly from sickness, watching, and labour, 'is by no means from hardness of heart; far other-'wise. There is no hardness of heart in any one of them; but 'it is prejudice, and want of personal experience.'

Many strangers sympathized with the bodily and mental sufferings of this distinguished woman. All who saw her saw that her frame was sinking, that her heart was breaking. The last, it should seem, to observe the change was her father. At length, in spite of himself, his eyes were opened. In May 1790, his daughter had an interview of three hours with him, the only long interview which they had had since he took her to Windsor in 1786. She told him that she was miserable, that she was worn with attendance and want of sleep, that she had no comfort in life, nothing to love, nothing to hope, that her family and friends were to her as though they were not, and were remembered by her as men remember the dead. From daybreak to midnight the same killing labour, the same recreations, more hateful than labour itself, followed each other without variety, without any interval of liberty and repose.

The Doctor was greatly dejected by this news; but was too good-natured a man not to say that, if she wished to resign, his house and arms were open to her. Still, however, he could not bear to remove her from the Court. His veneration for royalty amounted in truth to idolatry. It can be compared only to the grovelling superstition of those Syrian devotees who made their children pass through the fire to Moloch. When he induced his daughter to accept the place of Keeper of the Robes, he entertained, as she tells us, a hope that some worldly advantage or other, not set down in the contract of service, would be the result of her connexion with the Court. What advantage he expected we do not know, nor did he probably know himself. But, whatever he expected, he certainly got nothing. Miss Burney had been

hired for board, lodging, and two hundred a-year, Board, lodging, and two hundred a-year, she had duly received. We have looked carefully through the Diary, in the hope of finding some trace of those extraordinary benefactions on which the Doctor reckoned. But we can discover only a promise, never performed, of a gown; and for this promise Miss Burney was expected to return thanks, such as might have suited the beggar with whom Saint Martin, in the legend, divided his cloak. The experience of four years was, however, insufficient to dispel the illusion which had taken possession of the Doctor's mind; and, between the dear father and the sweet queen, there seemed to be little doubt that some day or other Frances would drop down a corpse. Six months had elapsed since the interview between the parent and the daughter. The resignation was not sent in. The sufferer grew worse and worse. She took bark; but it soon ceased to produce a beneficial effect. She was stimulated with wine; she was soothed with opium; but in vain. Her breath began to fail. The whisper that she was in a decline spread through the Court. The pains in her side became so severe that she was forced to crawl from the card-table of the old fury to whom she was tethered, three or four times in an evening, for the purpose of taking hartshorn. Had she been a negro slave, a humane planter would have excused her from work. But her Majesty showed no mercy. Thrice a day the accursed bell still rang; the Queen was still to be dressed for the morning at seven, and to be dressed for the day at noon, and to be undressed at eleven at night.

But there had arisen, in literary and fashionable society, a general feeling of compassion for Miss Burney, and of indignation against both her father and the Queen. 'Is it possible,' said a great French lady to the Doctor, 'that your daughter is 'in a situation where she is never allowed a holiday?' Horace Walpole wrote to Frances, to express his sympathy. Boswell, boiling over with good-natured rage, almost forced an entrance into the palace to see her. 'My dear ma'am, why do you stay? 'It won't do, ma'am; you must resign. We can put up with it 'no longer. Some very violent measures, I assure you, will be 'taken. We shall address Dr Burney in a body.' Burke and Reynolds, though less noisy, were zealous in the same cause. Windham spoke to Dr Burney; but found him still irresolute. 'I will set the Literary Club upon him,' cried Windham; 'Miss 'Burney has some very true admirers there, and I am sure they 'will eagerly assist.' Indeed the Burney family seem to have been apprehensive that some public affront, such as the Doctor's unpardonable folly, to use the mildest term, had richly deserved,

would be put upon him. The medical men spoke out, and plainly told him that his daughter must resign or die.

At last paternal affection, medical authority, and the voice of all London crying shame, triumphed over Doctor Burney's love of courts. He determined that Frances should write a letter of resignation. It was with difficulty that, though her life was at stake, she mustered spirit to put the paper into the Queen's hands. 'I could not,' so runs the Diary, 'summon courage to 'present my memorial—my heart always failed me from seeing 'the Queen's entire freedom from such an expectation. For 'though I was frequently so ill in her presence that I could 'hardly stand, I saw she concluded me, while life remained, in-'evitably hers.'

At last with a trembling hand the paper was delivered. Then came the storm. Juno, as in the Æneid, delegated the work of vengeance to Alecto. The Queen was calm and gentle; but Madame Schwellenberg raved like a maniac in the incurable ward of Bedlam. Such insolence! Such ingratitude! Such folly! Would Miss Burney bring utter destruction on herself and her family? Would she throw away the inestimable advantage of royal protection? Would she part with privileges which, once relinquished, could never be regained? It was idle to talk of health and life. If people could not live in the palace, the best thing that could befall them was to die in it. The resignation was not accepted. The language of the medical men became stronger and stronger. Doctor Burney's parental fears were fully roused; and he explicitly declared, in a letter meant to be shown to the Queen, that his daughter must retire. The Schwellenberg raged like a wild-cat. 'A scene almost horrible 'ensued,' says Miss Burney. 'She was too much enraged for 'disguise, and uttered the most furious expressions of indignant 'contempt at our proceedings. I am sure she would gladly have 'confined us both in the Bastile, had England such a misery, as 'a fit place to bring us to ourselves, from a daring so outrageous 'against imperial wishes.' This passage deserves notice, as being the only one in the Diary, as far as we have observed, which shows Miss Burney to have been aware that she was a native of a free country, that she could not be pressed for a waiting-maid against her will, and that she had just as good a right to live, if she chose, in St Martin's street, as Queen Charlotte had to live at St James's.

The Queen promised that, after the next birth-day, Miss Burney should be set at liberty. But the promise was ill kept; and her Majesty showed displeasure at being reminded of it. At length Frances was informed that in a fortnight her attendance should cease. 'I heard this,' she says, 'with a fearful presenti-

'ment I should surely never go through another fortnight, in so 'weak and languishing and painful a state of health. . . As the 'time of separation approached, the Queen's cordiality rather di-'minished, and traces of internal displeasure appeared sometimes, 'arising from an opinion I ought rather to have struggled on, 'live or die, than to quit her. Yet I am sure she saw how poor 'was my own chance, except by a change in the mode of life, 'and at least ceased to wonder, though she could not approve.' Sweet Queen! What noble candour, to admit that the undutifulness of people who did not think the honour of adjusting her tuckers worth the sacrifice of their own lives, was, though highly criminal, not altogether unnatural!

We perfectly understand her Majesty's contempt for the lives of others where her own pleasure was concerned. But what pleasure she can have found in having Miss Burney about her, it is not so easy to comprehend. That Miss Burney was an eminently skilful keeper of the robes is not very probable. Few women, indeed, had paid less attention to dress. Now and then, in the course of five years, she had been asked to read aloud or to write a copy of verses. But better readers might easily have been found: and her verses were worse than even the Poet-Laureate's Birth-day Odes. Perhaps that economy which was among her Majesty's most conspicuous virtues, had something to do with her conduct on this occasion. Miss Burney had never hinted that she expected a retiring pension; and indeed would gladly have given the little that she had for freedom. But her Majesty knew what the public thought, and what became her dignity. She could not for very shame suffer a woman of distinguished genius, who had quitted a lucrative career to wait on her, who had served her faithfully for a pittance during five years, and whose constitution had been impaired by labour and watching, to leave the Court without some mark of royal liberality. George the Third, who, on all occasions where Miss Burney was concerned, seems to have behaved like an honest, good-natured gentleman, felt this, and said plainly that she was entitled to a provision. At length, in return for all the misery which she had undergone, and for the health which she had sacrificed, an annuity of one hundred pounds was granted to her, dependent on the Queen's pleasure.

Then the prison was opened, and Frances was free once more. Johnson, as Burke observed, might have added a striking page to his poem on the Vanity of Human Wishes, if he had lived to see his little Burney as she went into the palace and as she came out of it.

The pleasures, so long untasted, of liberty, of friendship, of domestic affection, were almost too acute for her shattered frame.

But happy days and tranquil nights soon restored the health which the Queen's toilette and Madame Schwellenberg's card-table had impaired. Kind and anxious faces surrounded the invalid. Conversation the most polished and brilliant revived her spirits. Travelling was recommended to her; and she rambled by easy journeys from cathedral to cathedral, and from watering-place to watering-place. She crossed the New Forest, and visited Stonehenge and Wilton, the cliffs of Lyme, and the beautiful valley of Sidmouth. Thence she journeyed by Powderham Castle, and by the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, to Bath, and from Bath, when the winter was approaching, returned well and cheerful to London. There she visited her old dungeon, and found her successor already far on the way to the grave, and kept to strict duty, from morning till midnight, with a sprained ankle and a nervous fever.

At this time England swarmed with French exiles driven from their country by the Revolution. A colony of these refugees settled at Juniper Hall in Surrey, not far from Norbury Park, where Mr Lock, an intimate friend of the Burney family, resided. Frances visited Norbury, and was introduced to the strangers. She had strong prejudices against them; for her Toryism was far beyond, we do not say that of Mr Pitt, but that of Mr Reeves; and the inmates of Juniper Hall were all attached to the constitution of 1791, and were therefore more detested by the Royalists of the first emigration than Petion or Marat. But such a woman as Miss Burney could not long resist the fascination of that remarkable society. She had lived with Johnson and Windham, with Mrs Montague and Mrs Thrale. Yet she was forced to own that she had never heard conversation before. The most animated eloquence, the keenest observation, the most sparkling wit, the most courtly grace, were united to charm her. For Madame de Staël was there, and M. de Talleyrand. There too was M. de Narbonne, a noble representative of French aristocracy; and with M. de Narbonne was his friend and follower General D'Arblay, an honourable and amiable man, with a handsome person, frank soldier-like manners, and some taste for letters.

The prejudices which Frances had conceived against the constitutional royalists of France rapidly vanished. She listened with rapture to Talleyrand and Madame de Staël, joined with M. D'Arblay in execrating the Jacobins, and in weeping for the unhappy Bourbons, took French lessons from him, fell in love with him, and married him on no better provision than a precarious annuity of one hundred pounds.

Here the Diary stops for the present. We will, therefore, bring our narrative to a speedy close, by rapidly recounting the

most important events which we know to have befallen Madame D'Arblay during the latter part of her life.

M. D'Arblay's fortune had perished in the general wreck of the French Revolution; and in a foreign country his talents, whatever they may have been, could scarcely make him rich. The task of providing for the family devolved on his wife. In the year 1796, she published by subscription her third novel, Camilla. It was impatiently expected by the public; and the sum which she obtained by it was, we believe, greater than had ever at that time been received for a novel. We have heard that she cleared more than three thousand guineas. But we give this merely as a rumour. Camilla, however, never attained popularity like that which Evelina and Cecilia had enjoyed; and it must be allowed that there was a perceptible falling off, not indeed in humour, or in power of portraying character, but in grace and in purity of style.

We have heard that, about this time, a tragedy by Madame D'Arblay was performed without success. We do not know whether it was ever printed; nor indeed have we had time to make any researches into its history or merits.

During the short time which followed the treaty of Amiens, M. D'Arblay visited France. Lauriston and La Fayette represented his claims to the French government, and obtained a promise that he should be reinstated in his military rank. M. D'Arblay, however, insisted that he should never be required to serve against the countrymen of his wife. The First Consul, of course, would not hear of such a condition; and ordered the general's commission to be instantly revoked.

Madame D'Arblay joined her husband at Paris a short time before the war of 1803 broke out; and remained in France ten years, cut off from almost all intercourse with the land of her birth. At length, when Napoleon was on his march to Moscow, she with great difficulty obtained from his ministers permission to visit her own country, in company with her son, who was a native of England. She returned in time to receive the last blessing of her father, who died in his eighty-seventh year. In 1814 she published her last novel, the Wanderer, a book which no judicious friend to her memory will attempt to draw from the oblivion into which it has justly fallen. In the same year her son Alexander was sent to Cambridge. He obtained an honourable place among the wranglers of his year, and was elected a fellow of Christ's College. But his reputation at the University was higher than might be inferred from his success in academical contests. His French education had not fitted him for the examinations of the Senate-House; but in pure mathematics, we have been assured by some of his competitors that he had very

few equals. He went into the Church, and it was thought likely that he would attain high eminence as a preacher; but he died before his mother. All that we have heard of him leads us to believe, that he was such a son as such a mother deserved to have. In 1832, Madame D'Arblay published the 'Memoirs of her Father;' and, on the 6th of January 1840, she died in her eighty-eighth year.

We now turn from the life of Madame D'Arblay to her writings. There can, we apprehend, be little difference of opinion as to the nature of her merit, whatever differences may exist as to its degree. She was emphatically what Johnson called her, a character-monger. It was in the exhibition of human passions and whims that her strength lay; and in this department of art she had, we think, very distinguished skill.

But in order that we may, according to our duty as Kings-at-Arms, versed in the laws of literary precedence, marshal her to the exact seat to which she is entitled, we must carry our examination somewhat further.

There is, in one respect, a remarkable analogy between the faces and the minds of men. No two faces are alike; and yet very few faces deviate very widely from the common standard. Among the eighteen hundred thousand human beings who inhabit London, there is not one who could be taken by his acquaintance for another; yet we may walk from Paddington to Mile-end without seeing one person in whom any feature is so overcharged that we turn round to stare at it. An infinite number of varieties lies between limits which are not very far asunder. The specimens which pass those limits on either side, form a very small minority.

It is the same with the characters of men. Here, too, the variety passes all enumeration. But the cases in which the deviation from the common standard is striking and grotesque, are very few. In one mind avarice predominates; in another, pride; in a third, love of pleasure—just as in one countenance the nose is the most marked feature, while in others the chief expression lies in the brow, or in the lines of the mouth. But there are very few countenances in which nose, brow, and mouth do not contribute, though in unequal degrees, to the general effect; and so there are few characters in which one overgrown propensity makes all others utterly insignificant.

It is evident that a portrait-painter, who was able only to represent faces and figures such as those which we pay money to see at fairs, would not, however spirited his execution might be, take rank among the highest artists. He must always be placed below those who have skill to seize peculiarities which do not amount to deformity. The slighter those peculiarities the greater

is the merit of the limner who can catch them and transfer them to his canvass. To paint Daniel Lambert or the Living Skeleton, the Pig-faced Lady or the Siamese Twins, so that nobody can mistake them, is an exploit within the reach of a sign-painter. A third-rate artist might give us the squint of Wilkes, and the depressed nose and protuberant cheeks of Gibbon. It would require a much higher degree of skill to paint two such men as Mr Canning and Sir Thomas Lawrence, so that nobody who had ever seen them could for a moment hesitate to assign each picture to its original. Here the mere caricaturist would be quite at fault. He would find in neither face any thing on which he could lay hold for the purpose of making a distinction. Two ample bald foreheads, two regular profiles, two full faces of the same oval form, would baffle his art; and he would be reduced to the miserable shift of writing their names at the foot of his picture. Yet there was a great difference; and a person who had seen them once, would no more have mistaken one of them for the other than he would have mistaken Mr Pitt for Mr Fox. But the difference lay in delicate lineaments and shades, reserved for pencils of a rare order.

This distinction runs through all the imitative arts. Foote's mimicry was exquisitely ludicrous, but it was all caricature. He could take off only some strange peculiarity, a stammer or a lisp, a Northumbrian burr or an Irish brogue, a stoop or a shuffle. 'If a man,' said Johnson, 'hops on one leg, Foote can 'hop on one leg.' Garrick, on the other hand, could seize those differences of manner and pronunciation, which, though highly characteristic, are yet too slight to be described. Foote, we have no doubt, could have made the Haymarket Theatre shake with laughter by imitating a dialogue between a Scotchman and a Somersetshireman. But Garrick could have imitated a dialogue between two fashionable men, both models of the best breeding, Lord Chesterfield for example, and Lord Albemarle; so that no person could doubt which was which, although no person could say that, in any point, either Lord Chesterfield or Lord Albemarle spoke or moved otherwise than in conformity with the usages of the best society.

The same distinction is found in the drama and in fictitious narrative. Highest among those who have exhibited human nature by means of dialogue, stands Shakspeare. His variety is like the variety of nature, endless diversity, scarcely any monstrosity. The characters of which he has given us an impression, as vivid as that which we receive from the characters of our own associates, are to be reckoned by scores. Yet in all these scores hardly one character is to be found which deviates widely from the common standard, and which we should call very eccentric

if we met it in real life. The silly notion that every man has one ruling passion, and that this clue, once known, unravels all the mysteries of his conduct, finds no countenance in the plays of Shakspeare. There man appears as he is, made up of a crowd of passions, which contend for the mastery over him, and govern him in turn. What is Hamlet's ruling passion? Or Othello's? Or Harry the Fifth's? Or Wolsey's? Or Lear's? Or Shylock's? Or Benedick's? Or Macbeth's? Or that of Cassius? Or that of Falconbridge? But we might go on for ever. Take a single example—Shylock. Is he so eager for money as to be indifferent to revenge? Or so eager for revenge as to be indifferent to money? Or so bent on both together as to be indifferent to the honour of his nation and the law of Moses? All his propensities are mingled with each other; so that, in trying to apportion to each its proper part, we find the same difficulty which constantly meets us in real life. A superficial critic may say, that hatred is Shylock's ruling passion. But how many passions have amalgamated to form that hatred? It is partly the result of wounded pride: Antonio has called him dog. It is partly the result of covetousness: Antonio has hindered him of half a million; and, when Antonio is gone, there will be no limit to the gains of usury. It is partly the result of national and religious feeling: Antonio has spit on the Jewish gaberdine; and the oath of revenge has been sworn by the Jewish Sabbath. We might go through all the characters which we have mentioned, and through fifty more in the same way; for it is the constant manner of Shakspeare to represent the human mind as lying, not under the absolute dominion of one despotic propensity, but under a mixed government, in which a hundred powers balance each other. Admirable as he was in all parts of his art, we most admire him for this, that, while he has left us a greater number of striking portraits than all other dramatists put together, he has scarcely left us a single caricature.

Shakspeare has had neither equal nor second. But among the writers who, in the point which we have noticed, have approached nearest to the manner of the great master, we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen, a woman of whom England is justly proud. She has given us a multitude of characters, all, in a certain sense, common-place, all such as we meet every day. Yet they are all as perfectly discriminated from each other as if they were the most eccentric of human beings. There are, for example, four clergymen, none of whom we should be surprised to find in any parsonage in the kingdom, Mr Edward Ferrars, Mr Henry Tilney, Mr Edmund Bertram, and Mr Elton. They are all specimens of the upper part of the middle class.

They have all been liberally educated. They all lie under the restraints of the same sacred profession. They are all young. They are all in love. Not one of them has any hobbyhorse, to use the phrase of Sterne. Not one has a ruling passion, such as we read of in Pope. Who would not have expected them to be insipid likenesses of each other? No such thing. Harpagon is not more unlike to Jourdain, Joseph Surface is not more unlike to Sir Lucius O'Trigger, than every one of Miss Austen's young divines to all his reverend brethren. And almost all this is done by touches so delicate, that they elude analysis, that they defy the powers of description, and that we know them to exist only by the general effect to which they have contributed.

A line must be drawn, we conceive, between artists of this class, and those poets and novelists whose skill lies in the exhibiting of what Ben Johnson called humours. The words of Ben are so much to the purpose, that we will quote them:—

> 'When some one peculiar quality
> Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
> All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
> In their confluxions all to run one way,
> This may be truly said to be a humour.'

There are undoubtedly persons, in whom humours such as Ben describes have attained a complete ascendency. The avarice of Elwes, the insane desire of Sir Egerton Brydges for a barony to which he had no more right than to the crown of Spain, the malevolence which long meditation on imaginary wrongs generated in the gloomy mind of Bellingham, are instances. The feeling which animated Clarkson and other virtuous men against the slave-trade and slavery, is an instance of a more honourable kind.

Seeing that such humours exist, we cannot deny that they are proper subjects for the imitations of art. But we conceive that the imitation of such humours, however skilful and amusing, is not an achievement of the highest order; and, as such humours are rare in real life, they ought, we conceive, to be sparingly introduced into works which profess to be pictures of real life. Nevertheless, a writer may show so much genius in the exhibition of these humours, as to be fairly entitled to a distinguished and permanent rank among classics. The chief seats of all, however, the places on the dais and under the canopy, are reserved for the few who have excelled in the difficult art of portraying characters in which no single feature is extravagantly overcharged.

If we have expounded the law soundly, we can have no difficulty in applying it to the particular case before us. Madame

D'Arblay has left us scarcely any thing but humours. Almost every one of her men and women has some one propensity developed to a morbid degree. In Cecilia, for example, Mr Delvile never opens his lips without some allusion to his own birth and station; or Mr Briggs, without some allusion to the hoarding of money; or Mr Hobson, without betraying the self-indulgence and self-importance of a purse-proud upstart; or Mr Simkins, without uttering some sneaking remark for the purpose of currying favour with his customers; or Mr Meadows, without expressing apathy and weariness of life; or Mr Albany, without declaiming about the vices of the rich and the misery of the poor; or Mrs Belfield, without some indelicate eulogy on her son; or Lady Margaret, without indicating jealousy of her husband. Morrice is all skipping, officious impertinence, Mr Gosport all sarcasm, Lady Honoria all lively prattle, Miss Larolles all silly prattle. If ever Madame D'Arblay aimed at more, as in the character of Monckton, we do not think that she succeeded well.

We are, therefore, forced to refuse to Madame D'Arblay a place in the highest rank of art; but we cannot deny that, in the rank to which she belonged, she had few equals, and scarcely any superior. The variety of humours which is to be found in her novels is immense; and though the talk of each person separately is monotonous, the general effect is not monotony, but a very lively and agreeable diversity. Her plots are rudely constructed and improbable, if we consider them in themselves. But they are admirably framed for the purpose of exhibiting striking groups of eccentric characters, each governed by his own peculiar whim, each talking his own peculiar jargon, and each bringing out by opposition the oddities of all the rest. We will give one example out of many which occur to us. All probability is violated in order to bring Mr Delvile, Mr Briggs, Mr Hobson, and Mr Albany into a room together. But when we have them there, we soon forget probability in the exquisitely ludicrous effect which is produced by the conflict of four old fools, each raging with a monomania of his own, each talking a dialect of his own, and each inflaming all the others anew every time he opens his mouth.

Madame D'Arblay was most successful in comedy, and indeed in comedy which bordered on farce. But we are inclined to infer from some passages, both in Cecilia and Camilla, that she might have attained equal distinction in the pathetic. We have formed this judgment, less from those ambitious scenes of distress which lie near the catastrophe of each of those novels, than from some exquisite strokes of natural tenderness which take us here and there by surprise. We would mention as ex-

amples, Mrs Hill's account of her little boy's death in Cecilia, and the parting of Sir Hugh Tyrold and Camilla, when the honest baronet thinks himself dying.

It is melancholy to think that the whole fame of Madame D'Arblay rests on what she did during the earlier half of her life, and that every thing which she published during the forty-three years which preceded her death, lowered her reputation. Yet we have no reason to think that at the time when her faculties ought to have been in their maturity, they were smitten with any blight. In the Wanderer, we catch now and then a gleam of her genius. Even in the Memoirs of her Father, there is no trace of dotage. They are very bad; but they are so, as it seems to us, not from a decay of power, but from a total perversion of power.

The truth is, that Madame D'Arblay's style underwent a gradual and most pernicious change,—a change which, in degree at least, we believe to be unexampled in literary history, and of which it may be useful to trace the progress.

When she wrote her letters to Mr Crisp, her early journals, and the novel of Evelina, her style was not indeed brilliant or energetic; but it was easy, clear, and free from all offensive faults. When she wrote Cecilia she aimed higher. She had then lived much in a circle of which Johnson was the centre; and she was herself one of his most submissive worshippers. It seems never to have crossed her mind that the style even of his best writings was by no means faultless, and that even had it been faultless, it might not be wise in her to imitate it. Phraseology which is proper in a disquisition on the Unities, or in a preface to a Dictionary, may be quite out of place in a tale of fashionable life. Old gentlemen do not criticize the reigning modes, nor do young gentlemen make love, with the balanced epithets and sonorous cadences which, on occasions of great dignity, a skilful writer may use with happy effect.

In an evil hour the author of Evelina took the Rambler for her model. This would not have been wise even if she could have imitated her pattern as well as Hawkesworth did. But such imitation was beyond her power. She had her own style. It was a tolerably good one; and might, without any violent change, have been improved into a very good one. She determined to throw it away, and to adopt a style in which she could attain excellence only by achieving an almost miraculous victory over nature and over habit. She could cease to be Fanny Burney; it was not so easy to become Samuel Johnson.

In Cecilia the change of manner began to appear. But in Cecilia the imitation of Johnson, though not always in the best taste, is sometimes eminently happy; and the passages which

are so verbose as to be positively offensive, are few. There were people who whispered that Johnson had assisted his young friend, and that the novel owed all its finest passages to his hand. This was merely the fabrication of envy. Miss Burney's real excellences were as much beyond the reach of Johnson, as his real excellences were beyond her reach. He could no more have written the Masquerade scene, or the Vauxhall scene, than she could have written the Life of Cowley or the Review of Soame Jenyns. But we have not the smallest doubt that he revised Cecilia, and that he retouched the style of many passages. We know that he was in the habit of giving assistance of this kind most freely. Goldsmith, Hawkesworth, Boswell, Lord Hailes, Mrs Williams, were among those who obtained his help. Nay, he even corrected the poetry of Mr Crabbe, whom, we believe, he had never seen. When Miss Burney thought of writing a comedy, he promised to give her his best counsel, though he owned that he was not particularly well qualified to advise on matters relating to the stage. We therefore think it in the highest degree improbable that his little Fanny, when living in habits of the most affectionate intercourse with him, would have brought out an important work without consulting him; and, when we look into Cecilia, we see such traces of his hand in the grave and elevated passages, as it is impossible to mistake. Before we conclude this article, we will give two or three examples.

When next Madame D'Arblay appeared before the world as a writer, she was in a very different situation. She would not content herself with the simple English in which Evelina had been written. She had no longer the friend who, we are confident, had polished and strengthened the style of Cecilia. She had to write in Johnson's manner, without Johnson's aid. The consequence was, that in Camilla every passage which she meant to be fine is detestable; and that the book has been saved from condemnation only by the admirable spirit and force of those scenes in which she was content to be familiar.

But there was to be a still deeper descent. After the publication of Camilla, Madame D'Arblay resided ten years at Paris. During those years there was scarcely any intercourse between France and England. It was with difficulty that a short letter could occasionally be transmitted. All Madame D'Arblay's companions were French. She must have written, spoken, thought, in French. Ovid expressed his fear that a shorter exile might have affected the purity of his Latin. During a shorter exile, Gibbon unlearned his native English. Madame D'Arblay had carried a bad style to France. She brought back

a style which we are really at a loss to describe. It is a sort of broken Johnsonese, a barbarous *patois*, bearing the same relation to the language of Rasselas, which the gibberish of the Negroes of Jamaica bears to the English of the House of Lords. Sometimes it reminds us of the finest, that is to say, the vilest parts, of Mr Galt's novels; sometimes of the perorations of Exeter Hall; sometimes of the leading articles of the Morning Post. But it most resembles the puffs of Mr Rowland and Dr Goss. It matters not what ideas are clothed in such a style. The genius of Shakspeare and Bacon united, would not save a work so written from general derision.

It is only by means of specimens that we can enable our readers to judge how widely Madame D'Arblay's three styles differed from each other.

The following passage was written before she became intimate with Johnson. It is from Evelina :—

'His son seems weaker in his understanding, and more gay in his temper; but his gaiety is that of a foolish overgrown schoolboy, whose mirth consists in noise and disturbance. He disdains his father for his close attention to business and love of money, though he seems himself to have no talents, spirit, or generosity to make him superior to either. His chief delight appears to be in tormenting and ridiculing his sisters, who in return most cordially despise him. Miss Branghton, the eldest daughter, is by no means ugly; but looks proud, ill-tempered, and conceited. She hates the city, though without knowing why; for it is easy to discover she has lived nowhere else. Miss Polly Branghton is rather pretty, very foolish, very ignorant, very giddy, and, I believe, very good-natured."

This is not a fine style, but simple, perspicuous, and agreeable. We now come to Cecilia, written during Miss Burney's intimacy with Johnson; and we leave it to our readers to judge whether the following passage was not at least corrected by his hand :—

'It is rather an imaginary than an actual evil, and, though a deep wound to pride, no offence to morality. Thus have I laid open to you my whole heart, confessed my perplexities, acknowledged my vain-glory, and exposed with equal sincerity the sources of my doubts and the motives of my decision. But now, indeed, how to proceed I know not. The difficulties which are yet to encounter I fear to enumerate, and the petition I have to urge I have scarce courage to mention. My family, mistaking ambition for honour, and rank for dignity, have long planned a splendid connexion for me, to which, though my invariable repugnance has stopped any advances, their wishes and their views immoveably adhere. I am but too certain they will now listen to no other. I dread, therefore, to make a trial where I despair of success. I know not how to risk a prayer with those who may silence me by a command.'

Take now a specimen of Madame D'Arblay's later style.

This is the way in which she tells us that her father, on his journey back from the Continent, caught the rheumatism :—

'He was assaulted, during his precipitated return, by the rudest fierceness of wintry elemental strife; through which, with bad accommodations and innumerable accidents, he became a prey to the merciless pangs of the acutest spasmodic rheumatism, which barely suffered him to reach his home, ere, long and piteously, it confined him, a tortured prisoner, to his bed. Such was the check that almost instantly curbed, though it could not subdue, the rising pleasure of his hopes of entering upon a new species of existence—that of an approved man of letters; for it was on the bed of sickness, exchanging the light wines of France, Italy, and Germany, for the black and loathsome potions of the Apothecaries' Hall, writhed by darting stitches, and burning with fiery fever, that he felt the full force of that sublunary equipoise that seems evermore to hang suspended over the attainment of long-sought and uncommon felicity, just as it is ripening to burst forth with enjoyment!'

Here is a second passage from Evelina :—

'Mrs Selwyn is very kind and attentive to me. She is extremely clever. Her understanding, indeed, may be called masculine; but unfortunately her manners deserve the same epithet. For, in studying to acquire the knowledge of the other sex, she has lost all the softness of her own. In regard to myself, however, as I have neither courage nor inclination to argue with her, I have never been personally hurt at her want of gentleness—a virtue which nevertheless seems so essential a part of the female character, that I find myself more awkward and less at ease with a woman who wants it than I do with a man.'

This is a good style of its kind; and the following passage from Cecilia is also in a good style, though not in a faultless one. We say with confidence—Either Sam Johnson or the Devil :—

'Even the imperious Mr Delvile was more supportable here than in London. Secure in his own castle, he looked round him with a pride of power and possession which softened while it swelled him. His superiority was undisputed; his will was without control. He was not, as in the great capital of the kingdom, surrounded by competitors. No rivalry disturbed his peace; no equality mortified his greatness. All he saw were either vassals of his power, or guests bending to his pleasure. He abated, therefore, considerably the stern gloom of his haughtiness, and soothed his proud mind by the courtesy of condescension.'

We will stake our reputation for critical sagacity on this, that no such paragraph as that which we have last quoted, can be found in any of Madame D'Arblay's works except Cecilia. Compare with it the following sample of her later style :—

'If beneficence be judged by the happiness which it diffuses, whose claim, by that proof, shall stand higher than that of Mrs Montagu, from the munificence with which she celebrated her annual festival for those hapless artificers who perform the most abject offices of any authorized

calling, in being the active guardians of our blazing hearths? Not to vain-glory, then, but to kindness of heart, should be adjudged the publicity of that superb charity which made its jetty objects, for one bright morning, cease to consider themselves as degraded outcasts from all society.'

We add one or two shorter samples. Sheridan refused to permit his lovely wife to sing in public, and was warmly praised on this account by Johnson.

'The last of men,' says Madame D'Arblay, 'was Doctor 'Johnson to have abetted squandering the delicacy of integrity 'by nullifying the labours of talents.'

The club, Johnson's club, did itself no honour by rejecting on political grounds two distinguished men, the one a Tory, the other a Whig. Madame D'Arblay tells the story thus:—'A 'similar ebullition of political rancour with that which so diffi'cultly had been conquered for Mr Canning, foamed over the 'ballot-box to the exclusion of Mr Rogers.'

An offence punishable with imprisonment is, in this language, an offence 'which produces incarceration.' To be starved to death is, 'to sink from inanition into nonentity.' Sir Isaac Newton is, 'the developer of the skies in their embodied movements;' and Mrs Thrale, when a party of clever people sat silent, is said to have been 'provoked by the dulness of a taci'turnity that, in the midst of such renowned interlocutors, pro'duced as narcotic a torpor as could have been caused by a 'dearth the most barren of all human faculties.' In truth, it is impossible to look at any page of Madame D'Arblay's later works, without finding flowers of rhetoric like these. Nothing in the language of those jargonists at whom Mr Gosport laughed, nothing in the language of Sir Sedley Clarendel, approaches this new Euphuism.

It is from no unfriendly feeling to Madame D'Arblay's memory that we have expressed ourselves so strongly on the subject of her style. On the contrary, we conceive that we have really rendered a service to her reputation. That her later works were complete failures, is a fact too notorious to be dissembled; and some persons, we believe, have consequently taken up a notion that she was from the first an over-rated writer, and that she had not the powers which were necessary to maintain her on the eminence on which good-luck and fashion had placed her. We believe, on the contrary, that her early popularity was no more than the just reward of distinguished merit, and would never have undergone an eclipse, if she had only been content to go on writing in her mother-tongue. If she failed when she quitted her own province, and attempted to occupy one in which she had neither part nor lot, this reproach is common to her with a crowd of

distinguished men. Newton failed when he turned from the courses of the stars, and the ebb and flow of the ocean, to apocalyptic seals and vials. Bentley failed when he turned from Homer and Aristophanes to edite Paradise Lost. Inigo failed when he attempted to rival the Gothic churches of the fourteenth century. Wilkie failed when he took it into his head that the Blind Fiddler and the Rent-Day were unworthy of his powers, and challenged competition with Lawrence as a portrait-painter. Such failures should be noted for the instruction of posterity; but they detract little from the permanent reputation of those who have really done great things.

Yet one word more. It is not only on account of the intrinsic merit of Madame d'Arblay's early works that she is entitled to honourable mention. Her appearance is an important epoch in our literary history. Evelina was the first tale written by a woman, and purporting to be a picture of life and manners, that lived or deserved to live. The Female Quixote is no exception. That work has undoubtedly great merit, when considered as a wild satirical harlequinade; but, if we consider it as a picture of life and manners, we must pronounce it more absurd than any of the romances which it was designed to ridicule.

Indeed, most of the popular novels which preceded Evelina, were such as no lady would have written; and many of them were such as no lady could without confusion own that she had read. The very name of novel was held in horror among religious people. In decent families which did not profess extraordinary sanctity, there was a strong feeling against all such works. Sir Anthony Absolute, two or three years before Evelina appeared, spoke the sense of the great body of sober fathers and husbands, when he pronounced the circulating library an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge. This feeling, on the part of the grave and reflecting, increased the evil from which it had sprung. The novelist, having little character to lose, and having few readers among serious people, took without scruple liberties which in our generation seem almost incredible.

Miss Burney did for the English novel what Jeremy Collier did for the English drama; and she did it in a better way. She first showed that a tale might be written in which both the fashionable and the vulgar life of London might be exhibited with great force, and with broad comic humour, and which yet should not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality, or even with virgin delicacy. She took away the reproach which lay on a most useful and delightful species of composition. She vindicated the right of her sex to an equal share in a fair and noble province of letters. Several accomplished women have followed in

her track. At present, the novels which we owe to English ladies form no small part of the literary glory of our country. No class of works is more honourably distinguished by fine observation, by grace, by delicate wit, by pure moral feeling. Several among the successors of Madame D'Arblay have equalled her; two, we think, have surpassed her. But the fact that she has been surpassed, gives her an additional claim to our respect and gratitude; for in truth we owe to her, not only Evelina, Cecilia, and Camilla, but also Mansfield Park and the Absentee.

NOTE to the Article, in last Number, on the *New Biographical Dictionary* of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

We have been informed that in mentioning, in the above Article, the Biographical Dictionary of the late Dr Aikin, we committed a mistake in stating that it was not completed, which we now very willingly correct. We had said that it stopped with letter *S*, on the conclusion of its eighth volume; whereas we find that it was actually completed, and a Supplement added, by Dr Aikin;—the whole extending to ten volumes, of which the two last were published in 1814 and 1815. But though a valuable, it is not by any means a *universal* Biography, being professedly limited to lives of 'eminent persons,'—a very different sort of undertaking from one that aspires to notice every individual who has done any thing either in Letters or Art, or in any line likely to attract the curiosity of mankind, whether eminent or not. Such we understand to be the object of the New Biographical Dictionary, and this gives it a vast superiority, in respect of plan, over that of Dr Aikin, and every other work of the kind that has been produced or attempted in this country.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

DURING

October, November, and December 1842.

ABERCROMBIE.—Essays and Tracts. By John Abercrombie, M.D. (Collected into 1 volume.) 18mo. (Edinburgh,) pp. 306, 4s. . [1

ADCOCK'S Engineer's Pocket-Book for the Year 1843, containing Tables of Weights and Measures; Steam-Engines. 12mo. with an Almanack, roan tuck, 6s. . . [2

ADDISON.—The Temple Church. By C. G. Addison, Esq., Author of 'The History of the Knights Templars.' Square crown 8vo. pp. 136, with 5 plates, cloth, 5s. . . [3

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ALLEE NEEMROO, the Buchtiaree Adventurer: a Tale of Louristan. By J. Baillie Fraser, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. pp. 978, boards, 31s, 6d. [9

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"Oh no!" answered my friend, "none of that. We must have an understanding. Don't you think I should have asked the question, if I meant to sneak out in that dirty sort of way. No, that won't do. It's very kind of you, but we must make all that right. We sha'n't quarrel, I dare say. If you mean you'll do it, I have only just a word or two to say before you begin."

"I shall be proud to serve you, Thompson, and on any terms you please."

"Well, it is a serving me—I don't deny it—but, mind you, only till you have dropped into something worth your while. What I wish to say is as this: As soon as ever my missus hears of what you are going to do, I know as well what she'll be at as I know what I am talking of now. She'll just be breaking my heart to have the boys larned French. Now, I'd just as soon bind 'em apprentice to that ere Clayton. I've seen too much of that ere sort of thing in my time. I'm as positive as I sit here, that when a chap begins to talk French he loses all his English spirit, and feels all over him as like a mounseer 'as possible. I'm sure he does. I've seen it a hundred times, and that I couldn't a-bear. B[illegible] told that French is the [illegible] thieves talk, and I solemnly believe it. That's one thing. Now, here's another. You'll excuse me, my dear fellow. In course you know more than I do, but I must say that you have got sometimes a very round-about way of coming to the pint. I mean no offence, and I don't blame you. It's all along of the company you have kept. You are—it's the only fault you have got—you are [illegible] words. Don't [illegible] 'em. [illegible] I have to say, [illegible] we'll [illegible] pay some other time."

At this turn of the conversation, Thompson insisted upon my lighting a pipe and joining him in the gin and water. We smoked for many minutes in silence. My friend had unbuttoned his waistcoat, [illegible] the table nearer to his [illegible] hospitable fire. A log of wood was burning slowly and steadily away, and a small, bright—very bright—copper kettle overlooked it from the hob. My host had fixed his feet upon the fender—the unemployed hand was in his corduroys. His eyes were three parts closed, enjoying what from its origin [illegible] tobacco-born [illegible] smoke arose in thin white curls [illegible] cup, and at regular periods stole blandly from the corner of his lips. The silent man was blessed. He had been happy at his work; he had grown happier as the sun went down; his happiness was ripening at the supper table; now, half-asleep and half-awake—half conscious and half dreaming—wholly free from care, and yet not free from pregnant thought—the labourer had reached the summit of felicity, and was at peace——intensely.

A few evenings only had elapsed after this interesting meeting, before I was again spending a delicious hour or two with the simple-hearted and generous upholsterer. There was something very winning in these moments snatched and secured from the hurricane of life, and passed in thorough and undisturbed enjoyment. My friend, notwithstanding that he had engaged my services, and was pleased to express his satisfaction at the mode in which I [illegible] was [illegible] interests, and [illegible] apprehensive [illegible] injuring them by keeping [illegible] employment. [illegible] did not like my being *thrown* out of the chapel, especially after he had heard my determination not to forsake [illegible] sect to which I had [illegible]. He was indifferent to his own fate. His worldly prospects could not be injured by his expulsion; on the con-

trary, he slyly assured me that "his neighbours would begin to think better of him, and give him credit for having become an honester and more trustworthy man." But with regard to myself it was a different thing. I should require "a character" at some time or another, and there was a body of men primed and ready to vilify and crush me. He advised me, whilst he acknowledged it was a hard thing to say, and "it went agin him to do it," to apply once more respectfully for my dismission. "It won't do," he pertinently said, "to bite your nose off to be revenged on your tongue." I was certainly in a mess, and must get out of it in the best way that I could. Buster and Tomkins had great power in *the Church,* and if I represented my case to either or both of them, he did hope they might be brought to consent not to injure me, or stand in the way of my getting bread. "In a quarrel," he said, in conclusion, "some one must give in. I was a young man, and had my way to make, and though he should despise his-self if he recommended me to do any thing mean and dirty in the business, yet, he thought, as thefather of a numerous family, he ought to advise me to be civil, and to do the best for myself in this unfortunate dilemmy."

I accepted his advice, and determined to wait upon the dapper deacon. I was physically afraid to encounter Buster, not so much on account of what I had seen of his spiritual pretension, as of what I had heard of his domestic behaviour. It was not a very difficult task to obtain from Mrs Thompson the secret history of many of her highly privileged acquaintances and brethren. She enjoyed, in a powerful degree, the peculiar virtue of her amiable sex, and to communicate secrets, delivered to her in strictest confidence, and imparted by her again with equal caution and provisory care, was the choicest recreation of her well employed and useful life. It was through this lady that I was favoured with a glance into the natural heart of Mr Buster; or into what he would himself have called, with a most unfilial disgust, "HIS OLD MAN." It appeared that, like most great *actors,* he was a very different personage before and behind the curtain. Kings, who are miserable and gloomy through the five acts of a dismal tragedy, and who must needs die at the end of it, are your merriest knaves over a tankard at the Shakspeare's Head. Your stage fool shall be the dullest dog that ever spoiled mirth with sour and discontented looks. Jabez Buster, his employment being over at Mr Clayton's theatre, his dress thrown aside, his mask put by, was not to be recognised by his nearest friend. This is the perfection of art. A greater tyrant on a small scale, with limited means, never existed than the saintly Buster when his character was done, and he found himself again in the bosom of his family. Unhappy bosom was it, and a sad flustration did his presence, nine times out of ten, produce there. He had four sons, and a delicate creature for a wife, born to be crushed. The sons were remarkable chiefly for their hypocrisy, which promised, in the fulness of time, to throw their highly-gifted parent's far into the shade; and, secondarily, for their persecution of their helpless and indulgent mother. They witnessed and approved so much the success of Jabez in this particular, that during his absence they cultivated the affectionate habit until it became a kind of second nature, infinitely more racy and agreeable than the primary. In proportion to their deliberate oppression of their mother was their natural dread and terror of their father. Mrs Thompson pronounced it "the shockingest thing in this world to be present when the young blue-beards were worryting their mother's soul outwith saying, '*I sha'n't*' and '*I won't*' to every thing, and swearing '*they'd tell their father this,*' '*and put him up to that, and then wouldn't he make a jolly row about it,*' with hollering out for nothing at all, only to frighten the poor timid cretur, and then making a holabaloo with the chairs, or perhaps falling down, roaring and kicking, just to drive the poor thing clean out of her wits, on purpose to laugh at her for being so taken in. Well, but it was a great treat, too," she added, "to hear, in the midst of all this, Buster's heavy foot in the passage, and to see what a scrimmage there was at once amongst all the young hypocrites. How they all run in different directions—one to the fire—one to the table—one out at the back-door—one any where he could—all of 'em as silent as mice, and afeard of the very eye of the blacksmith, who knew, good man, how to keep every man

Jack of 'em in order, and, if a word didn't do, wasn't by no means behind hand with blows. Buster," she continued, "had his faults like other men, but he was a saint if ever there was one. To be sure he did like to have his own way at home, and wasn't it natural? And if he was rather overbearing and cruel to his wife, wasn't that, she should like to know, Satan warring with the new man, and sometimes getting the better of it? And if he was, as Thompson had hinted, rayther partial to the creature, and liked good living, what was this to the purpose? it was an infirmity that might happen to the best Christian living. Nobody could say that he wasn't a renewed man, and a chosen vessel, and faithful to his call. A man isn't a backslider because he's carnally weak, and a man isn't a saint because he's moral and well-behaved. 'Good works,' Mr Clayton said, 'was filthy rags,' and so they were. To be sure, between themselves, there were one or two things said about Buster that she couldn't approve of. For instance, she had been told—but *this* was quite in confidence, and really must *not* go further—that he was—that—that, in fact, he was overtaken now and then with liquor, and then the house could hardly hold him, he got so furious, and, they did say, used such horrid language. But, after all, what was this? If a man's elected, he is not so much the worse. Besides, if one listened to people, one might never leave off. She had actually heard, she wouldn't say from whom, that Buster very often kept out late at night—sometimes didn't come home at all, and sometimes did at two o'clock in the morning, very hungry and ill-tempered, and then forced his poor wife out of bed, and made the delicate and shivering creature light a fire, cook beefsteaks, go into the yard for beer, and wait upon him till he had even eat every morsel up. She for one would never believe all this, though Mrs Buster herself had told her every word with tears in her eyes, and in the greatest confidence; so she trusted I wouldn't repeat it, as it wouldn't look well in her to be found out telling other people's secrets." Singular, perhaps, to say, the tale did not go further. I kept the lady's secret, and at the same time declined to approach Mr Jabez Buster in the character of a suppliant. If his advocate and panegyrist had nothing more to say for him, it could not be uncharitable to conclude that the pretended saint was as bold a sinner as ever paid infamous courtship to religion, and as such was studiously to be avoided. I turned my attention from him to Tomkins. There was no grossness about him, no brutality, no abominable vice. In the hour of my defeat and desertion, he had extended to me his sympathy, and, more in sorrow than in anger, I am convinced he voted for my expulsion from the church when he found that his vote, and twenty added to it, would not have been sufficient to protect me. He could not act in opposition to the wishes of his friend and patron, Mr Clayton, but very glad would he have been, as every word and look assured me, to meet the wishes of us both, had that been practicable. If the great desire of Jehu Tomkins' heart could have been gratified, he never would have been at enmity with a single soul on earth. He was a soft, good-natured, easy man; most desirous to be let alone, and not uneasily envious or distressed to see his neighbours jogging on, so long as he could do his own good stroke of business, and keep a little way before them. Jehu was a Liberal too—in politics and in religion—in every thing, in fact, but the one small article of *money*, and here, I must confess, the good dissenter dissented little from the best of us. He was a stanch Conservative in matters connected with the *till*. For his private life it was exemplary—at least it looked so to the world, and the world is satisfied with what it sees. Jehu was attentive to his business—yes, very—and a business life is not monotonous and dull, if it be relieved, as it was in this case, by dexterous arts, that give an interest and flavour to the commonest pursuits. Sometimes a customer would die—a natural state of things, but a great event for Jehu. First, he would "improve the occasion" to the surviving relatives—condole and pray with them. Afterwards he would *improve* it to himself, in his own little room, at night, when all the children were asleep, and no one was awake but Mrs Tomkins and himself. Then he would get down his ledger, and turn to the deceased's account—

"—— How *long* it is thou see'st,
And he would gaze 'till it became *much longer;*"

"For who could tell whether six shirts or twelve were bought in July last, and what could be the harm of making those eight handkerchiefs a dozen? He was a strange old gentleman; lived by himself—and the books might be referred to, and speak boldly for themselves." Yes, cunning Jehu, so they might, with those interpolations and erasures that would confound and overcome a lawyer. When customers did not die, it was pastime to be dallying with the living. In adding up a bill with haste, how many times will four and four make *nine?* They generally did with Jehu. The best are liable to errors. It cost a smirk or smile; Jehu had hundreds at command, and the accident was amended. How easy is it sometimes to give no bill at all! How very easy to apply, a few months afterwards, for second payment; how much more easy still to pocket it without a word; or, if discovered and convicted, to apologize without a blush for the *mistake!* No, Jehu Tomkins, let me do you justice—this is not so easy—it requires all your zeal and holy intrepidity to reach this pitch of human frailty and corruption. With regard to the domestic position of my interesting friend, it is painful to add, that the less that is said about it the better. In vain was his name in full, painted in large yellow letters, over the shop front. In vain was *Bot. of Jehu Tomkins* engraven on satin paper, with flourishes innumerable beneath the royal arms; he was no more the master of his house than was the small boy of the establishment, who did the dirty work of the place for nothing a-week and the broken victuals. If Jehu was deacon abroad, he was taught to acknowledge an *arch*deacon at home—one to whom he was indebted for his success in life, and for reminding him of that agreeable fact about four times during every day of his existence. I was aware of this delicate circumstance when I ventured to the linendraper's shop on my almost hopeless mission; but, although I had never spoken to Mrs Tomkins, I had often seen her in the chapel, and I relied much on the feeling and natural tenderness of the female heart. The respectable shop of Mr Tomkins was in Fleet Street. The establishment consisted of Mrs Tomkins, *première;* Jehu, under-secretary; and four sickly-looking young ladies behind the counter. It is to be said, to the honour of Mrs Tomkins, that she admitted no young woman into her service whose character was not *decided,* and whose views were not very clear. Accordingly, the four young ladies were members of the chapel. It is pleasing to reflect, that, in this well-ordered house of business, the ladies took their turns to attend the weekly prayer meetings of the church. Would that I might add, that they were *not* severally met on these occasions by their young men at the corner of Chancery Lane, and invariably escorted by them some two or three miles in a totally opposite direction. Had Mrs Tomkins been born a man, it is difficult to decide what situation she would have adorned the most. She would have made a good man of business—an acute lawyer—a fine casuist—a great divine. Her attainments were immense; her self-confidence unbounded. She was a woman of middle height, and masculine bearing. She was not prepossessing, notwithstanding her white teeth and large mouth, and the intolerable grin that a customer to the amount of a halfpenny and upwards could bring upon her face under any circumstances, and at any hour of the day. Her complexion might have been good originally. Red blotches scattered over her cheek had destroyed its beauty. She wore a modest and becoming cap, and a gold eyeglass round her neck. She was devoted to money-making—heart and soul devoted to it during business hours. What time she was not in the shop, she passed amongst dissenting ministers, spiritual brethren, and deluded sinners. It remains to state the fact, that, whilst a customer never approached the lady without being repelled by the offensive smirk that she assumed, no dependent ever ventured near her without the fear of the scowl that sat naturally (and fearfully, when she pleased) upon her dark and inauspicious brow. What wonder that little Jehu was crushed into nothingness, behind his own counter, under the eye of his own wife!

THE WORLD OF LONDON. SECOND SERIES.

Part II.

In our last, we had occasion to speak sharply of that class of our aristocratic youth known by the name of fast fellows, and it may be thought that we characterized their foibles rather pointedly, and tinctured our animadversions with somewhat of undue asperity. This charge, however, can be made with no ground of reason or justice: the fact is, we only lashed the follies for which that class of men are pre-eminent, but left their vices in the shade, in the hope that the *raw* we have already established, will shame the fast fellows into a sense of the proprieties of conduct due to themselves and their station.

The misfortune is, that these fast fellows forget, in the pursuit of their favourite follies, that the mischief to society begins only with themselves: that man is naturally a servile, imitative animal; and that he follows in the track of a great name, as vulgar muttons run at the heels of a belwether. The poison of fashionable folly runs comparatively innocuous while it circulates in fashionable veins; but when vulgar fellows are innoculated with the virus, it becomes a plague, a moral small-pox, distorting, disfiguring the man's mind, pockpitting his small modicum of brains, and blinding his mind's eye to the supreme contempt his awkward vagaries inspire.

The fast fellows rejoice exceedingly in the spread of their servile imitation of fashionable folly, this gentlemanly profligacy at second-hand; and perhaps this is the worst trait in their character, for it is at once malicious and unwise: malicious, because the contemplation of humanity, degraded by bad example in high station, should rather be a source of secret shame than of devilish gratification: unwise, because their example is a discredit to their order, and a danger. To possess birth, fashion, station, wealth, power, is title enough to envy, and handle sufficient for scandal. How much stronger becomes that title — how much longer that handle—when men, enjoying this pre-eminence, enjoy it, not using, but abusing their good fortune!

We should not have troubled our heads with the fast fellows at all, if it were not absolutely essential to the full consideration of our subject, widely to sever the prominent classes of fashionable life, and to have no excuse for continuing in future to confound them. We have now done with the fast fellows, and shall like them the more the less we hear of them.

Concerning Slow Fellows.

The Slow School of fashionable or aristocratic life, comprises those who think that, in the nineteenth century, other means must be taken to preserve their order in its high and responsible position than those which, in dark ages, conferred honour upon the tallest or the bravest. They think, and think wisely, that the only method of keeping above the masses, in this active-minded age, is by soaring higher and further into the boundless realms of intellect; or at the least forgetting, in a fair neck-and-neck race with men of meaner birth, their purer blood, and urging the generous contest for fame, regardless of the allurements of pleasure, or the superior advantages of fortune. In truth, we might ask, what would become of our aristocratic classes ere long, if they came, as a body, to be identified with their gambling lords, their black-leg baronets, their insolvent honourables, and the seedy set of Chevaliers Diddlerowski and Counts Scaramouchi, who caper on the platform outside for their living? The populace would pelt these harlequin horse jockeys of fashionable life off their stage, if there was nothing better to be seen inside; but it fortunately happens that there is better.

We can boast among our nobles and aristocratic families, a few men of original, commanding, and powerful intellect; many respectable in most departments of intellectual rivalry; many more laborious, hard-working men; and about the same proportion of dull, stupid, fat-headed, crabbed, conceited, ignorant, insolent

men, that you may find among the same given number of those commonly called the educated classes. We refer you to the aristocracies of other countries, and we think we may safely say, that we have more men of that class, in this country, who devote themselves to the high duties of their station, regardless of its pleasures, than in any other: men who recognize practically the responsibility of their rank, and do not shirk from them; men who think they have something to do, and something to repay, for the accidents of birth and fortune—who, in the senate, in the field, or in the less prominent, but not less noble, career of private life, act, as they feel, with the poet:

"At heros, et decus, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco."

It has been admirably remarked, by some one whose name we forget, that the grand advantage of high birth is, placing a man as far forward at twenty-five as another man is at fifty. We might, as a corollary to this undeniable proposition, add, that birth not only places, but keeps a man in that advance of his fellows, which in the sum of life makes such vast ultimate difference in the prominence of their position.

This advantage enjoyed by the aristocracy of birth, of early enrolling themselves among the aristocracy of power, has, like every thing in the natural and moral world, its compensating disadvantage: they lose in one way what they gain in another; and although many of them become eminent in public life, few, very few, comparatively with the numbers who enter the arena, become great. They are respected, heard, and admired, by virtue of a class-prepossession in their favour; yet, after all, they must select from the ranks of the aristocracy of talent their firmest and best supporters, to whom they may delegate the heavy responsibilities of business, and lift from their own shoulders the burden of responsible power.

One striking example of the force of birth, station, and association in public life, never fails to occur to us, as an extraordinary example of the magnifying power of these extrinsic qualities, in giving to the aristocracy of birth a consideration, which, though often well bestowed, is yet oftener bestowed without any desert whatever; and that title to admiration and respect, which has died with ancestry, patriotism, and suffering in the cause of freedom, is transferred from the illustrious dead to the undistinguished living.

Without giving a catalogue *raisonné* of the slow fellows, (we use the term not disrespectfully, but only in contradistinction to the others,) we may observe that, besides the public service in which the great names are sufficiently known, you have poets, essayists, dramatists, astronomers, geologists, travellers, novelists, and, what is better than all, philanthropists. In compliment to human nature, we take the liberty merely to mention the names of Lord Dudley Stuart and Lord Ashley. The works of the slow fellows, especially their poetry, indicate in a greater or less degree the social position of the authors; seldom or never deficient in good taste, and not without feeling, they lack power and daring. The smooth style has their preference, and their verses smack of the school of Lord Fanny; indeed, we know not that, in poetry or prose, we can point out one of our slow fellows of the present day rising above judicious mediocrity. It is a curious fact, that the most daring and orginal of our noble authors have, in their day, been fast fellows; it is only necessary to name Rochester, Buckingham, and Byron.

Among the slow fellows, are multitudes of pretenders to intellect in a small way. These patronize a drawing-master, not to learn to draw, but to learn to talk of drawing; they also study the *Penny Magazine* and other profound works, to the same purpose; they patronize the London University, and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, as far as lending their names; for, being mostly of the class of fashionable *screws*, they take care never to subscribe to any thing. They have a refined taste in shawls, and are consequently in the confidence of dressy old women, who hold them up as examples of every thing that is good. They take chocolate of a morning, and tea in the evening; drink sherry with a biscuit, and wonder how people *can* eat those hot lunches. They take constitutional walks and Cockle's pills; and, by virtue of meeting them at the Royal

Society, are always consulting medical men, but take care never to offer them a guinea. They talk of music, of which they know something—of books, of which they know little—and of pictures, of which they know less; they have always read "the last novel," which is as much as they can well carry; they know literary, professional, and scientific men at Somerset House, but, if they meet them in Park Lane, look as if they never saw them before; they are very peevish, have something to say against every man, and always say the worst first; they are very quiet in their manner, almost sly, and never use any of the colloquialisms of the fast fellows; they treat their inferiors with great consideration, addressing them, "honest friend," "my good man," and so on, but have very little heart, and less spirit.

They equally abhor the fast fellows and the pretenders to fashion. They are afraid of the former, who are always ridiculing them and their pursuits, by jokes theoretical and practical. If the fast fellows ascertain that a slow fellow affects sketching, they club together to annoy him, talking of the "autumnal tints," and "the gilding of the western hemisphere;" if a botanist, they send him a cow-cabbage, or a root of mangel-wurzel, with a serious note, stating, that they hear it is a great curiosity in *his line;* if an entomologist, they are sure to send him away "with a flea in his ear." If he affects poetry, the fast fellows make one of their servants transcribe, from *Bell's Life,* Scroggins's poetical version of the fight between Bendigo and Bungaree, or some such stuff; and, having got the slow fellow in a corner, insist upon having his opinion, and drive him nearly mad. All these, and a thousand other pranks, the fast fellows play upon their slow brethren, not in the hackneyed fashion which low people call "*gagging,*" and genteel people "*quizzing,*" but with a seriousness and gravity that heightens all the joke, and makes the slow fellow inexpressibly ridiculous.

It is astonishing, considering the opportunities of the slow fellows, that they do not make a better figure; it seems wonderful, that they who glide swiftly down the current of fortune with wind and tide, should be distanced by those who, close-hauled upon a wind, are beating up against it all their lives; but so it is;—the compensating power that rules material nature, governs the operations of the mind. To whom much is given of opportunity, little is bestowed of the exertion to improve it. Those who rely more or less on claims extrinsic, are sure to be surpassed by those whose power is from within. After all, the great names of our nation (with here and there an exception to prove the rule) are plebeian.

Of the Aristocracy of Power.

In their political capacity, people of fashion, among whom, for the present purpose, we include the whole of the aristocracy, are the common butt of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

They are accused of standing between the mass of the people and their inalienable rights; of opposing, with obstinate resistance, the progress of rational liberty, and of——but, in short, you have only to glance over the pages of any democratic newspaper, to be made aware of the horrible political iniquity of the aristocracy of England.

The aristocracy in England, considered politically, is a subject too broad, too wide, and too deep for us, we most readily confess; nor is it exactly proper for a work of a sketchy nature, in which we only skim lightly along the surface of society, picking up any little curiosity as we go along, but without dipping deep into motives or habits of thought or action, especially in state affairs.

Since our late lamented friends, the Whigs, have gone to enjoy a virtuous retirement and dignified ease, we have taken no delight in politics. There is no fun going on now-a-days—no quackery, no mountebankery, no asses, colonial or otherwise. The dull jog-trot fellows who have got into Downing Street have made politics no joke; and now that silence, as of the tomb, reigns amongst *quondam* leaders of the Treasury Bench—now that the camp-followers have followed the leader, and the auxiliaries are dispersed, we really have nobody to laugh at; and, like our departed friends, have too little of the statesman to be serious about serious matters.

With regard to the aristocracy in their public capacity, this is the way we always look at them.

In the first place, they govern us through the tolerance of public opinion, as men having station, power, property, much to lose, and little comparatively to gain—men who have put in bail to a large amount for their good behaviour: and, in the second place, they govern us, because really and truly there are so many outrageously discordant political quacks, desirous of taking our case in hand, that we find it our interest to entrust our public health to an accomplished physician, even although he charges a guinea a visit, and refuses to insure a perfect cure with a box of pills costing thirteenpence-halfpenny. There can be no doubt whatever, that the most careful men are the men who have most to care for: he that has a great deal to lose, will think twice, where he that has nothing to lose, will not think at all: and the government of this vast and powerful empire, we imagine, with great deference, must require a good deal of thinking. In a free press, we have a never-dying exponent of public opinion, a perpetual advocate of rational liberty, and a powerful engine for the exposure, which is ultimately the redress, of wrong: and although this influential member of our government receives no public money, nor is called right honourable, nor speaks in the House, yet in fact and in truth it has a seat in the Cabinet, and, upon momentous occasions, a voice of thunder.

That the aristocracy of power should be in advance of public opinion, is not in the nature of things, and should no more be imputed as a crime to them, than to us not to run when we are not in a hurry: they cannot, as a body, move upwards, because they stand so near the top, that dangerous ambition is extinguished; and it is hardly to be expected that, as a body, they should move downwards, unless they find themselves supported in their position upon the right of others, in which case we have always seen that, although they descend gradually, they descend at last.

This immobility of our aristocracy is the origin of the fixity of our political institutions, which has been, is, and will continue to be, the great element of our pre-eminence as a nation; it possesses a force corrective and directive, and at once restrains the excess, while it affords a point of resistance, to the current of the popular will. And this immobility, it should never be forgotten, is owing to that very elevation so hated and so envied: wanting which the aristocracy would be subject to the vulgar ambitions, vulgar passions, and sordid desires of meaner aspirants after personal advantage and distinction. It is a providential blessing, we firmly believe, to a great nation to possess a class, by fortune and station, placed above the unseemly contentions of adventurers in public life: looked up to as men responsible without hire for the public weal, and, without sordid ambitions of their own, solicitous to preserve it: looked up to, moreover, as examples of that refinement of feeling, jealous sense of honour, and manly independence, serving as detersives of the grosser humours of commercial life, and which, filtering through the successive *strata* of society, clarify and purify in their course, leaving the very dregs the cleaner for their passage.

A body thus by habit and constitution opposed to innovation, and determined against the recklessness of inconsiderate reforms, has furnished a stock argument to those who delight in "going a-head" faster than their feet, which are the grounds of their arguments, can carry them. We hear the aristocracy called stumbling-blocks in the way of legislative improvements, and, with greater propriety of metaphor, likened to drags upon the wheel of progressive reform; and so on, through all the regions of illustration, until we are in at the death of the metaphor. How happens to be overlooked the advantage of this anti-progressive barrier, to the concentration and deepening of the flood of opinion on any given subject? how is it that men are apt altogether to forget that this very barrier it is which prevents the too eager crowd from trampling one another to death in their haste? which gives time for the ebullitions of unreasoning zeal, and reckless enthusiasm, and the dregs of agitation, quietly to subside; and, for all that, bears the impress of reason and sound sense to circulate with accumulated pressure through the public mind? Were it not for the barrier which the aristocracy of power thus

interposes for a time, only to withdraw when the time for interposition is past, we should live in a vortex of revolution and counter-revolution. Our whole time, and our undivided energies, would be employed in acting hastily, and repenting at leisure; in repining either because our biennial revolutions went too far, or did not go far enough; in expending our national strength in the unprofitable struggles of faction with faction, adventurer with adventurer: with every change we should become more changeful, and with every settlement more unsettled: one by one our distant colonies would follow the bright example of our people at home, and our commerce and trade would fall with our colonial empire. In fine, we should become in the eyes of the world what France now is—a people ready to sacrifice every solid advantage, every gradual, and therefore permanent, improvement, every ripening fruit that time and care, and the sunshine of peace only can mature, to a genius for revolution.

This turbulent torrent of headlong reform, to-day flooding its banks, to-morrow dribbling in a half-dry channel, the aristocracy of power collects, concentrates, and converts into a power, even while it circumscribes it, and represses. So have we seen a mountain stream, useless in summer, dangerous in winter, now a torrent now a puddle, wasting its unprofitable waters in needless brawling; let a barrier be opposed to its downward course, let it be dammed up, let a point of resistance be afforded where its waters may be gathered together, and regulated, you find it turned to valuable account, acting with men's hands, becoming a productive labourer, and contributing its time and its industry to advance the general sum of rational improvement.

From the material to the moral world you may always reason by analogy. If you study the theory of revolutions, you will not fail to observe that, wherever, in constructing your barrier, you employ ignorant engineers, who have not duly calculated the depth and velocity of the current; whenever you raise your dam to such a height that no flood will carry away the waste waters; whenever you talk of finality to the torrent, saying, thus long shalt thou flow, and no longer; whenever you put upon your power a larger wheel than it can turn—you are slowly but surely preparing for that flood which will overwhelm your work, destroy your mills, your dams, and your engines; in a word, you are the remote cause of a revolution.

This is the danger into which aristocracies of power are prone to fall: the error of democracies is, to delight in the absolutism of liberty; but thus it is with liberty itself, that true dignity of man, that parent of all blessings: absolute and uncontrolled, a tyranny beyond the power to endure itself, the worst of bad masters, a fool who is his own client; restrained and tempered, it becomes a wholesome discipline, a property with its rights and its duties, a sober responsibility, bringing with it, like all other responsibilities, its pleasures and its cares; not a toy to be played with, nor even a jewel to be worn in the bonnet, but a talent to be put out to interest, and enjoyed in the unbroken tranquillity of national thankfulness and peace.

Another defect in the aristocracy of power is, the narrow sphere of their sympathies, extending only to those they know, and are familiar with; that is to say, only as far as the circumference of their own limited circle. This it is that renders them keenly apprehensive of danger close at hand, but comparatively indifferent to that which menaces them from a distance. Placed upon a lofty eminence, they are comparatively indifferent while clouds obscure, and thunder rattles along the vale; their resistance is of a passive kind, directed not to the depression of those beneath them, nor to overcome pressure from above, but to preserve themselves in the enviable eminence of their position, and there to establish themselves in permanent security.

As a remedy for this short-sightedness, the result of their isolated position, the aristocracy of power is always prompt to borrow from the aristocracy of talent that assistance in the practical working of its government which it requires; they are glad to find safe men among the people to whom they can delegate the cares of office, the annoyances of patronage, and the odium of power; and, the better to secure these men, they are always ready to lift them among themselves, to identify them with their exclusive interests, and to give them a permanent establishment among the nobles of the land.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS.

Perhaps we may be expected to say something of the dress of men of fashion, as it is peculiar, and not less characteristic than their manner. Their clothes, like their lives, are usually of a neutral tint; staring colours they studiously eschew, and are never seen with elaborate gradations of under waistcoats. They would as soon appear out of doors *in cuerpo*, as in blue coats with gilt buttons, or braided military frocks, or any dress smacking of the professional. When they indulge in fancy colours and patterns, you will not fail to remark that these are not worn, although imitated by others. The moment a dressy man of fashion finds that any thing he has patronized gets abroad, he drops the neckcloth or vest, or whatever it may be, and condemns the tailor as an "unsafe" fellow. But it is not often that even the most dressy of our men of fashion originate any thing *outré*, or likely to attract attention; of late years their style has been plain, almost to scrupulosity.

Notwithstanding that the man of fashion is plainly dressed, no more than ordinary penetration is required to see that he is excellently well dressed. His coat is plain, to be sure, much plainer than the coat of a Jew-clothesman, having neither silk linings, nor embroidered pocket-holes, nor cut velvet buttons, nor fur collar; but see how it fits him—not like cast iron, nor like a wet sack, but as if he had been born in it.

There is a harmony, a propriety in the coat of a man of fashion, an unstudied ease, a graceful symmetry, a delicacy of expression, that has always filled us with the profoundest admiration of the genius of the artist; indeed, no ready money could purchase coats that we have seen—coats that a real love of the subject, and working upon long credit, for a high connexion, could alone have given to the world—coats, not the dull conceptions of a geometric cutter, spiritlessly outlined upon the shop-board by the crayon of a mercenary foreman, but the fortunate creation of superior intelligence, boldly executed in the happy moments of a generous enthusiasm!

Vain, very vain is it for the pretender to fashion to go swelling into the *atelier* of a first-rate coat architect, with his ready money in his hand, to order such a coat! *Order* such a coat, forsooth! order a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, an epic poem. Such a coat—we say it with the generous indignation of a free Briton—is one of the exclusive privileges reserved, by unjust laws, to a selfish aristocracy!

The aristocratic trouser-cutter, too, deserves our unlimited approbation. Nothing more distinguishes the nineteenth century, in which those who can manage it have the happiness to live, than the precision we have attained in trouser-cutting. While yet the barbarism of the age, or poverty of customers, vested the office of trouser-cutter and coat architect in the same functionary, coats were without *soul*, and "inexpressibles" inexpressibly bad, or, as Coleridge would have said, "ridiculous exceedingly." In our day, on the contrary, we have attained to such a pitch of excellence, that the trouser-cutter who fails to give expression to his works, is hunted into the provinces, and condemned for life to manufacture nether garments for clergymen and country gentlemen.

The results of the minute division of labour, to which so much of the excellence of all that is excellent in London is mainly owing, is in nothing more apparent than in that department of the fine arts which people devoid of taste call fashionable tailoring. We have at the West End fashionable *artistes* in riding coats, in dress coats, in cut-aways; one is superlative in a Taglioni, another devotes the powers of his mind exclusively to the construction of a Chesterfield, a third gives the best years of his life to the symmetrical beauty of a barrel-trouser; from the united exertions of these, and a thousand other men of taste and genius, is your indisputably-dressed man of fashion turned out upon the town. Then there are constructors of Horse Guards' and of Foot Guards' jackets, full and undress; the man who contrives these would expire if desired to turn his attention to the coat of a marching regiment; a hussar-pelisse-maker despises the hard, heavy style of the cutters for the Royal Artillery, and so on. Volumes would not shut if we were to fill them with the infinite variety of these disguisers of that nakedness which formerly was

our shame, but which latterly, it would seem, has become our pride. With the exception of one gentleman citywards, who has achieved an immortality in the article of box-coats, every contriver of men of fashion, we mean in the tailoring, which is the principal department, reside in the parish of St James's, within easy reach of their distinguished patrons. These gentlemen have a high and self-respecting idea of the nobleness and utility of their vocation. A friend of ours, of whom we know no harm save that he pays his tailors' bills, being one day afflicted with this unusual form of insanity, desired the artist to deduct some odd shillings from his bill; in a word, to make it pounds—"Excuse me, sir," said Snip, "but pray, let *us* not talk of pounds—pounds for tradesmen, if you please; but artists, sir, *artists* are always remunerated with guineas!"

To return to the outward and visible man of fashion, from whose peculiarities our dissertation upon the sublime and beautiful in tailoring has too long detained us. The same subdued expression of elegance and ease that pervades the leading articles of his attire, extends, without exception, to all the accessories; or if he is deficient in aught, the accessorial *toggery*, such as hats, boots, *choker*, gloves, are always carefully attended to; for it is in this department that so distinguished a member of the detective police as ourselves is always enabled to arrest disguised snobbery. You will never see a man of fashion affect a Paget hat, for example, or a D'Orsayan beaver: the former has a ridiculous exuberance of crown, the latter a by no means allowable latitude of brim—besides, borrowing the fashion of a hat, is with him what plagiarizing the interior furniture of the head is with others. He considers stealing the idea of a hat low and vulgar, and leaves the unworthy theft to be perpetrated by pretenders to fashion: content with a hat that becomes him, he is careful never to be before or behind the prevailing hat-intelligence of the time. Three hats your man of fashion sedulously escheweth—a new hat, a shocking bad hat, and a gossamer. As the song says, "when into a shop he goes" he never "buys a four-and-nine," neither buyeth he a Paris hat, a ventilator, or any of the hats indebted for their glossy texture to the entrails of the silk worm; he sporteth nothing below a two-and-thirty shilling beaver, and putteth it not on his head until his valet, exposing it to a shower of rain, has "taken the shine out of it."

In boots he is even more scrupulously attentive to what Philosopher Square so appropriately called the fitness of things: his boots are never square-toed, or round-toed, like the boots of people who think their toes are in fashion. You see that they fit him, that they are of the best material and make, and suitable to the season: you never see him sport the Sunday patent-leathers of the "snob," who on week-a-days proceeds on eight-and-sixpenny high-lows: you never see him shambling along in boots a world too wide, nor hobbling about a crippled victim to the malevolence of Crispin. The idiosyncrasy of his foot has always been attended to; he has worn well-fitting boots every day of his life, and he walks as if he knew not whether he had boots on or not. As for stocks, saving that he be a military man, he wears them not; they want that easy negligence, attainable only by the graceful folds of a well tied *choker*. You never see a man of fashion with his neck in the pillory, and you hardly ever encounter a Cockney whose cervical investment does not convey at once the idea of that obsolete punishment. A gentleman never considers that his neck was given him to show off a cataract of black satin upon, or as a post whereon to display gold-threaded fabrics, of all the colours of the rainbow: sooner than wear such things, he would willingly resign his neck to the embraces of a halter. His study is to select a modest, unassuming *choker*, *fine* if you please, but without pretension as to pattern, and in colour harmonizing with his residual *toggery*: this he ties with an easy, unembarrassed air, so that he can conveniently look about him. Oxford men, we have observed, tie chokers better than any others; but we do not know whether there are exhibitions or scholarships for the encouragement of this laudable faculty. At Cambridge (except Trinity) there is a laxity in chokers, for which it is difficult to account, except upon the principle that men there attend too closely to the mathematics; these, as every body knows, are in their essence inimical to the higher departments of the fine

arts. There is no reason, however, why in this important branch of learning, which, as we may say, comes home to the bosom of every man, one Alma Mater should surpass another; since at both the intellects of men are almost exclusively occupied for years in tying their abominable white chokers, so as to look as like tavern waiters as possible.

Another thing: if a gentleman sticks a pin in his choker, you may be sure it has not a head as big as a potatoe, and is not a sort of Siamese Twin pin, connected by a bit of chain, or an imitation precious stone, or Mosaic gold concern. If he wears studs, they are plain, and have cost not less at the least than five guineas the set. Neither does he ever make a High Sheriff of himself, with chains dangling over the front of his waistcoat, or little pistols, seals, or trinketry appearing below his waistband, as much as to say, "*if you only knew what a watch I have inside!*" Nor does he sport trumpery rings upon raw-boned fingers; if he wears rings, you may depend upon it that they are of value, that they are sparingly distributed, and that his hand is not a paw.

A man of fashion never wears Woodstock gloves, or gloves with double stitches, or eighteen-penny imitation French kids: his gloves, like himself and every thing about him, are the real thing. Dressy young men of fashion sport primrose kids in the forenoon; and, although they take care to avoid the appearance of snobbery by never wearing the same pair a second day, yet, after all, primrose kids in the forenoon are not the thing, not in keeping, not quiet enough: we therefore denounce primrose kids, and desire to see no more of them.

If you are unfortunate enough to be acquainted with a snob, you need not put yourself to the unnecessary expense of purchasing an almanac for the ensuing year: your friend the snob will answer that useful purpose completely to your satisfaction. For example, on Thursdays and Sundays he shaves and puts on a clean shirt, which he exhibits as freely as possible in honour of the event: Mondays and Fridays you will know by the vegetating bristles of his chin, and the disappearance of the shirt cuffs and collar. These are replaced on Tuesdays and Saturdays by supplementary collar and cuffs, which, being white and starched, form a pleasing contrast with that portion of the original *chemise*, vainly attempted to be concealed behind the folds of a three-and-sixpenny stock. Wednesdays and Fridays you cannot mistake; your friend is then at the dirtiest, and his beard at the longest, anticipating the half-weekly wash and shave: on quarter-day, when he gets his salary, he goes to a sixpenny barber and has his hair cut.

A gentleman, on the contrary, in addition to his other noble inutilities, is useless as an almanac. He is never half shaven nor half shorn: you never can tell when he has had his hair cut, nor has he his clean-shirt days, and his days of foul linen. He is not merely outwardly *propre*, but asperges his cuticle daily with "oriental scrupulosity:" he is always and ever, in person, manner, dress, and deportment, the same, and has never been other than he now appears.

You will say, perhaps, this is all very fine; but give me the money the man of fashion has got, and I will be as much a man of fashion as he: I will wear my clothes with the same ease, and be as free, unembarrassed, *degagé*, as the veriest Bond Street lounger of them all. Friend, thou mayest say so, or even think so, but I defy thee: snobbery, like murder, will out; and, if you do not happen to be a gentleman born, we tell you plainly you will never, by dint of expense in dress, succeed in "topping the part."

We have been for many years deeply engaged in a philosophical enquiry into the origin of the peculiar attributes characteristic of the man of fashion. A work of such importance, however, we cannot think of giving to the world, except in the appropriate envelope of a ponderous quarto: just now, by way of whetting the appetite of expectation, we shall merely observe, that, after much pondering, we have at last discovered the secret of his wearing his garments "with a difference," or, more properly, with an indifference, unattainable by others of the human species. You will conjecture, haply, that it is because he and his father before him have been from childhood accustomed to pay attention to dress, and that habit has given them that air which the occasional dresser can never hope to attain: or that, having the best *artistes*, seconded by that beautiful division of labour of

which we have spoken heretofore, he can attain an evenness of costume, an undeviating propriety of toggery—not at all: the whole secret consists in *never paying, nor intending to pay, his tailor!*

Poor devils, who, under the Mosaic dispensation, contract for three suits a-year, the old ones to be returned, and again made new; or those who, struck with more than money madness, go to a tailor, cash in hand, for the purpose of making an investment, are always accustomed to consider a coat as a representative of so much money, transferred only from the pocket to the back. Accordingly, they are continually labouring under the depression of spirits arising from a sense of the possible depreciation of such a valuable property. Visions of showers of rain, and March dust, perpetually haunt their morbid imaginations. Greasy collars, chalky seams, threadbare cuffs, (three warnings that the time must come when that tunic, for which five pounds ten have been lost to them and their heirs for ever, will be worth no more than a couple of shillings to an old-clothesman in Holywell Street,) fill them, as they walk along the Strand, with apprehensions of anticipated expenditure. They walk circumspectly, lest a baker, sweep, or hodman, stumbling against the coat, may deprive its wearer of what to him represents so much ready money. These real and imaginary evils altogether prohibit the proprietor of a paid-up coat wearing it with any degree of graceful indifference.

But when a family of fashion, for generations, have not only never thought of paying a tailor, but have considered taking up bills, which the too confiding snip has discounted for them, as decidedly smacking of the punctilious vulgarity of the tradesman; thus drawing down upon themselves the vengeance of that most intolerant sect of Protestants, the Notaries Public; when a young man of fashion, taught from earliest infancy to regard tailors as a Chancellor of the Exchequer regards the people at large, that is to say, as a class of animals created to be victimized in every possible way, it is astonishing what a subtle grace and indescribable expression are conveyed to coats which are sent home to you for nothing, or, what amounts to exactly the same thing, which you have not the most remote idea of paying for, *in secula seculorum.* So far from caring whether it rains or snows, or whether the dust flies, when you have got on one of these eleemosynary coats, you are rather pleased than otherwise. There is a luxury in the idea that on the morrow you will start fresh game, and victimize your tailor for another. The innate cruelty of the human animal is gratified, and the idea of a tailor's suffering is never conceived by a customer without involuntary cachinnation. Not only is he denied the attribute of integral manhood—which even a man-milliner by courtesy enjoys—but that principle which induces a few men of enthusiastic temperament to pay debts, is always held a fault when applied to the bills of tailors. And, what is a curious and instructive fact in the natural history of London fashionable tailors, and altogether unnoticed by the Rev. Leonard Jenyns, in his *Manual of British Vertebrate Animals,* if you go to one of these gentlemen, requesting him to "execute," and professing your readiness to pay his bill on demand or delivery, he will be sure to give your order to the most scurvy botch in his establishment, put in the worst materials, and treat you altogether as a person utterly unacquainted with the usages of polite society. But if, on the contrary, you are recommended to him by Lord Fly-by-night, of Denman Priory—if you give a thundering order, and, instead of offering to pay for it, pull out a parcel of bill-stamps, and *promise* fifty per cent for a few hundreds down, you will be surprised to observe what delight will express itself in the radiant countenance of your victim: visions of cent per cent, ghosts of post-obits, dreams of bonds with penalties, and all those various shapes in which security delights to involve the extravagant, rise flatteringly before the inward eye of the man of shreds and patches. By these transactions with the great, he becomes more and more a man, less and less a tailor; instead of cutting patterns and taking measures, he flings the tailoring to his foreman, becoming first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer to peers of the realm.

With a few more of the less important distinctive peculiarities of the gentleman of fashion, we may dismiss this portion of our subject. A gentle-

man never affects military air or costume if he is not a military man, and even then avoids professional rigidity and swagger as much as possible; he never sports spurs or a riding-whip, except when he is upon horseback, contrary to the rule observed by his antagonist the snob, who always sports spurs and riding-whip, but who never mounts higher than a threepenny stride on a Hampstead donkey. Nor does a gentleman ever wear a *moustache*, unless he belongs to one of the regiments of hussars, or the household cavalry, who alone are ordered to display that ornamental exuberance. Foreigners, military or non-military, are recognized as wearing hair on the upper lip with propriety, as is the custom of their country. But no gentleman here thinks of such a thing, any more than he would think of sporting the uniform of the Tenth Hussars.

There is an affectation among the vulgar clever, of wearing the *moustache*, which they clip and cut *à la Vandyk*: this is useful, as affording a ready means of distinguishing between a man of talent and an ass—the former, trusting to his head, goes clean shaved, and looks like an Englishman: the latter, whose strength lies altogether in his hair, exhausts the power of Macassar in endeavouring to make himself as like an ourang-outang as possible.

Another thing must be observed by all who would successfully ape the gentleman: never to smoke cigars in the street in mid-day. No better sign can you have than this of a fellow reckless of decency and behaviour: a gentleman smokes, if he smokes at all, where he offends not the olfactories of the passers-by. Nothing, he is aware, approaches more nearly the most offensive personal insult, than to compel ladies and gentlemen to inhale, after you, the ejected fragrance of your penny Cuba or your three-halfpenny mild Havannah,

In the cities of Germany, where the population almost to a man inhale the fumes of tobacco, street smoking is very properly prohibited; for however agreeable may be the sedative influence of the Virginian weed when inspired from your own manufactory, nothing assuredly is more disgusting than inhalation of tobacco smoke at second-hand.

Your undoubted man of fashion, like other animals, has his peculiar *habitat*: you never see him promenading Regent Street between the hours of three and five in the afternoon, nor by any chance does he venture into the Quadrant: east of Temple Bar he is never seen except on business, and then, never on foot: if he lounges any where, it is in Bond Street, or about the clubs of St James's.

Of Pretenders to Fashion.

"Their conversation was altogether made up of Shakspeare, taste high life, and the musical glasses.'—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

We will venture to assert, that in the course of these essays on the aristocracies of London life, we have never attempted to induce any of our readers to believe that there was any cause for him to regret, whatever condition of life it had pleased Providence to place him in, or to suppose, for one moment, that reputable men, though in widely different circumstances, are not equally reputable. We have studiously avoided portraying fashionable life according to the vulgar notions, whether depreciatory or panegyrical. We have shown that that class is not to be taken and treated of as an integral quantity, but to be analyzed as a component body, wherein is much sterling ore and no little dross. We have shown by sufficient examples, that whatever in our eyes makes the world of fashion really respectable, is solely owing to the real worth of its respectable members; and on the contrary, whatever contempt we fling upon the fashionable world, is the result of the misconduct of individuals of that order, prominently contemptible.

Of the former, the example is of infinite value to society, in refining its tone, and giving to social life an unembarrassed ease, which, if not true politeness, is its true substitute; and, of the latter, the mischief done to society is enhanced by the multitude of low people ready to imitate their vices, inanities, and follies.

Pretenders to fashion, who hang upon the outskirts of fashionable society, and whose lives are a perpetual but unavailing struggle to jump above their proper position, are horrid nuisances; and they abound, unfortunately, in London.

In a republic, where practical equa-

lity is understood and acted upon, this pretension would be intolerable; in an aristocratic state of society, with social gradations pointedly defined and universally recognized, it is merely ridiculous to the lookers-on; to the pretenders, it is a source of much and deserved misery and isolation.

There are ten thousand varying shades and degrees of this pretension, from the truly fashionable people who hanker after the *exclusives*, or seventh heaven of high life, down to the courier out of place, who, in a pot-house, retails Debrett by heart, and talks of lords, and dukes, and earls, as of his particular acquaintance, and how and where he met them when on his travels.

The *exclusives* are a queer set, some of them not by any means people of the best pretensions to lead the *ton*. Lady L—— and Lady B—— may be very well as patronesses of Almack's; but what do you say to Lady J——, a plebeian, and a licensed dealer in money, keeping her shop by deputy in a lane somewhere behind Cornhill? Almack's, as every body knows who has been there, or who has talked with any observing *habitué* of the place, contains a great many queer, spurious people, smuggled in somehow by indirect influence, when royal command is not the least effectual: a surprizing number of seedy, poverty-stricken young men, and, in an inverse ratio, women who have any thing more than the clothes they wear: yet, by mere dint of difficulty, by the simple circumstance of making admission to this assembly a matter of closeting, canvassing, balloting, black-balling, and so forth, people of much better fashion than many of the exclusives, make it a matter of life and death to have their admission secured. Admission to Almack's is to a young *débutante* of fashion as great an object as a seat at the Privy Council Board to a flourishing politician: your *ton* is stamped by it, you are of the exclusive *set*, and, by virtue of belonging to that set, every other is open to you as a matter of course, when you choose to condescend to visit it. The room in which Almack's balls are held we need not describe, because it has been often described before, and because the doorkeeper, any day you choose to go to Duke Street, St James's, will be too happy to show it you for sixpence; but we will give you, in his own words, all the information we could contrive to get from a man of the highest fashion, who is a subscriber.

"Why, I really don't know," said he, "that I have any thing to tell you about Almack's, except that all that the novel-writers say about it is ridiculous nonsense: the lights are good, the refreshments not so good, the music excellent; the women dress well, dance a good deal, and talk but little. There is a good deal of envy, jealousy, and criticism of faces, figures, fortunes, and pretensions: one, or at most two, of the balls in a season are pleasant; the others *slow*, and very dull. The point of the thing seems to be, that people of rank choose to like it because it stamps a set, and low people talk about it because they cannot by any possibility know any thing about it."

Such is Almack's, of which volumes have been spun, of most effete and lamentable trash, to gratify the morbid appetites of the pretenders to fashion.

We must not omit to inform our rural readers, that no conventional rank gives any one in London a patent of privilege in truly fashionable society. An old baronet shall be exclusive, when a young peer shall have no fashionable society at all: a lord is by no means necessarily a man in what the fashionable sets call good society: we have many lords who are not men of fashion, and many men of fashion who are not lords.

Professional peers, whether legal, naval, or military, bishops, judges, and all that class of men who attain by talents, interest, and good fortune, or all, or any of these, a lofty social position, have no more to do with the exclusive or merely fashionable sets than you or I. A man may be a barrister in full practice to-day, an attorney-general to-morrow, a chief-justice the day after with a peerage: yet his wife and daughter visit the same people, and are visited by the same people, that associated with them before. If men of fashion know them, it is because they have business to transact or favours to seek for, or because it is part of their system to keep up a qualified intimacy with all whom they think proper to lift to their own level: but this intimacy is only extended by the man of birth to the man of talent. His family do not become people of fashion until the third or fourth generation: he remains the man of busi-

ness, the useful, working, practical, brains-carrying man that he was; and his family, if they are wise, seek not to become the familiars of the old aristocracy, and if they are foolish, become the most unfortunate pretenders to fashion. They are too near to be pleasant; and the gulf which people of hereditary fashion place between is impassable, even though they flounder up to their necks in servile mud.

It is the same with baronets, M.P.'s, and all that sort of people. These handles to men's names go down very well in the country, where it is imagined that a baronet or an M.P. is, *ex officio*, a man of consequence, and that, rank being equal, consequence is also equal. In London, on the contrary, people laugh at the idea of a man pluming himself upon such distinctions without a difference: in town we have baronets of all sorts—the "Heathcotes, and such large-acred men," Sir Watkyn, and the territorial baronetage: then we have the Hanmers, and others of undoubted fashion, to which their patent is the weakest of their claims: then we have the military, naval, and medical baronet: descending, through infinite gradations, we come down to the tallow-chandling, the gin-spinning, the banking, the pastry-cooking baronetage.

What is there, what can there be, in common with these widely severed classes, save that they equally enjoy *Sir* at the head and *Bart.* at the tail of their sponsorial and patronymic appellations? Do you think the landed Bart. knows any more of the medical Bart. than that, when he sends for the other to attend his wife, he calls him generally "doctor," and seldom Sir James: or that the military Bart. does not much like the naval Bart.? and do not all these incongruous Barts. shudder at the bare idea of been seen on the same side of the street with a gin-spinning, Patent-British-Genuine-Foreign-Cognac Brandy-making Bart.? and do not each and every one of these Barts. from head to tail, even including the last-mentioned, look down with immeasurable disdain upon the poor Nova Scotia baronets, who move heaven and earth to get permission to wear a string round their necks, and a badge like the learned fraternity of cabmen?

Then as to the magic capitals M.P., which provincial people look upon as embodying in the wearer the concentrated essence of wisdom, eloquence, personal distinction, and social eminence. Who, in a country town, on a market day, has not seen tradesmen cocking their eye, apprentices glowering through the shop front, and ladies subdolously peeping behind the window-shutter to catch a glimpse of the "member for our town," and, having seen him, think they are rather happier then they were before? The greatest fun in the world is to go to a *cul-de-sac* off a dirty lane near Palace Yard, called Manchester Buildings, a sort of senatorial pigeon-house, where the meaner fry of houseless M.P.'s live, each in his one pair, two pair, three pair, as the case may be, and give a postman's knock at every door in rapid succession. In a twinkling, the "collective wisdom" of Manchester Buildings and the Midland Counties poke out their heads. Cobden appears on the balcony; Muntz glares out of a second floor, like a live bear in a barber's window; Wallace of Greenock comes to the door in a red nightcap; and a long "tail" of the other immortals of a session. You may enjoy the scene as much as you please; but when you hear one or two of the young Irish patriotic "mimbers" floundering from the attics, the wisest course you can take will be incontinently to "mizzle." These men, however, have one redeeming quality—that they live in Manchester Buildings, and don't care who knows it; they are out of fashion, and don't care who are in; they are minding their business, and not hanging at the skirts of people ever ready and willing to kick them off.

Then there are the "dandy" M.P.'s, who ride hack-horses, associate with fashionable actresses, and hang about the clubs. Then there is the chance or accidental M.P., who has been elected he hardly knows how or when, and wonders to find himself in Parliament. Then there is the desperate, adventuring, ear-wigging M.P., whose hope of political existence, and whose very livelihood, depend upon getting or continuing in place. Then there is the legal M.P., with one eye fixed on the Queen's, the other squinting at the Treasury Bench. Then there is the lounging M.P., who is usually the scion of a

noble family, and who comes now and then into the House, to stare vacantly about, and go out again. Then there is the military M.P., who finds the House an agreeable lounge, and does not care to join his regiment on foreign service. Then there is the bustling M.P. of business, the M.P. of business without bustle, and the independent country gentleman M.P., who wants nothing for himself or any body else, and who does not care a turnip-top for the whole lot of them.

The aggregate distinction, as a member of Parliament, is totally sunk in London. It is the man, and not the two letters after his name, that any body whose regard is worth the having in the least regard. There are M.P.s never seen beyond the exclusive set, except on a committee of the House, and then they know and speak to nobody save one of themselves. There are other M.P.s that you will find in no society except Tom Spring's or Owen Swift's, at the Horse-shoe in Litchborne Street.

These observations upon baronets and M.P.s may be extended upwards to the peerage, and downwards to the professional, commercial, and all other the better classes. Every man hangs, like a herring, by his own tail; and every class would be distinct and separate, but that the pretenders to fashion, like some equivocal animals in the chain of animated nature, connect these different classes by copying pertinaciously the manners, and studying to adopt the tastes and habits of the class immediately above them.

Of pretenders to fashion, perhaps the most successful in their imitative art are the

Sheenies.—By this term, as used by men of undoubted *ton* with reference to the class we are about to consider, you are to understand runagate Jews rolling in riches, who profess to love roast pork above all things, who always eat their turkey with sausages, and who have *cut* their religion for the sake of dangling at the heels of fashionable Christians. These people are "swelling" upon the profits of the last generation in St Mary Axe or Petticoat Lane. The founders of their families have been loan-manufacturers, crimps, receivers of stolen goods, wholesale nigger-dealers, clippers and sweaters, rag-merchants, and the like, and conscientious Israelites; but their children, not having fortitude to abide by their condition, nor right principle to adhere to their sect, come to the west end of the town, and, by right of their money, make unremitting assaults upon the loose fish of fashionable society, who laugh at, and heartily despise them, while they are as ashes in the mouths of the respectable members of the persuasion to which they originally belonged.

Heavy Swells are another very important class of pretenders to fashion, and are divided into civil and military. Professional men, we say it to their honour, seldom affect the heavy swell, because the feeblest glimmerings of that rationality of thinking which results from among the lowest education, preserves them from the folly of the attempt, and, in preserving from folly, saves them from the self-reproaching misery that attends it. Men of education or of common sense, look upon pretension to birth, rank, or any thing else to which they have no legitimate claim, as little more than moral forgery; it it is with them an uttering base coin upon false pretences. It is generally the wives and families of professional men who are afflicted with pretension to fashion, of which we shall give abundant examples when we come to treat of gentility-mongers. But the heavy swell, who is of all classes, from the son and heir of an opulent blacking-maker down to the lieutenant of a marching regiment on half-pay, is utterly destitute of brains, deplorably illiterate, and therefore incapable, by nature and bringing-up, of respecting himself by a modest contented demeanour. He is never so unhappy as when he appears the thing he is—never so completely in his element as when acting the thing he is not, nor can ever be. He spends his life in jumping, like a cat, at shadows on the wall. He has day and night dreams of people, who have not the least idea that such a man is in existence, and he comes in time, by mere dint of thinking of nobody else, to think that he is one of them. He acquaints himself with the titles of lords, as other men do those of books, and then boasts largely of the extent of his acquaintance.

Let us suppose that he is an officer of a hard-fighting, foreign-service, neglected infantry regiment. This, which to a soldier would be an honest pride, is the shame of the Heavy Mili-

tary Swell. His chief business in life, next to knowing the names and faces of lords, is concealing from you the corps to which he has the dishonour, he thinks, to belong. He talks mightily of the service, of hussars and light dragoons; but when he knows that you know better, when you poke him hard about the young or old buffs, or the dirty half-hundred, he whispers in your ear that "my fellows," as he calls them, are very "fast," and that they are "all known in town, very well known indeed"—a piece of information you will construe in the case of the heavy swell to mean, better known than trusted.

When he is on full pay, the heavy swell is known to the three old women and five desperate daughters who compose good society in country quarters. He affects a patronizing air at small tea parties, and is wonderfully run after by wretched un-idea'd girls, that is, by ten girls in twelve; he is eternally striving to get upon the "staff," or anyhow to shirk his regimental duty; he is a whelp towards the men under his command, and has a grand idea of spurs, steel scabbards, and flogging; to his superiors he is a spaniel, to his brother officers an intolerable ass; he makes the mess-room a perfect hell with his vanity, puppyism, and senseless bibble-babble.

On leave, or half-pay, he "mounts mustaches," to help the hussar and light-dragoon idea, or to delude the ignorant into a belief that he may possibly belong to the household cavalry. He hangs about doors of military clubs, with a whip in his hand; talks very loud at the "Tiger" or the "Rag and famish," and never has done shouting to the waiter to bring him a "Peerage;" carries the "Red Book" and "Book of Heraldry" in his pocket; sees whence people come, and where they go, and makes them out somehow; in short, he is regarded with a thrill of horror by people of fashion, fast or slow, civil or military.

The Civil Heavy Swell affects fashionable curricles, and enjoys all the consideration a pair of good horses can give. He rides a blood bay in Rotten Row, but rides badly, and is detected by galloping, or some other solecism; his dress and liveries are always overdone, the money shows on every thing about him. He has familiar abbreviations for the names of all the fast men about town; calls this Lord "Jimmy," 'tother Chess, a third Dolly, and thinks he knows them; keeps an expensive mistress, because "Jimmy" and Chess are supposed to do the same, and when he is out of the way, his mistress has some of the fast fellows to supper, at the heavy swell's expense. He settles the point whether claret is to be drank from a jug or black bottle, and retails the merits of a *plateau* or *epergne* he saw, when last he dined with a "fellow" in Belgrave Square.

The *Foreigneering* Heavy Swell has much more spirit, talent, and manner, than the home-grown article; but he is poor in a like ratio, and is therefore obliged to feather his nest by denuding the pigeon tribe of their metallic plumage. He is familiarly known to all the fast fellows, who *cut* him, however, as soon as they marry, but is not accounted good *ton* by heads of families. He is liked at the Hells and Clubs, where he has a knack of distinguishing himself without presumption or affectation. He is a dresser by right divine, and dresses ridiculously. The fashionable fellows affect loudly to applaud his taste, and laugh to see the vulgar imitate the foreigneering swell. He is the idol of equivocal women, and condescends to patronize unpresentable gentility-mongers. He is not unhappy at heart, like the indigenous heavy swell, but enjoys his intimacy with the fast fellows, and uses it.

There is an infallible test we should advise you to apply, whenever you are bored to desperation by any of these heavy swells. When he talks of "my friend, the Duke of Bayswater," ask him, in a quiet tone, where he last met the *Duchess*. If he says Hyde-Park (meaning the Earl of) is an honest good fellow, enquire whether he prefers Lady Mary or Lady Seraphina Serpentine. This drops him like a shot—he can't get over it.

It is a rule in good society that you know the set only when you know the women of that set; however you may work your way among the men, whatever you may do at the Hells and Clubs, goes for nothing—the *women* stamp you counterfeit or current, and—

"Not to know *them*, argues yourself unknown."

EYRE'S CABUL.

This is the first connected account that has appeared of the military disasters that befell the British army at Cabul—by far the most signal reverse our arms have ever sustained in Asia. The narrative is full of a deep and painful interest, which becomes more and more intense as we approach the closing catastrophe. The simple detail of the daily occurrences stirs up our strongest feelings of indignation, pity, scorn, admiration, horror, and grief. The tale is told without art, or any attempt at artificial ornament, and in a spirit of manly and gentlemanlike forbearance from angry comment or invective, that is highly creditable to the author, and gives us a very favourable opinion both of his head and of his heart.

That a British army of nearly six thousand fighting men—occupying a position chosen and fortified by our own officers, and having possession, within two miles of this fortified cantonment, of a strong citadel commanding the greater part of the town of Cabul, a small portion only of whose population rose against us at the commencement of the revolt—should not only have made no vigorous effort to crush the insurrection; but that it should ultimately have been driven by an undisciplined Asiatic mob, destitute of artillery, and which never appears to have collected in one place above 10,000 men, to seek safety in a humiliating capitulation, by which it surrendered the greater part of its artillery, military stores, and treasure, and undertook to evacuate the whole country on condition of receiving a safe conduct from the rebel chiefs, on whose faith they placed, and could place, no reliance; and finally, that, of about 4500 armed soldiers and twelve thousand camp-followers, many of whom were also armed, who set out from Cabul, only one man, and he wounded, should have arrived at Jellalabad; is an amount of misfortune so far exceeding every rational anticipation of evil, that we should have been entitled to assume that these unparalleled military disasters arose from a series of unparalelled errors, even if we had not had, as we now have, the authority of Lord Ellenborough for asserting the fact.

But every nation, and more particularly the British nation, is little inclined to pardon the men under whose command any portion of its army or of its navy may have been beaten. Great Britain, reposing entire confidence in the courage of her men, and little accustomed to see them overthrown, is keenly jealous of the reputation of her forces; and, as she is ever prompt to reward military excellence and success, she heaps unmeasured obloquy on those who may have subjected her to the degradation of defeat. When our forces have encountered a reverse, or even when the success has not been commensurate with the hopes that had been indulged, the public mind has ever been prone to condemn the commanders; and wherever there has been reason to believe that errors have been committed which have led to disaster, there has been little disposition to make any allowances for the circumstances of the case, or for the fallibility of man; but, on the contrary, the nation has too often evinced a fierce desire to punish the leaders for the mortification the country has been made to endure.

This feeling may tend to elevate the standard of military character, but it must at the same time preclude the probability of calm or impartial examination, so far as the great body of the nation is concerned; and it is therefore the more obviously incumbent on those who, from a more intimate knowledge of the facts, or from habits of more deliberate investigation, are not carried away by the tide of popular indignation and invective, to weigh the circumstances with conscientious caution, and to await the result of judicial enquiry before they venture to apportion the blame or even to estimate its amount.

"The following notes," says Lieutenant Eyre in his preface, "were penned to re-

The Military Operations at Cabul, which ended in the Retreat and Destruction of the British Army, January 1842; with a Journal of Imprisonment in Affghanistan. By Lieutenant Vincent Eyre, Bengal Artillery, late Deputy-Commissary of Ordnance at Cabul. London: John Murray.

lieve the monotony of an Affghan prison, while yet the events which they record continued fresh in my memory. I now give them publicity, in the belief that the information which they contain on the dreadful scenes lately enacted in Affghanistan, though clothed in a homely garb, will scarcely fail to be acceptable to many of my countrymen, both in India and England, who may be ignorant of the chief particulars. The time, from the 2d November 1841, on which day the sudden popular outbreak at Cabul took place, to the 13th January 1842, which witnessed the annihilation of the last small remnant of our unhappy force at Gundamuk, was one continued tragedy. The massacre of Sir Alexander Burnes and his associates, —the loss of our commissariat fort—the defeat of our troops under Brigadier Shelton at Beymaroo—the treacherous assassination of Sir William Macnaghten, our envoy and minister—and lastly, the disastrous retreat and utter destruction of a force consisting of 5000 fighting men and upwards of 12,000 camp-followers, —are events which will assuredly rouse the British Lion from his repose, and excite an indignant spirit of enquiry in every breast. Men will not be satisfied, in this case, with a bare statement of the facts, but they will doubtless require to be made acquainted with the causes which brought about such awful effects. We have lost six entire regiments of infantry, three companies of sappers, a troop of European horse-artillery, half the mountain-train battery, nearly a whole regiment of regular cavalry, and four squadrons of irregular horse, besides a well-stocked magazine, which *alone*, taking into consideration the cost of transport up to Cabul, may be estimated at nearly a million sterling. From first to last, not less than 104 British officers have fallen: their names will be found in the Appendix. I glance but slightly at the *political* events of this period, not having been one of the initiated; and I do not pretend to enter into *minute* particulars with regard to even our *military* transactions, more especially those not immediately connected with the sad catastrophe which it has been my ill fortune to witness, and whereof I now endeavour to portray the leading features. In these notes I have been careful to state only what I know to be undeniable facts. I have set down nothing on mere hearsay evidence, nor any thing which cannot be attested by living witnesses or by existing documentary evidence. In treating of matters which occurred under my personal observation, it has been difficult to avoid *altogether* the occasional expression of my own individual opinion: but I hope it will be found that I have made no observations bearing hard on men or measures, that are either uncalled for, or will not stand the test of future investigation."

After the surrender of Dost Mahomed Khan, there remained in Affghanistan no chief who possessed a dominant power or influence that made him formidable to the government of Shah Shoojah, or to his English allies; and the kingdom of Cabul seemed to be gradually, though slowly, subsiding into comparative tranquillity. In the summer of the year 1841, the authority of the sovereign appears to have been acknowledged in almost every part of his dominions. A partial revolt of the Giljyes was speedily suppressed by our troops. The Kohistan, or more correctly, Koohdaman of Cabul, a mountainous tract, inhabited by a warlike people, over whom the authority of the governments of the country had long been imperfect and precarious, had submitted, or had ceased to resist. A detachment from the British force at Kandahar, after defeating Akter Khan, who had been instigated by the Vezeer of Herat to rebel, swept the country of Zemindawer, drove Akter Khan a fugitive to Herat, received the submission of all the chiefs in that part of the kingdom, and secured the persons of such as it was not thought prudent to leave at large in those districts.

The Shah's authority was now believed to be so firmly established, that both Sir William Macnaghten, the British envoy at Cabul, who had recently been appointed governor of Bombay, and Sir Alexander Burnes, on whom the duties of the envoy would have devolved on Sir W. Macnaghten's departure, thought that the time had arrived when the amount of the British force in Affghanistan, which was so heavy a charge upon the revenues of India, might with safety be reduced, and General Sale's brigade was ordered to hold itself in readiness to march to Jellalabad, on its route to India.

Even at this time, however, Major Pottinger, the political agent in Kohistan, including, we presume, the Koohdaman, thought the force at his disposal too small to maintain the tranquillity of the district; and the chiefs of the valley of Nijrow, or Nijrab, a valley of Kohistan Proper, had not only refused to submit, but had

harboured the restless and disaffected who had made themselves obnoxious to the Shah's government. But although Major Pottinger had no confidence in the good feelings of the people of his own district to the government, and even seems to have anticipated insurrection, no movement of that description had yet taken place.

Early in September, however, Captain Hay, who was with a small force in the Zoormut valley, situated nearly west from Ghuznee and south from Cabul, having been induced by the representations of Moollah Momin—the collector of the revenues, who was a Barikzye, and a near relation of one of the leaders of the insurrection, in which he afterwards himself took an active part—to move against a fort in which the murderers of Colonel Herring were said to have taken shelter, the inhabitants resisted his demands, and fired upon the troops. His force was found insufficient to reduce it, and he was obliged to retire; a stronger force was therefore sent, on the approach of which the people fled to the hills, and the forts they had evacuated were blown up. This occurrence was not calculated seriously to disturb the confident hopes that were entertained of the permanent tranquillity of the country; but before the force employed upon that expedition had returned to Cabul, a formidable insurrection had broken out in another quarter.

"Early in October," says Lieutenant Eyre, "three Giljye chiefs of note suddenly quitted Cabul, after plundering a rich cafila at Tezeen, and took up a strong position in the difficult defile of Khoord-Cabul, about ten miles from the capital, thus blocking up the pass, and cutting off our communication with Hindostan. Intelligence had not very long previously been received that Mahomed Akber Khan, second son of the ex-ruler Dost Mahomed Khan, had arrived at Bameean from Khooloom, for the supposed purpose of carrying on intrigues against the Government. It is remarkable that he is nearly connected by marriage with Mahomed Shah Khan and Dost Mahomed Khan, also Giljyes, who almost immediately joined the above-mentioned chiefs. Mahomed Akber had, since the deposition of his father, never ceased to foster feelings of intense hatred towards the English nation; and, though often urged by the fallen ruler to deliver himself up, had resolutely preferred the life of a houseless exile to one of mean dependence on the bounty of his enemies. It seems, therefore, in the highest degree probable that this hostile movement on the part of the Eastern Giljyes was the result of his influence over them, combined with other causes which will be hereafter mentioned."

The other causes here alluded to, appear to be "the deep offence given to the Giljyes by the ill-advised reduction of their annual stipends, a measure which had been forced upon Sir William Macnaghten by Lord Auckland. This they considered, and with some show of justice, as a breach of faith on the part of our Government."

We presume that it is not Mr Eyre's intention to assert that this particular measure was ordered by Lord Auckland, but merely that the rigid economy enforced by his lordship, led the Envoy to have recourse to this measure as one of the means by which the general expenditure might be diminished.

Formidable as this revolt of the Giljyes was found to be, we are led to suspect that both Sir W. Macnaghten and Sir A. Burnes were misled, probably by the Shah's government, very greatly to underrate its importance and its danger. The force under Colonel Monteath,* which in the first instance was sent to suppress it, was so small that it was not only unable to penetrate into the country it was intended to overawe or to subdue, but it was immediately attacked in its camp, within ten miles of Cabul, and lost thirty-five sepoys killed and wounded.

Two days afterwards, the 11th October, General Sale marched from Cabul with H.M.'s 13th light infantry, to join Colonel Monteath's camp at Bootkhak; and the following morning the whole proceeded to force the pass of Khoord-Cabul, which was effected with some loss. The 13th returned through the pass to Bootkhak, suffering from the fire of parties which still lurked among the rocks. The remainder of the brigade encamped at Khoord-Cabul, at the further extremity of the defile. In this divided position the brigade remained for some days, and both camps had

* 35th Reg. N. I.; 100 sappers; 1 squadron 5th Cav.; 2 guns.

to sustain night attacks from the Affghans—"that on the 35th native infantry being peculiarly disastrous, from the treachery of the Affghan horse, who admitted the enemy within their lines, by which our troops were exposed to a fire from the least suspected quarter. Many of our gallant sepoys, and Lieutenant Jenkins, thus met their death."

On the 20th October, General Sale, having been reinforced, marched to Khoord-Cabul; "and about the 22d, the whole force there assembled, with Captain Macgregor, political agent, marched to Tezeen, encountering much determined opposition on the road."

"By this time it was too evident that the whole of the Eastern Giljyes had risen in one common league against us." The treacherous proceedings of their chief or viceroy, Humza Khan, which had for some time been suspected, were now discovered, and he was arrested by order of Shah Shoojah.

"It must be remarked," says Lieutenant Eyre, "that for some time previous to these overt acts of rebellion, the always strong and ill-repressed personal dislike of the Affghans towards Europeans, had been manifested in a more than usually open manner in and about Cabul. Officers had been insulted and attempts made to assassinate them. Two Europeans had been murdered, as also several camp-followers; but these and other signs of the approaching storm had unfortunately been passed over as mere ebullitions of private angry feeling. This incredulity and apathy is the more to be lamented, as it was pretty well known that on the occasion of the *shub-khoon*, or first night attack on the 35th native infantry at Bootkhak, a large portion of our assailants consisted of the armed retainers of the different men of consequence in Cabul itself, large parties of whom had been seen proceeding from the city to the scene of action on the evening of the attack, and afterwards returning. Although these men had to pass either through the heart or round the skirts of our camp at Secah Sung, it was not deemed expedient even to question them, far less to detain them.

"On the 26th October, General Sale started in the direction of Gundamuk, Captain Macgregor having half-frightened, half-cajoled the refractory Giljye chiefs into what proved to have been a most hollow truce."

On the same day, the 37th native infantry, three companies of the Shah's sappers under Captain Walsh, and three guns of the mountain-train under Lieutenant Green, retraced their steps towards Cabul, where the sappers, pushing on, arrived unopposed; but the rest of the detachment was attacked on the 2d November—on the afternoon of which day, Major Griffiths, who commanded it, received orders to force his way to Cabul, where the insurrection had that morning broken out. His march through the pass, and from Bootkhak to Cabul, was one continued conflict; but the gallantry of his troops, and the excellence of his own dispositions, enabled him to carry the whole of his wounded and baggage safe to the cantonments at Cabul, where he arrived about three o'clock on the morning of the 3d November, followed almost to the gates by about 3000 Giljyes.

The causes of the insurrection in the capital are not yet fully ascertained, or, if ascertained, they have not been made public. Lieutenant Eyre does not attempt to account for it; but he gives us the following memorandum of Sir W. Macnaghten's, found, we presume, amongst his papers after his death:—

"The immediate cause of the outbreak in the capital was a seditious letter addressed by Abdoollah Khan to several chiefs of influence at Cabul, stating that it was the design of the Envoy to seize and send them all to London! The principal rebels met on the previous night, and, relying on the inflammable feelings of the people of Cabul, they pretended that the King had issued an order to put all infidels to death; having previously forged an order from him for our destruction, by the common process of washing out the contents of a genuine paper, with the exception of the seal, and substituting their own wicked inventions."

But this invention, though it was probably one of the means employed by the conspirators to increase the number of their associates, can hardly be admitted to account for the insurrection. The arrival of Akber Khan at Bameean, the revolt of the Giljyes, the previous flight of their chiefs from Cabul, and the almost simultaneous attack of our posts in the Koohdaman, (called by Lieutenant Eyre, Kohistan,) on the 3d November—the attack of a party conducting prisoners from Candahar to Ghuznee—the immediate

interruption of every line of communication with Cabul—and the selection of the season of the year the most favourable to the success of the insurrection, with many other less important circumstances, combine to force upon us the opinion, that the intention to attack the Cabul force, so soon as it should have become isolated by the approach of winter, had been entertained, and the plan of operations concerted, for some considerable time before the insurrection broke out. That many who wished for its success may have been slow to commit themselves, is to be presumed, and that vigorous measures might, if resorted to on the first day, have suppressed the revolt, is probable; but it can hardly be doubted that we must look far deeper, and further back, for the causes which united the Affghan nation against us.

The will of their chiefs and spiritual leaders—fanatical zeal, and hatred of the domination of a race whom they regarded as infidels—may have been sufficient to incite the lower orders to any acts of violence, or even to the persevering efforts they made to extirpate the English. In their eyes the contest would assume the character of a religious war—of a crusade; and every man who took up arms in that cause, would go to battle with the conviction that, if he should be slain, his soul would go at once to paradise, and that, if he slew an enemy of the faith, he thereby also secured to himself eternal happiness. But the chiefs are not so full of faith; and although we would not altogether exclude religious antipathy as an incentive, we may safely assume that something more immediately affecting their temporal and personal concerns must with them, or at least with the large majority, have been the true motives of the conspiracy—of their desire to expel the English from their country. Nor is it difficult to conceive what some of these motives may have been. The former sovereigns of Affghanistan, even the most firmly-established and the most vigorous, had no other means of enforcing their commands, than by employing the forces of one part of the nation to make their authority respected in another; but men who were jealous of their own independence as chiefs, were not likely to aid the sovereign in any attempt to destroy the substantial power, the importance, or the independence of their class; and although a refractory chief might occasionally, by the aid of his feudal enemies, be taken or destroyed, and his property plundered, his place was filled by a relation, and the order remained unbroken. The Affghan chiefs had thus enjoyed, under their native governments, an amount of independence which was incompatible with the system we introduced—supported as that system was by our military means. These men must have seen that their own power and importance, and even their security against the caprices of their sovereign, could not long be preserved—that they were about to be subjected as well as governed—to be deprived of all power to resist the oppressions of their own government, because its will was enforced by an army which had no sympathy with the nation, and which was therefore ready to use its formidable strength to compel unqualified submission to the sovereign's commands.

The British army may not have been employed to enforce any unjust command—its movements may have been less, far less, injurious to the countries through which it passed than those of an Affghan army would have been, and its power in the moment of success may have been far less abused; but still it gave a strength to the arm of the sovereign, which was incompatible with the maintenance of the pre-existing civil and social institutions or condition of the country, and especially of the relative positions of the sovereign and the noble. In the measures we adopted to establish the authority of Shah Shoojah, we attempted to carry out a system of government which could only have been made successful by a total revolution in the social condition of the people, and in the relative positions of classes; and as these revolutions are not effected in a few years, the attempt failed.*

* The system, unpalatable as it was to the nation, might, no doubt, have been carried through by an overwhelming military force, if the country had been worth the cost;

But if the predominance of our influence and of our military power, and the effects of the system we introduced, tended to depress the chiefs, it must have still more injuriously affected or threatened the power of the priesthood.

This we believe to have been one of the primary and most essential causes of the revolt—this it was that made the insurrection spread with such rapidity, and that finally united the whole nation against us. With the aristocracy and the hierarchy of the country, it must have been but a question of courage and of means—a calculation of the probability of success; and as that probability was greatly increased by the results of the first movement at Cabul, and by the inertness of our army after the first outbreak, all acquired courage enough to aid in doing what all had previously desired to see done.

But if there be any justice in this view of the state of feeling in Affghanistan, even in the moments of its greatest tranquillity, it is difficult to account for the confidence with which the political authorities charged with the management of our affairs in that country looked to the future, and the indifference with which they appear to have regarded what now must appear to every one else to have been very significant, and even alarming, intimations of dissaffection in Cabul, and hostility in the neighbouring districts.

But it is time we should return to Lieutenant Eyre, whose narrative of facts is infinitely more attractive than any speculations we could offer.

"At an early hour this morning, (2d November 1841,) the startling intelligence was brought from the city, that a popular outbreak had taken place; that the shops were all closed; and that a general attack had been made on the houses of all British officers residing in Cabul. About 8 A.M., a hurried note was received by the Envoy in cantonments from Sir Alexander Burnes, stating that the minds of the people had been strongly excited by some mischievous reports, but expressing a hope that he should succeed in quelling the commotion. About 9 A.M., however, a rumour was circulated, which afterwards proved but too well founded, that Sir Alexander had been murdered, and Captain Johnson's treasury plundered. Flames were now seen to issue from that part of the city where they dwelt, and it was too apparent that the endeavour to appease the people by quiet means had failed, and that it would be necessary to have recourse to stronger measures. The report of fire-arms was incessant, and seemed to extend through the town from end to end.

"Sir William Macnaghten now called upon General Elphinstone to act. An order was accordingly sent to Brigadier Shelton, then encamped at Seeah Sung, about a mile and a half distant from cantonments, to march forthwith to the *Bala Hissar*, or *royal citadel*, where his Majesty Shah Shoojah resided, commanding a large portion of the city, with the following troops:—viz. one company of H. M. 44th foot; a wing of the 54th regiment native infantry, under Major Ewart; the 6th regiment Shah's infantry, under Captain Hopkins; and four horse-artillery guns, under Captain Nicholl; and on arrival there, to act according to his own judgment, after consulting with the King.

"The remainder of the troops encamped at Seeah Sung were at the same time ordered into cantonments: viz. H. M. 44th foot, under Lieutenant-Colonel Mackerell; two horse-artillery guns, under Lieutenant Waller; and Anderson's irregular horse. A messenger was likewise dispatched to recall the 37th native infantry from Khoord-Cabul without delay. The troops at this time in cantonments were as follows: viz. 5th regiment native infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver; a wing of 54th native infantry; five six-pounder field guns, with a detachment of the Shah's artillery, under Lieutenant Warburton; the Envoy's body-guard; a troop of Skinner's horse, and another of local horse, under Lieutenant Walker; three companies of the Shah's sappers, under Captain Walsh; and about twenty men of the Company's sappers, attached to Captain Paton, assistant-quartermaster-general.

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but if it was not intended to retain permanent possession of Affghanistan, it appears to us that the native government was far too much interfered with—that the British envoy, the British officers employed in the districts and provinces, and the British army, stood too much between the Shah and his subjects—that we were forming a government which it would be impossible to work in our absence, and creating a state of things which, the longer it might endure, would have made more remote the time at which our interference could be dispensed with.

"Widely spread and formidable as this insurrection proved to be afterwards, it was at first a mere insignificant ebullition of discontent on the part of a few desperate and restless men, which military energy and promptitude ought to have crushed in the bud. Its commencement was an attack by certainly not 300 men on the dwellings of Sir Alexander Burnes and Captain Johnson, paymaster to the Shah's force; and so little did Sir Alexander himself apprehend serious consequences, that he not only refused, on its first breaking out, to comply with the earnest entreaties of the wuzeer to accompany him to the Bala Hissar, but actually forbade his guard to fire on the assailants, attempting to check what he supposed to be a mere riot, by haranguing the attacking party from the gallery of his house. The result was fatal to himself; for in spite of the devoted gallantry of the sepoys, who composed his guard, and that of the paymaster's office and treasury on the opposite side of the street, who yielded their trust only with their latest breath, the latter were plundered, and his two companions, Lieutenant William Broadfoot of the Bengal European regiment, and his brother, Lieutenant Burnes of the Bombay army, were massacred, in common with every man, woman, and child found on the premises, by these bloodthirsty miscreants. Lieutenant Broadfoot killed five or six men with his own hand, before he was shot down.

"The King, who was in the Bala Hissar, being somewhat startled by the increasing number of the rioters, although not at the time aware, so far as we can judge, of the assassination of Sir A. Burnes, despatched one of his sons with a number of his immediate Affghan retainers, and that corps of Hindoostanees commonly called Campbell's regiment, with two guns, to restore order: no support, however, was rendered to these by our troops, whose leaders appeared so thunderstruck by the intelligence of the outbreak, as to be incapable of adopting more than the most puerile defensive measures. Even Sir William Macnaghten seemed, from a note received at this time from him by Captain Trevor, to apprehend little danger, as he therein expressed his perfect confidence as to the speedy and complete success of Campbell's Hindoostanees in putting an end to the disturbance. Such, however, was not the case; for the enemy, encouraged by our inaction, increased rapidly in spirit and numbers, and drove back the King's guard with great slaughter, the guns being with difficulty saved.

"It must be understood that Captain Trevor lived at this time with his family in a strong *bourge*, or tower, situated by the river side, near the Kuzzilbash quarter, which, on the west, is wholly distinct from the remainder of the city. Within musket-shot, on the opposite side of the river, in the direction of the strong and populous village of Deh Affghan, is a fort of some size, then used as a godown, or storehouse, by the Shah's commissariat, part of it being occupied by Brigadier Anquetil, commanding the Shah's force. Close to this fort, divided by a narrow watercourse, was the house of Captain Troup, brigade-major of the Shah's force, perfectly defensible against musketry. Both Brigadier Anquetil and Captain Troup had gone out on horseback early in the morning towards cantonments, and were unable to return; but the above fort and house contained the usual guard of sepoys; and in a garden close at hand, called the *Yaboo-Khaneh*, or lines of the baggage-cattle, was a small detachment of the Shah's sappers and miners, and a party of Captain Ferris's juzailchees. Captain Trevor's tower was capable of being made good against a much stronger force than the rebels at this present time could have collected, had it been properly garrisoned.

"As it was, the Hazirbash,* or King's life-guards, were, under Captain Trevor, congregated round their leader, to protect him and his family; which duty, it will be seen, they well performed under very trying circumstances. For what took place in this quarter I beg to refer to a communication made to me at my request by Captain Colin Mackenzie,† assistant political agent at Peshawur, who then occupied the godown portion of the fort above mentioned, which will be found hereafter.‡

* Affghan horse.

† The detachment under Captain Mackenzie consisted of about seventy juzailchees or Affghan riflemen, and thirty sappers, who had been left in the town in charge of the wives and children of the corps, all of whom were brought safe into the cantonments by that gallant party, who fought their way from the heart of the town.

‡ "I am sorry to say that this document has not reached me with the rest of the manuscript. I have not struck out the reference, because there is hope that it still exists, and may yet be appended to this narrative. The loss of any thing else from Captain Mackenzie's pen will be regretted by all who read his other communication, the account of the Envoy's murder.—EDITOR."

"I have already stated that Brigadier Shelton was, early in the day, directed to proceed with part of the Seeah Sung force to occupy the Bala Hissar, and, if requisite, to lead his troops against the insurgents. Captain Lawrence, military secretary to the Envoy, was at the same time sent forward to prepare the King for that officer's reception. Taking with him four troopers of the body-guard, he was galloping along the main road, when, shortly after crossing the river, he was suddenly attacked by an Affghan, who, rushing from behind a wall, made a desperate cut at him with a large two-handed knife. He dexterously avoided the blow by spurring his horse on one side; but, passing onwards, he was fired upon by about fifty men, who, having seen his approach, ran out from the Lahore gate of the city to intercept him. He reached the Bala Hissar safe, where he found the King apparently in a state of great agitation, he having witnessed the assault from the window of his palace. His Majesty expressed an eager desire to conform to the Envoy's wishes in all respects in this emergency.

"Captain Lawrence was still conferring with the King, when Lieutenant Sturt, our executive engineer, rushed into the palace, stabbed in three places about the face and neck. He had been sent by Brigadier Shelton to make arrangements for the accommodation of the troops, and had reached the gate of the *Dewan Khaneh*, or hall of audience, when the attempt at his life was made by some one who had concealed himself there for that purpose, and who immediately effected his escape. The wounds were fortunately not dangerous, and Lieutenant Sturt was conveyed back to cantonments in the King's own palanquin, under a strong escort. Soon after this Brigadier Shelton's force arrived; but the day was suffered to pass without any thing being done demonstrative of British energy and power. The murder of our countrymen, and the spoliation of public and private property, was perpetrated with impunity within a mile of our cantonment, and under the very walls of the Bala Hissar.

"Such an exhibition on our part taught the enemy their strength — confirmed against us those who, however disposed to join in the rebellion, had hitherto kept aloof from prudential motives, and ultimately encouraged the nation to unite as one man for our destruction.

"It was, in fact, the crisis of all others calculated to test the qualities of a military commander. Whilst, however, it is impossible for an unprejudiced person to approve the military dispositions of this eventful period, it is equally our duty to discriminate. The most *responsible* party is not always the most culpable. It would be the height of injustice to a most amiable and gallant officer not to notice the long course of painful and wearing illness, which had materially affected the nerves, and probably even the intellect, of General Elphinstone; cruelly incapacitating him, so far as he was personally concerned, from acting in this sudden emergency with the promptitude and vigour necessary for our preservation.

"Unhappily, Sir William Macnaghten at first made light of the insurrection, and, by his representations as to the general feeling of the people towards us, not only deluded himself, but misled the General in council. The unwelcome truth was soon forced upon us, that in the whole Affghan nation we could not reckon on a single friend.

"But though no active measures of aggression were taken, all necessary preparations were made to secure the cantonment against attack. It fell to my own lot to place every available gun in position round the works. Besides the guns already mentioned, we had in the magazine 6 nine-pounder iron guns, 3 twenty-four pounder howitzers, 1 twelve-pounder ditto, and 3 5½-inch mortars; but the detail of artillerymen fell very short of what was required to man all these efficiently, consisting of only 80 Punjabees belonging to the Shah, under Lieutenant Warburton, very insufficiently instructed, and of doubtful fidelity."

The fortified cantonment occupied by the British troops was a quadrangle of 1000 yards long by 600 broad, with round flanking bastions at each corner, every one of which was commanded by some fort or hill. To one end of this work was attached the Mission compound and enclosure, about half as large as the cantonment, surrounded by a simple wall. This space required to be defended in time of war, and it rendered the whole of one face of the cantonment nugatory for purposes of defence. The profile of the works themselves was weak, being in fact an ordinary field-work. But the most strange and unaccountable circumstance recorded by Lieutenant Eyre respecting these military arrangements, is certainly the fact, that the commissariat stores, containing whatever the army possessed of food or clothing, was not within the circuit of these fortified cantonments, but in a detached and weak fort, the gate of

which was commanded by another building at a short distance. Our author thus sums up his observations on these cantonments :—

"In fact, we were so hemmed in on all sides, that, when the rebellion became general, the troops could not move out a dozen paces from either gate without being exposed to the fire of some neighbouring hostile fort, garrisoned, too, by marksmen who seldom missed their aim. The country around us was likewise full of impediments to the movements of artillery and cavalry, being in many places flooded, and every where closely intersected by deep water-cuts.

"I cannot help adding, in conclusion, that almost all the calamities that befell our ill-starred force may be traced more or less to the defects of our position; and that our cantonment at Cabul, whether we look to its situation or its construction, must ever be spoken of as a disgrace to our military skill and judgment."

Nov. 3.—The 37th native infantry arrived in cantonments, as previously stated.

"Early in the afternoon, a detachment under Major Swayne, consisting of two companies 5th native infantry, one of H.M. 44th, and two H.A. guns under Lieutenant Waller, proceeded out of the western gate towards the city, to effect, if possible, a junction at the Lahore gate with a part of Brigadier Shelton's force from the Bala Hissar. They drove back and defeated a party of the enemy who occupied the road near the Shah Bagh, but had to encounter a sharp fire from the Kohistan gate of the city, and from the walls of various enclosures, behind which a number of marksmen had concealed themselves, as also from the fort of Mahmood Khan, commanding the road along which they had to pass. Lieutenant Waller and several sepoys were wounded. Major Swayne, observing the whole line of road towards the Lahore gate strongly occupied by some Affghan horse and juzailchees, and fearing that he would be unable to effect the object in view with so small a force unsupported by cavalry, retired into cantonments. Shortly after this, a large body of the rebels having issued from the fort of Mahmood Khan, 900 yards south-east of cantonments, extended themselves in a line along the bank of the river, displaying a flag; an iron nine-pounder was brought to bear on them from our south-east bastion, and a round or two of shrapnell caused them to seek shelter behind some neighbouring banks, whence, after some desultory firing on both sides, they retired.

"Whatever hopes may have been entertained, up to this period, of a speedy termination to the insurrection, they began now to wax fainter every hour, and an order was dispatched to the officer commanding at Candahar to lose no time in sending to our assistance the 16th and 43d regiments native infantry, (which were under orders for India,) together with a troop of horse-artillery and half a regiment of cavalry; an order was likewise sent off to recall General Sale with his brigade from Gundamuk. Captain John Conolly, political assistant to the Envoy, went into the Bala Hissar early this morning, to remain with the King, and to render every assistance in his power to Brigadier Shelton."

On this day Lieutenants Maule and Wheeler were murdered at Kahdarrah in Koohdaman; the Kohistan regiment of Affghans which they commanded, offering no resistance to the rebels. The two officers defended themselves resolutely for some time, but fell under the fire of the enemy. Lieutenant Maule had been warned of his danger by a friendly native, but refused to desert his post.

On this day also Lieutenant Rattray, Major Pottinger's assistant, was treacherously murdered at Lughmanee, during a conference to which he had been invited, and within sight of the small fort in which these two gentlemen resided. This act was followed by a general insurrection in Kohistan and Koohdaman, which terminated in the destruction of the Goorkha regiment at Charikar, and the slaughter of all the Europeans in that district except Major Pottinger and Lieutenant Haughton, both severely wounded, who, with one sepoy and one or two followers, succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the Affghan parties, who were patrolling the roads for the purpose of intercepting them, and at length arrived in cantonments, having actually passed at night through the town and bazars of Cabul. For the details of this interesting and afflicting episode in Mr Eyre's narrative, we must refer our readers to the work itself. Major Pottinger appears on this occasion to have exhibited the same high courage and promptitude and vigour in action, and the same resources in difficulty, that made him conspicuous at Herat, and Lieutenant Haughton was no unworthy companion of such a man.

"*November* 4.—The enemy having taken strong possession of the *Shah Bagh*, or King's Garden, and thrown a garrison into the fort of Mahomed Shereef, nearly opposite the bazar, effectually prevented any communication between the cantonment and commissariat fort, the gate of which latter was commanded by the gate of the Shah Bagh on the other side of the road.

"Ensign Warren of the 5th native infantry at this time occupied the commissariat fort with 100 men, and having reported that he was very hard pressed by the enemy, and in danger of being completely cut off, the General, either forgetful or unaware at the moment of the important fact, that upon the possession of this fort we were entirely dependent for provisions, and anxious only to save the lives of men whom he believed to be in imminent peril, hastily gave directions that a party under the command of Captain Swayne, of H.M.'s 44th regiment, should proceed immediately to bring off Ensign Warren and his garrison to cantonments, abandoning the fort to the enemy. A few minutes previously an attempt to relieve him had been made by Ensign Gordon, with a company of the 37th native infantry and eleven camels laden with ammunition; but the party were driven back, and Ensign Gordon killed. Captain Swayne now accordingly proceeded towards the spot with two companies of H.M.'s 44th; scarcely had they issued from cantonments ere a sharp and destructive fire was poured upon them from Mahomed Shereef's fort, which, as they proceeded, was taken up by the marksmen in the Shah Bagh, under whose deadly aim both officers and men suffered severely; Captains Swayne and Robinson of the 44th being killed, and Lieutenants Hallahan, Evans, and Fortye wounded in this disastrous business. It now seemed to the officer, on whom the command had devolved, impracticable to bring off Ensign Warren's party without risking the annihilation of his own, which had already sustained so rapid and severe a loss in officers; he therefore returned forthwith to cantonments. In the course of the evening another attempt was made by a party of the 5th light cavalry; but they encountered so severe a fire from the neighbouring enclosures as obliged them to return without effecting their desired object, with the loss of eight troopers killed and fourteen badly wounded. Captain Boyd, the assistant commissary-general, having meanwhile been made acquainted with the General's intention to give up the fort, hastened to lay before him the disastrous consequences that would ensue from so doing. He stated that the place contained, besides large supplies of wheat and attah, all his stores of rum, medicine, clothing, &c., the value of which might be estimated at four lacs of rupees; that to abandon such valuable property would not only expose the force to the immediate want of the necessaries of life, but would infallibly inspire the enemy with tenfold courage. He added that we had not above two days' supply of provisions in cantonments, and that neither himself nor Captain Johnson of the Shah's commissariat had any prospect of procuring them elsewhere under existing circumstances. In consequence of this strong representation on the part of Captain Boyd, the General sent immediate orders to Ensign Warren to hold out the fort to the last extremity. (Ensign Warren, it must be remarked, denied having received this note.) Early in the night a letter was received from him to the effect that he believed the enemy were busily engaged in mining one of the towers, and that such was the alarm among the sepoys that several of them had actually made their escape over the wall to cantonments; that the enemy were making preparations to burn down the gate; and that, considering the temper of his men, he did not expect to be able to hold out many hours longer, unless reinforced without delay. In reply to this he was informed that he would be reinforced by two A.M.

"At about nine o'clock P.M., there was an assembly of staff and other officers at the General's house, when the Envoy came in and expressed his serious conviction, that unless Mahomed Shereef's fort were taken that very night, we should lose the commissariat fort, or at all events be unable to bring out of it provisions for the troops. The disaster of the morning rendered the General extremely unwilling to expose his officers and men to any similar peril; but, on the other hand, it was urged that the darkness of the night would nullify the enemy's fire, who would also most likely be taken unawares, as it was not the custom of the Affghans to maintain a very strict watch at night. A man in Captain Johnson's employ was accordingly sent out to reconnoitre the place. He returned in a few minutes with the intelligence that about twenty men were seated outside the fort near the gate, smoking and talking; and, from what he overheard of their conversation, he judged the garrison to be very small, and unable to resist a sudden onset. The debate was now resumed, but another hour passed and the General could not make up his mind. A second spy was dispatched, whose report tended to corroborate what

the first had said. I was then sent to Lieutenant Sturt, the engineer, who was nearly recovered from his wounds, for his opinion. He at first expressed himself in favour of an immediate attack, but, on hearing that some of the enemy were on the watch at the gate, he judged it prudent to defer the assault till an early hour in the morning: this decided the General, though not before several hours had slipped away in fruitless discussion.

"Orders were at last given for a detachment to be in readiness at four A.M. at the Kohistan gate; and Captain Bellew, deputy-assistant quartermaster-general, volunteered to blow open the gate; another party of H.M.'s 44th were at the same time to issue by a cut in the south face of the rampart, and march simultaneously towards the commissariat fort, to reinforce the garrison. Morning had, however, well dawned ere the men could be got under arms; and they were on the point of marching off, when it was reported that Ensign Warren had just arrived in cantonments with his garrison, having evacuated the fort. It seems that the enemy had actually set fire to the gate; and Ensign Warren, seeing no prospect of a reinforcement, and expecting the enemy every moment to rush in, led out his men by a hole which he had prepared in the wall. Being called upon in a public letter from the assistant adjutant-general to state his reasons for abandoning his post, he replied that he was ready to do so before a court of enquiry, which he requested might be assembled to investigate his conduct; it was not, however, deemed expedient to comply with his request.

"It is beyond a doubt that our feeble and ineffectual defence of this fort, and the valuable booty it yielded, was the first *fatal* blow to our supremacy at Cabul, and at once determined those chiefs—and more particularly the Kuzzilbashes—who had hitherto remained neutral, to join in the general combination to drive us from the country."

"*Nov.* 5.—It no sooner became generally known that the commissariat fort, upon which we were dependent for supplies, had been abandoned, than one universal feeling of indignation pervaded the garrison. Nor can I describe," says Lieutenant Eyre, "the impatience of the troops, but especially of the native portion, to be led out for its recapture—a feeling that was by no means diminished by seeing the Affghans crossing and re-crossing the road between the commissariat fort and the gate of the *Shah Bagh*, laden with the provisions upon which had depended our ability to make a protracted defence."

That the whole commissariat should have been deposited in a detached fort is extraordinary and inexcusable, but that the garrison of that fort should not have been reinforced, is even more unintelligible; and that a sufficient force was not at once sent to succour and protect it when attacked, is altogether unaccountable. General Elphinstone was disabled by his infirmities from efficiently discharging the duties that had devolved upon him, but he appears to have been ready to act upon the suggestion of others. What then were his staff about?—some of them are said to have had little difficulty or delicacy in urging their own views upon their commander. Did they not suggest to him in time the importance, the necessity, of saving the commissariat at all hazards?

At the suggestion of Lieutenant Eyre, it was determined to attempt the capture of Mahomed Shereef's fort by blowing open the gate, Mr Eyre volunteering to keep the road clear for the storming party with the guns. "The General agreed; a storming party under Major Swayne, 6th native infantry, was ordered; the powder bags were got ready, and at noon we issued from the western gate." "For twenty minutes the guns were worked under a very sharp fire from the fort;" but "Major Swayne, instead of rushing forward with his men as had been agreed, had in the mean time remained stationary, under cover of the wall by the road-side." The General, seeing that the attempt had failed, recalled the troops into cantonments.

"*Nov.* 6.—It was now determined to take the fort of Mahomed Shereef by regular breach and assault." A practicable breach was effected, and a storming party composed of one company H.M. 44th, under Ensign Raban, one ditto 5th native infantry, under Lieutenant Deas, and one ditto 37th native infantry, under Lieutenant Steer, the whole commanded by Major Griffiths, speedily carried the place. "Poor Raban was shot through the heart when conspicuously waving a flag on the summit of the breach."

As this fort adjoined the Shah Bagh, it was deemed advisable to dis-

lodge the enemy from the latter if possible. This was partially effected, and, had advantage been taken of the opportunity to occupy the buildings of the garden gateway, "immediate re-possession could have been taken of the commissariat fort opposite, which had not yet been emptied of half its contents."

In the mean time, our cavalry were engaged in an affair with the enemy's horse, in which we appear to have had the advantage. "The officers gallantly headed their men, and encountered about an equal number of the enemy who advanced to meet them. A hand-to-hand encounter took place, which ended in the Affghan horse retreating to the plain, leaving the hill in our possession. In this affair, Captain Anderson personally engaged and slew the brother in-law of Abdoolah Khan."

But the Affghans collected from various quarters; the juzailchees,* under Captain M'Kenzie, were driven with great loss from the Shah Bagh which they had entered; and a gun which had been employed to clear that enclosure was with difficulty saved. Our troops having been drawn up on the plain, remained prepared to receive an attack from the enemy, who gradually retired as the night closed in.

Nov. 8.—An attempt was made by the enemy to mine a tower of the fort that had been taken, which they could not have done had the gate of the Shah Bagh been occupied. The chief cause of anxiety now was the empty state of the granary. Even with high bribes and liberal payment, the Envoy could not procure sufficient for daily consumption. The plan of the enemy now was to starve us out, and the chiefs exerted all their influence to prevent our being supplied.

Nov. 9.—The General's weak state of health rendered it necessary to relieve him from the command of the garrison, and at the earnest request of the Envoy, Brigadier Shelton was summoned from the Bala Hissar, "in the hope that, by heartily co-operating with the Envoy and General, he would strengthen their hands and rouse the sinking confidence of the troops. He entered cantonments this morning, bringing with him one H. A. gun, one mountain-train ditto, one company H. M.'s 44th, the Shah's 6th infantry, and a small supply of attah (flour.)"

"*November* 10.—Henceforward Brigadier Shelton bore a conspicuous part in the drama, upon the issue of which so much depended. He had, however, from the very first, seemed to despair of the force being able to hold out the winter at Cabul, and strenuously advocated an immediate retreat to Jellalabad.

"This sort of despondency proved, unhappily, very infectious. It soon spread its baneful influence among the officers, and was by them communicated to the soldiery. The number of *croakers* in garrison became perfectly frightful, lugubrious looks and dismal prophecies being encountered every where. The severe losses sustained by H.M.'s 44th under Captain Swayne, on the 4th instant, had very much discouraged the men of that regiment; and it is a lamentable fact that some of those European soldiers, who were naturally expected to exhibit to their native brethren in arms an example of endurance and fortitude, were among the first to loose confidence, and give vent to feelings of discontent at the duties imposed on them. The evil seed, once sprung up, became more and more difficult to eradicate, showing daily more and more how completely demoralizing to the British soldier is the very idea of a retreat.

"Sir William Macnaghten and his suite were altogether opposed to Brigadier Shelton in this matter, it being in his (the Envoy's) estimation a duty we owed the Government to retain our post, at whatsoever risk. This difference of opinion, on a question of such vital importance, was attended with unhappy results, inasmuch as it deprived the General, in his hour of need, of the strength which unanimity imparts, and produced an uncommunicative and disheartening reserve in an emergency which demanded the freest interchange of counsel and ideas."

On the morning of this day, large parties of the enemy's horse and foot occupied the heights to the east and to the west of the cantonments, which, it was supposed, they intended to assault. No attack was made; but "on the eastern quarter, parties of the enemy, moving down into the plain, occupied all the forts in that direction.

* Affghan riflemen.

. . . At this time, not above two days' provisions remained in garrison; and it was very clear, that unless the enemy were quickly driven out from their new possession, we should soon be completely hemmed in on all sides." At the Envoy's urgent desire, he taking the entire responsibility on himself, the General ordered a force, under Brigadier Shelton, to storm the Rikabashee fort, which was within musket-shot of the cantonments, and from which a galling fire had been poured into the Mission compound by the Affghans. About noon, the troops assembled at the eastern gate; a storming party of two companies from each regiment taking the lead, preceded by Captain Bellew, who hurried forward to blow open the gate—but missing the gate, he blew open a small wicket, through which not more than two or three men could enter abreast, and these in a stooping posture. A sharp fire was kept up from the walls, and many of the bravest fell in attempting to force their entrance through the wicket; but Colonel Mackerell of the 44th, and Lieutenant Bird of the Shah's 6th infantry, with a handful of Europeans and a few sepoys, forced their way in—the garrison fled through the gate which was at the opposite side, and Colonel Mackerell and his little party closed it, securing the chain with a bayonet; but, at this moment, some Affghan horse charged round the corner—the cry of cavalry was raised—"the Europeans gave way simultaneously with the sepoys—a bugler of the 6th infantry, through mistake, sounded the retreat—and it became for a time, a scene of *sauve qui peut.*" In vain did the officers endeavour to rally the men, and to lead them back to the rescue of their commanding-officer and their comrades; only one man, private Stewart of the 44th, listened to the appeal and returned.

"Let me here (says Lieutenant Eyre) do Brigadier Shelton justice: his acknowledged courage redeemed the day." After great efforts, at last he rallied them—again advancing to the attack, again they faltered. A third time did the Brigadier bring on his men to the assault, which now proved successful; but while this disgraceful scene was passing outside the fort, the enemy had forced their way into it, and had cut to pieces Colonel Mackerell and all his little party, except Lieutenant Bird, who, with one sepoy, was found in a barricaded apartment, where these two brave men had defended themselves till the return of the troops, killing above thirty of the enemy by the fire of their two muskets.

Our loss on this occasion was not less than 200 killed and wounded; but the results of this success, though dearly purchased, were important. Four neighbouring forts were immediately evacuated by the enemy, and occupied by our troops: they were found to contain 1400 maunds of grain, of which about one-half was removed into cantonments immediately; but Brigadier Shelton not having thought it prudent to place a guard for the protection of the remainder, it was carried off during the night by the Affghans. "Permanent possession was, however, taken of the Rikabashee and Zoolfikar forts, and the towers of the remainder were blown up on the following day."

It cannot fail to excite surprise, that these forts, which do not seem to have been occupied by the enemy till the 10th, were not either occupied or destroyed by the British troops before that day.

Nov. 13.—The enemy appeared in great force on the western heights, where, having posted two guns, they fired into cantonments with considerable precision. At the entreaty of the Envoy, it was determined to attack them—a force, under Brigadier Shelton, moved out for that purpose—the advance, under Major Thain, ascended the hill with great gallantry; "but the enemy resolutely stood their ground at the summit of the ridge, and unflinchingly received the discharge of our musketry, which, strange to say, even at the short range of ten or twelve yards, did little or no execution."

The fire of our guns, however, threw the Affghans into confusion. A charge of cavalry drove them up the hill, and the infantry advancing, carried the height, the enemy retreating along the ridge, closely followed by our troops, and abandoning their guns to us; but, owing to the misconduct of the troops, only one of them was carried away, the men refusing to advance to drag off the other, which was therefore spiked, by Lieu-

tenant Eyre, with the aid of one artilleryman.

"This was the last success our arms were destined to experience. Henceforward it becomes my weary task to relate a catalogue of errors, disasters, and difficulties, which, following close upon each other, disgusted our officers, disheartened our soldiers, and finally sunk us all into irretrievable ruin, as though Heaven itself, by a combination of evil circumstances, for its own inscrutable purposes, had planned our downfall.

"*November* 16*th*.—The impression made on the enemy by the action of the 13th was so far salutary, that they did not venture to annoy us again for several days. Advantage was taken of this respite to throw magazine supplies from time to time into the Bala Hissar, a duty which was ably performed by Lieutenant Walker, with a resalah of irregular horse, under cover of night. But even in this short interval of comparative rest, such was the wretched construction of the cantonment, that the mere ordinary routine of garrison duty, and the necessity of closely manning our long line of rampart both by day and night, was a severe trial to the health and patience of the troops; especially now that the winter began to show symptoms of unusual severity. There seemed, indeed, every probability of an early fall of snow, to which all looked forward with dread, as the harbinger of fresh difficulties and of augmented suffering.

"These considerations, and the manifest superiority of the Bala Hissar as a military position, led to the early discussion of the expediency of abandoning the cantonment, and consolidating our forces in the above-mentioned stronghold. The Envoy himself was, from the first, greatly in favour of this move, until overruled by the many objections urged against it by the military authorities; to which, as will be seen by a letter from him presently quoted, he learned by degrees to attach some weight himself; but to the very last it was a measure that had many advocates, and I venture to state my own firm belief that, had we at this time moved into the Bala Hissar, Cabul would have been still in our possession.

"But Brigadier Shelton having firmly set his face against the movement from the first moment of its proposition, all serious idea of it was gradually abandoned, though it continued to the very last a subject of common discussion."

"*Nov.* 18.—Accounts were this day received from Jellalabad, that General Sale, having sallied from the town, had repulsed the enemy with considerable loss. . . . The hope of his return had tended much to support our spirits; our disappointment was therefore great, to learn that all expectation of aid from that quarter was at an end. Our eyes were now turned towards the Kandahar force as our last resource, though an advance from that quarter seemed scarcely practicable so late in the year."

The propriety of attacking Mahomed Khan's fort, the possession of which would have opened an easy communication with the Bala Hissar, was discussed; but, on some sudden objection raised by Lieutenant Sturt of the engineers, the project was abandoned.

On the 19th, a letter was addressed by the Envoy to the General, the object of which seems not to be very apparent. He raises objections to a retreat either to Jellalabad or to the Bala Hissar, and expresses a decided objection to abandon the cantonment under any circumstances, if food can be procured; but, nevertheless, it is sufficiently evident that his hopes of successful resistance had even now become feeble, and he refers to the possibility that succours may arrive from Kandahar, or that "something might turn up in our favour."

The village of Beymaroo, (or Husbandless, from a beautiful virgin who was nursed there,) within half a mile of the cantonments, had been our chief source of supply, to which the enemy had in some measure put a stop by occupying it every morning. It was therefore determined to endeavour to anticipate them by taking possession of it before their arrival. For this purpose, a party moved out under Major Swayne of the 5th native infantry; but the Major, "it would seem, by his own account, found the village already occupied, and the entrance blocked up in such a manner that he considered it out of his power to force a passage." It does not appear that the attempt was made. Later in the day there was some skirmishing in the plain, in the course of which Lieutenant Eyre was wounded.

"It is worthy of note that Mahomed Akber Khan, second son of the late Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan, arrived in Cabul this night (22d Nov.) from Bameean. This man was destined to exercise an evil influence

over our future fortunes. The crisis of our struggle was already nigh at hand."

"*Nov.* 23.—This day decided the fate of the Cabul force." It had been determined by a council, at the special recommendation of the Envoy, that a force under Brigadier Shelton should storm the village of Beymaroo, and maintain the hill above it against any numbers of the enemy that might appear. At two A.M., the troops* moved out of cantonments, ascended the hill by the gorge, dragging up the gun, and moved along the ridge to a point overlooking the village. A sharp fire of grape created great confusion, and it was suggested by Captain Bellew and others to General Shelton, to storm the village, while the evident panic of the enemy lasted. To this the Brigadier did not accede.

When day broke, the enemy, whose ammunition had failed, were seen hurrying from the village — not 40 men remained. A storming party, under Majors Swayne and Kershaw, was ordered to carry the village; but Major Swayne missed the gate, which was open, and arrived at a barricaded wicket, which he had no means of forcing. Major Swayne was wounded, and lost some men, and was ultimately recalled. Leaving a reserve of three companies of the 37th native infantry, under Major Kershaw, at the point overhanging Beymaroo, the Brigadier moved back with the rest of the troops and the gun to the part of the hill which overlooked the gorge. It was suggested to raise a sungar or breastwork to protect the troops, for which purpose the sappers had been taken out, but it was not done. Immense numbers of the enemy, issuing from the city, had now crowned the opposite hill—in all, probably 10,000 men. Our skirmishers were kept out with great difficulty, and chiefly by the exertions and example of Colonel Oliver. The remainder of the troops were formed into two squares, and the cavalry drawn up *en masse* immediately in their rear, and all suffered severely—the vent of the only gun became too hot to be served. A party of cavalry under Lieutenant Walker was recalled to prevent its destruction, and a demonstration of the Affghan cavalry on our right flank, which had been exposed by the recall of Lieutenant Walker, was repulsed by a fire of shrapnell, which mortally wounded a chief of consequence. The enemy surrounded the troops on three sides. The men were faint with fatigue and thirst—the Affghan skirmishers pressed on, and our's gave way. The men could not be got to charge bayonets. The enemy made a rush at the guns, the cavalry were ordered to charge, but would not follow their officers. The first square and the cavalry gave way, and were with difficulty rallied behind the second square, leaving the gun in the hands of the enemy, who immediately carried off the limber and horses. News of Abdoolah Khan's wound spread amongst the Affghans, who now retired. Our men resumed courage, and regained possession of the gun; and fresh ammunition having arrived from cantonments, it again opened on the enemy: but our cavalry would not act, and the infantry were too much exhausted and disheartened to make a forward movement, and too few in number. The whole force of the enemy came on with renewed vigour—the front of the advanced square had been literally mowed down, and most of the gallant artillerymen had fallen. The gun was scarcely limbered up preparatory to retreat, when a rush from the Ghazees broke the first square. All order was at an end, the entreaties and commands of the officers were unheeded, and an utter rout ensued down the hill towards the cantonments, the enemy's cavalry making a fearful slaughter among the unresisting fugitives. The retreat of Major Kershaw's party was cut off, and his men were nearly all destroyed. The mingled tide of flight and pursuit seemed to be about to enter the cantonments together; but the pursuers were checked by the fire of the Shah's 5th infantry and the juzailchees, and by a charge of a fresh troop of cavalry under Lieutenant Hardyman, and fifteen or twenty of his own men rallied by Lieutenant Walker, who fell in that encounter.

* Five companies 44th; six companies 5th native infantry; six companies 37th native infantry; 100 sappers; 2½ squadrons cavalry; one gun.

Osman Khan, too, a chief whose men were amongst the foremost, voluntarily halted them and drew them off, "which may be reckoned, indeed, (says Lieutenant Eyre,) the chief reason why *all* of our people who on that day went forth to battle were not destroyed." The gun and the second limber which had arrived from the cantonments, in attempting to gallop down hill, was overturned and lost. "Our loss was tremendous — the greater part of the wounded, including Colonel Oliver, having been left in the field, where they were miserably cut to pieces."*

Thus terminated in disaster the military struggle at Cabul, and then commenced that series of negotiations not less disastrous, which led to the murder of the Envoy, to the retreat of the army, and to its ultimate annihilation. In Lieutenant Eyre's account of their military operations, we look in vain for any evidence of promptitude, vigour, or decision, skill or judgment, in the commanders; and we have abundant evidence of a lamentable want of discipline and proper spirit in the troops, especially amongst the Europeans. Instances of high personal courage and gallantry amongst the officers are numerous, and they always will be, when the occasion requires them; but if the facts of this narrative had been given without the names, no man would have recognised in it the operations of a British army.

"*Nov.* 24.—Our troops (says Eyre) had now lost all confidence; and even such of the officers as had hitherto indulged the hope of a favourable turn in our affairs, began at last reluctantly to entertain gloomy forebodings as to our future fate. Our force resembled a ship in danger of wrecking among rocks and shoals, for want of an able pilot to guide it safely through them. Even now, at the eleventh hour, had the helm of affairs been grasped by a hand competent to the important task, we might perhaps have steered clear of destruction; but, in the absence of any such deliverer, it was but too evident that Heaven alone could save us by some unforeseen interposition. The spirit of the men was gone; the influence of the officers over them declined daily; and that boasted discipline, which alone renders a handful of our troops superior to an irregular multitude, began fast to disappear from among us. The enemy, on the other hand, waxed bolder every day and every hour; nor was it long ere we got accustomed to be bearded with impunity from under the very ramparts of our garrison.

"Never were troops exposed to greater hardships and dangers; yet, sad to say, never did soldiers shed their blood with less beneficial result than during the investment of the British lines at Cabul."

Captain Conolly now wrote from the Bala Hissar, urging an immediate retreat thither; "but the old objections were still urged against the measure by Brigadier Shelton and others," though several of the chief military, and all the political officers, approved

* In Mr Eyre's observations on this disastrous affair, he enumerates six errors, which he says must present themselves to the most unpractised military eye. "The first, and perhaps the most fatal mistake of all, was the taking only one gun;" but he admits that there was only one gun ready, and that, if the Brigadier had waited for the second, he must have postponed the enterprise for a day. This would probably have been the more prudent course.

The second error was, that advantage was not taken of the panic in the village, to storm it at once in the dark; but it appears from his own account, that there were not more than forty men remaining in the village when it was attacked, after daylight, and that the chief cause of the failure of that attack, was Major Swayne's having missed the gate, a misfortune which was, certainly, at least as likely to have occurred in the dark.

The third was, that the sappers were not employed to raise a breastwork for the protection of the troops. This objection appears to be well founded.

The fourth was, that the infantry were formed into squares, to resist the distant fire of infantry, on ground over which no cavalry could have charged with effect. It appears to be so utterly unintelligible that any officer should have been guilty of so manifest an absurdity, that the circumstances seem to require further elucidation; but that the formation was unfortunate, is sufficiently obvious.

Fifthly, that the position chosen for the cavalry was erroneous; and sixthly, that the retreat was too long deferred. Both these objections appear to be just.

of it. Shah Shoojah was impatient to receive them.

The door to negotiation was opened by a letter to the Envoy from Osman Khan Barukzye, a near relation of the new king, Nuwab Mahomed Zuman Khan, who had sheltered Captain Drummond in his own house since the first day of the outbreak. He took credit to himself for having checked the ardour of his followers on the preceding day, and having thus saved the British force from destruction; he declared that the chiefs only desired we should quietly evacuate the country, leaving them to govern it according to their own rules, and with a king of their own choosing. The General, on being referred to, was of opinion that the cantonments could not be defended throughout the winter, and approved of opening a negotiation on the basis of the evacuation of the country. On the 27th, two deputies were sent by the assembled chiefs to confer with Sir W. Macnaghten; but the terms they proposed were such as he could not accept. The deputies took leave of the Envoy, with the exclamation, that "we should meet again in battle." "We shall at all events meet," replied Sir William, "at the day of judgment."

At night the Envoy received a letter, proposing "that we should deliver up Shah Shoojah and all his family—lay down our arms, and make an unconditional surrender—when they might, perhaps, be induced to spare our lives, and allow us to leave the country on condition of never returning."

The Envoy replied, "that these terms were too dishonourable to be entertained for a moment; and that, if they were persisted in, he must again appeal to arms, leaving the result to the God of battles."

Active hostilities were not renewed till the 1st of December, when a desperate effort was made by the enemy to gain possession of the Bala Hissar; but they were repulsed by Major Ewart with considerable slaughter. On the 4th, they cannonaded the cantonment from the Beymaroo hills, but did little mischief, and at night they made an unsuccessful attempt on Mahomed Shereef's fort. On the 5th, they completed, without opposition, the destruction of the bridge over the Cabul river. On the 6th, the garrison of Mahomed Shereef's fort disgracefully abandoned it, the men of the 44th apparently being the first to fly; and a garrison of the same regiment, in the bazar village, was with difficulty restrained from following their example. On the 7th, this post of honour was occupied by the 37th native infantry; the 44th, who had hitherto been intrusted with it, being no longer considered worthy to retain it.

It is but justice to Mr Eyre to give in his own words some remarks which he has thought it right to make, with reference to what he has recorded of the conduct of that unhappy regiment:—

"In the course of this narrative, I have been compelled by stern truth to note down facts nearly affecting the honour and interests of a British regiment. It may, or rather I fear it must, inevitably happen, that my unreserved statements of the Cabul occurrences will prove unacceptable to many, whose private or public feelings are interested in glossing over or suppressing the numerous errors committed and censures deservedly incurred. But my heart tells me that no paltry motives of rivalry or malice influence my pen; rather a sincere and honest desire to benefit the public service, by pointing out the rocks on which our reputation was wrecked, the means by which our honour was sullied, and our Indian empire endangered, as a warning to future actors in similar scenes. In a word, I believe that more good is likely to ensue from the publication of the whole unmitigated truth, than from a mere garbled statement of it. A kingdom has been lost—an army slain;—and surely, if I can show that, had we been but true to ourselves, and had vigorous measures been adopted, the result might have been widely different, I shall have written an instructive lesson to rulers and subjects, to generals and armies, and shall not have incurred in vain the disapprobation of the self-interested or the proud."

The Envoy having again appealed to the General, again received an answer, stating the impossibility of holding out, and recommending that the Envoy should lose no time in entering into negotiations. This letter was countersigned by Brigadiers Shelton and Anquetil, and Colonel Chambers.

On the 11th December, the Envoy, accompanied by Captains Lawrence, Trevor, and Mackenzie, and a few troopers, went out by agreement to meet the chiefs on the plain towards the Seah Sung hills. A conciliatory address from the Envoy was met by professions of personal esteem and ap-

probation of the views he had laid before them, and of gratitude for the manner in which the Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan had been treated. The Envoy then read to them a sketch of the proposed treaty, which was to the following effect:—

"That the British should evacuate Affghanistan, including Candahar, Ghuznee, Cabul, Jellalabad, and all the other stations absolutely within the limits of the country so called; that they should be permitted to return not only unmolested to India, but that supplies of every description should be afforded them in their road thither, certain men of consequence accompanying them as hostages; that the Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan, his family, and every Affghan now in exile for political offences, should be allowed to return to their country; that Shah Shoojah and his family should be allowed the option of remaining at Cabul, or proceeding with the British troops to Loodiana, in either case receiving from the Affghan Government a pension of one lac of rupees per annum; that means of transport, for the conveyance of our baggage, stores, &c., including that required by the royal family, in case of their adopting the latter alternative, should be furnished by the existing Affghan Government: that an amnesty should be granted to all those who had made themselves obnoxious on account of their attachment to Shah Shoojah and his allies, the British; that all prisoners should be released; that no British force should be ever again sent into Affghanistan, unless called for by the Affghan government, between whom and the British nation perpetual friendship should be established on the sure foundation of mutual good offices."

After some objections on the part of Mahomed Akber Khan, the terms were agreed to, and it was further arranged that provisions should be supplied to our troops, and that they should evacuate the cantonment in three days.

Preparations were immediately commenced for the retreat. Arms were ordered to be distributed from the stores, now about to be abandoned, to some of the camp-followers, and such of the soldiers as might require them; and a disgraceful scene of confusion and tumult followed, which showed the fearful extent to which the army was disorganized.

The troops in the Bala Hissar were moved into cantonments, not without a foretaste of what they had to expect on their march to Jellalabad, under the safe conduct of Akber Khan.

The demands of the chiefs now rose from day to day. They refused to supply provisions until we should further assure them of our sincerity, by giving up every fort in the immediate vicinity of the cantonment. The troops were accordingly withdrawn, the forts were immediately occupied by the Affghans, and the cantonment thus placed at their mercy. On the 18th, the promised cattle for carriage had not yet been supplied, and a heavy fall of snow rendered the situation of the troops more desperate. On the 19th, the Envoy wrote an order for the evacuation of Ghuznee. On the 20th, the Envoy had another interview with the chiefs, who now demanded that a portion of the guns and ammunition should be given up. This also was agreed to. At this stage of the proceedings, Lieutenant Sturt of the engineers proposed to the General to break off the treaty, and march forthwith to Jellalabad; but the proposal was not approved. The arrangements for giving effect to the treaty were still carried on; and the Envoy again met Akber Khan and Osman Khan on the plain, when Captains Conolly and Airey were given up as hostages, and the Envoy sent his carriage and horses, and a pair of pistols, as presents to Akber Khan, who further demanded an Arab horse, the property of Captain Grant, assistant adjutant-general:—

"Late in the evening of the 22d December," (says Capt. Mackenzie, in a letter to Lieut. Eyre,) "Capt. James Skinner, who, after having been concealed in Cabul during the greater part of the siege, had latterly been the guest of Mahomed Akber, arrived in cantonments, accompanied by Mahomed Sudeeq Khan, a first cousin of Mahomed Akber, and by Sirwar Khan, the Arhanee merchant, who, in the beginning of the campaign, had furnished the army with camels, and who had been much in the confidence of Sir A. Burnes, being, in fact, one of our stanchest friends. The two latter remained in a different apartment, while Skinner dined with the Envoy. During dinner, Skinner jestingly remarked that he felt as if laden with combustibles, being charged with a message from Mahomed Akber to the Envoy of a most portentous nature.

"Even then I remarked that the Envoy's eye glanced eagerly towards Skinner

with an expression of hope. In fact, he was like a drowning man catching at straws. Skinner, however, referred him to his Affghan companions, and after dinner the four retired into a room by themselves. My knowledge of what there took place is gained from poor Skinner's own relation, as given during my subsequent captivity with him in Akber's house. Mahomed Sudeeq disclosed Mahomed Akber's proposition to the Envoy, which was, that the following day Sir William should meet him (Mahomed Akber) and a few of his immediate friends, viz. the chiefs of the Eastern Giljyes, outside the cantonments, when a final agreement should be made, so as to be fully understood by both parties; that Sir William should have a considerable body of troops in readiness, which, on a given signal, were to join with those of Mahomed Akber and the Giljyes, assault and take Mahmood Khan's fort, and secure the person of Ameenoolah. At this stage of the proposition Mahomed Sudeeq signified that, for a certain sum of money, the head of Ameenoolah should be presented to the Envoy; but from this Sir William shrunk with abhorrence, declaring that it was neither his custom nor that of his country to give a price for blood. Mahomed Sudeeq then went on to say, that, after having subdued the rest of the khans, the English should be permitted to remain in the country eight months longer, so as to save their *purdah*, (veil, or credit,) but that they were then to evacuate Affghanistan, as if of their own accord; that Shah Shoojah was to continue king of the country, and that Mahomed Akber was to be his wuzeer. As a further reward for his (Mahomed Akber's) assistance, the British Government were to pay him thirty lacs of rupees, and four lacs of rupees per annum during his life! To this extraordinary and wild proposal, Sir William gave ear with an eagerness which nothing can account for but the supposition, confirmed by many other circumstances, that his strong mind had been harassed until it had in some degree lost its equipoise; and he not only assented fully to these terms, but actually gave a Persian paper to that effect, written in his own hand, declaring as his motives that it was not only an excellent opportunity to carry into effect the real wishes of Government—which were to evacuate the country with as much credit to ourselves as possible—but that it would give England time to enter into a treaty with Russia, defining the bounds beyond which neither were to pass in Central Asia. So ended this fatal conference, the nature and result of which, contrary to his usual custom, Sir William communicated to none of those who, on all former occasions, were fully in his confidence, viz. Trevor, Lawrence, and myself. It seemed as if he feared that we might insist on the impracticability of the plan, which he must have studiously concealed from himself. All the following morning his manner was distracted and hurried, in a way that none of us had ever before witnessed.

* * * * * *

"After breakfast, Trevor, Lawrence, and myself were summoned to attend the Envoy during his conference with Mahomed Akber Khan. I found him alone, when, for the first time, he disclosed to me the nature of the transaction he was engaged in. I immediately warned him that it was a plot against him. He replied hastily, 'A plot! let me alone for that—trust me for that!' and I consequently offered no further remonstrance. Sir William then arranged with General Elphinstone that the 54th regiment, under Major Ewart, should be held in readiness for immediate service. The Shah's 6th, and two guns, were also warned."

Sir W. Macnaghten, halting the troopers of the escort, advanced about 500 or 600 yards from the eastern rampart of the cantonment, and there awaited Akber Khan and his party:—

"Close by were some hillocks, on th further side of which from the cantonment a carpet was spread where the snow lay least thick, and there the khans and Sir William sat down to hold their conference. Men talk of presentiment; I suppose it was something of the kind which came over me, for I could scarcely prevail upon myself to quit my horse. I did so, however, and was invited to sit down among the Sirdars. After the usual salutations, Mahomed Akber commenced business by asking the Envoy if he was perfectly ready to carry into effect the proposition of the preceding night? The Envoy replied, 'Why not?' My attention was then called off by an old Affghan acquaintance of mine, formerly chief of the Cabul police, by name Gholam Moyun-ood-deen. I rose from my recumbent posture, and stood apart with him conversing. I afterwards remembered that my friend betrayed much anxiety as to where my pistols were, and why I did not carry them on my person. I answered, that although I wore my sword for form, it was not necessary to be armed *cap-à-pie*. His discourse was also full of extravagant compliments, I suppose for the purpose of lulling me to sleep. At length my attention was called off from what he was saying, by observing that a number

of men, armed to the teeth, had gradually approached to the scene of conference, and were drawing round in a sort of circle. This Lawrence and myself pointed out to some of the chief men, who affected at first to drive them off with whips; but Mahomed Akber observed, that it was of no consequence, as they were in the secret. I again resumed my conversation with Gholam Moyun-ood-deen, when suddenly I heard Mahomed Akber call out, 'Begeer, begeer,' (seize! seize!) and, turning round, I saw him grasp the Envoy's left hand, with an expression in his face of the most diabolical ferocity. I think it was Sultan Jan who laid hold of the Envoy's right hand. They dragged him in a stooping posture down the hillock; the only words I heard poor Sir William utter being, 'Az barae Khooda' (for God's sake!) I saw his face, however, and it was full of horror and astonishment. I did not see what became of Trevor, but Lawrence was dragged past me by several Affghans, whom I saw wrest his weapons from him. Up to this moment I was so engrossed in observing what was taking place, that I actually was not aware that my own right arm was mastered, that my urbane friend held a pistol to my temple, and that I was surrounded by a circle of Ghazees, with drawn swords and cocked juzails. Resistance was in vain, so, listening to the exhortations of Gholam Moyun-ood-deen, which were enforced by the whistling of divers bullets over my head, I hurried through the snow with him to the place where his horse was standing, being despoiled *en route* of my sabre, and narrowly escaping divers attempts made on my life. As I mounted behind my captor, now my energetic defender, the crowd increased around us, the cries of 'Kill the Kafir' became more vehement, and, although we hurried on at a fast canter, it was with the utmost difficulty Gholam Moyun-ood-deen, although assisted by one or two friends or followers, could ward off and avoid the sword-cuts aimed at me, the rascals being afraid to fire lest they should kill my conductor. Indeed he was obliged to wheel his horse round once, and taking off his turban, (the last appeal a Mussulman can make,) to implore them for God's sake to respect the life of his friend. At last, ascending a slippery bank, the horse fell. My cap had been snatched off, and I now received a heavy blow on the head from a bludgeon, which fortunately did not quite deprive me of my senses. I had sufficient sense left to shoot a-head of the fallen horse, where my protector with another man joined me, and clasping me in their arms, hurried me towards the wall of Mahomed Khan's fort. How I reached the spot where Mahomed Akber was receiving the gratulations of the multitude I know not, but I remember a fanatic rushing on me, and twisting his hand in my collar until I became exhausted from suffocation. I must do Mahomed Akber the justice to say, that, finding the Ghazees bent on my slaughter, even after I had reached his stirrup, he drew his sword and laid about him right manfully, for my conductor and Meerza Bàoodeen Khan were obliged to press me up against the wall, covering me with their own bodies, and protesting that no blow should reach me but through their persons.

"Pride, however, overcame Mahomed Akber's sense of courtesy, when he thought I was safe, for he then turned round to me, and repeatedly said, in a tone of triumphant derision, 'Shuma moolk-i-ma me geered!' (*You'll* seize my country, will you!)—he then rode off, and I was hurried towards the gate of the fort. Here new dangers awaited me, for Moolah Momin, fresh from the slaughter of poor Trevor, who was killed riding close behind me—Sultan Jan having the credit of having given him the first sabre-cut—stood here with his followers, whom he exhorted to slay me, setting them the example by cutting fiercely at me himself. Fortunately a gun stood between us, but still he would have effected his purpose, had not Mahomed Shah Khan at that instant, with some followers, come to my assistance. These drew their swords in my defence, the chief himself throwing his arm round my neck, and receiving on his shoulder a cut aimed by Moollah Momin at my head. During the bustle I pushed forward into the fort, and was immediately taken to a sort of dungeon, where I found Lawrence safe, but somewhat exhausted by his hideous ride and the violence he had sustained, although unwounded. Here the Giljye chiefs, Mahomed Shah Khan, and his brother Dost Mahomed Khan, presently joined us, and endeavoured to cheer up our flagging spirits, assuring us that the Envoy and Trevor were not dead, but on the contrary quite well. They stayed with us during the afternoon, their presence being absolutely necessary for our protection. Many attempts were made by the fanatics to force the door to accomplish our destruction. Others spit at us and abused us through a small window, through which one fellow levelled a blunderbuss at us, which was struck up by our keepers and himself thrust back. At last Ameenoollah made his appearance, and threatened us with instant death. Some of his people most officiously advanced to make good his word, until push-

ed back by the Giljye chiefs, who remonstrated with this iniquitous old monster, their master, whom they persuaded to relieve us from his hateful presence. During the afternoon, a human hand was held up in mockery to us at the window. We said that it had belonged to an European, but were not aware at the time that it was actually the hand of the poor Envoy. Of all the Mahomedans assembled in the room discussing the events of the day, one only, an old moollah, openly and fearlessly condemned the acts of his brethren, declaring that the treachery was abominable, and a disgrace to Islam. At night they brought us food, and gave us each a postheen to sleep on. At midnight we were awakened to go to the house of Mahomed Akber in the city. Mahomed Shah Khan then, with the meanness common to all Affghans of rank, robbed Lawrence of his watch, while his brother did me a similar favour. I had been plundered of my rings and every thing else previously, by the understrappers.

"Reaching Mahomed Akber's abode, we were shown into the room where he lay in bed. He received us with great outward show of courtesy, assuring us of the welfare of the Envoy and Trevor, but there was a constraint in his manner for which I could not account. We were shortly taken to another apartment, where we found Skinner, who had returned, being on parole, early in the morning. Doubt and gloom marked our meeting, and the latter was fearfully deepened by the intelligence which we now received from our fellow-captive of the base murder of Sir William and Trevor. He informed us that the head of the former had been carried about the city in triumph. We of course spent a miserable night. The next day we were taken under a strong guard to the house of Zuman Khan, where a council of the Khans were being held. Here we found Captains Conolly and Airey, who had some days previously been sent to the hurwah's house as hostage for the performance of certain parts of the treaty which was to have been entered into. A violent discussion took place, in which Mahomed Akber bore the most prominent part. We were vehemently accused of treachery, and every thing that was bad, and told that the whole of the transactions of the night previous had been a trick of Mahomed Akber, and Ameenoollah, to ascertain the Envoy's sincerity. They declared that they would now grant us no terms, save on the surrender of the whole of the married families as hostages, all the guns, ammunition, and treasure. At this time Conolly told me that on the preceding day the Envoy's head had been paraded about in the court-yard; that his and Trevor's bodies had been hung up in the public bazar, or *chouk;* and that it was with the greatest difficulty that the old hurwah, Zuman Khan, had saved him and Airey from being murdered by a body of fanatics, who had attempted to rush into the room where they were. Also, that previous to the arrival of Lawrence, Skinner, and myself, Mahomed Akber had been relating the events of the preceding day to the *Jeerga* or council, and that he had unguardedly avowed having, while endeavouring to force the Envoy either to mount on horseback or to move more quickly, *struck* him; and that, seeing Conolly's eyes fastened upon him with an expression of intense indignation, he had altered the phrase and said, 'I mean I *pushed* him.' After an immense deal of gabble, a proposal for a renewal of the treaty, not, however, demanding all the guns, was determined to be sent to the cantonments, and Skinner, Lawrence, and myself were marched back to Akber's house, enduring *en route* all manner of threats and insults. Here we were closely confined in an inner apartment, which was indeed necessary for our safety. That evening we received a visit from Mahomed Akber, Sultan Jan, and several other Affghans. Mahomed Akber exhibited his double-barrelled pistols to us, which he had worn the previous day, requesting us to put their locks to rights, something being amiss. *Two of the barrels had been recently discharged*, which he endeavoured in a most confused way to account for by saying, that he had been charged by a havildar of the escort, and had fired both barrels at him. Now all the escort had run away without even attempting to charge, the only man who advanced to the rescue having been a Hindoo Jemadar of Chuprassies, who was instantly cut to pieces by the assembled Ghazees. This defence he made without any accusation on our part, betraying the anxiety of a liar to be believed. On the 26th, Captain Lawrence was taken to the house of Ameenoollah, whence he did not return to us. Captain Skinner and myself remained in Akber's house until the 30th. During this time we were civilly treated, and conversed with numbers of Affghan gentlemen who came to visit us. Some of them asserted that the Envoy had been murdered by the unruly soldiery. Others could not deny that Akber himself was the assassin. For two or three days we had a fellow-prisoner in poor Sirwar Khan, who had been deceived throughout the whole matter, and out of whom they were then endeavouring to screw money. He, of course, was aware from his countrymen, that not only had Akber committed the murder, but that he protested to the Ghazees that he gloried in the deed. On

one occasion a moonshee of Major Pottinger, who had escaped from Charekhar, named Mohun Beer, came direct from the presence of Mahomed Akber to visit us. He told us that Mahomed Akber had begun to see the impolicy of having murdered the Envoy, which fact he had just avowed to him, shedding many tears, either of pretended remorse or of real vexation at having committed himself. On several occasions Mahomed Akber personally, and by deputy, besought Skinner and myself to give him advice as to how he was to extricate himself from the dilemma in which he was placed, more than once endeavouring to excuse himself for not having effectually protected the Envoy, by saying that Sir William had drawn a sword-stick upon him. It seems that meanwhile the renewed negotiations with Major Pottinger, who had assumed the Envoy's place in cantonments, had been brought to a head; for on the night of the 30th, Akber furnished me with an Affghan dress, (Skinner already wore one,) and sent us both back to cantonments. Several Affghans, with whom I fell in afterwards, protested to me that they had seen Mahomed Akber shoot the Envoy with his own hand; amongst them Meerza Báoodeen Khan, who, being an old acquaintance, always retained a sneaking kindness for the English.

"I am, my dear Eyre, yours very truly,
"C. Mackenzie.

"Cabul, 29th July, 1842."

The negotiations were now renewed by Major Pottinger, who had been requested by General Elphinstone to assume the unenviable office of political agent and adviser.

"The additional clauses in the treaty now proposed for our renewed acceptance were—1st. That we should leave behind our guns, excepting six. 2nd. That we should immediately give up all our treasures. 3d. That the hostages should be all exchanged for married men, with their wives and families. The difficulties of Major Pottinger's position will be readily perceived, when it is borne in mind that he had before him the most conclusive evidence of the late Envoy's ill-advised intrigue with Mahomed Akber Khan, in direct violation of that very treaty which was now once more tendered for consideration."

A sum of fourteen lacs of rupees, about L.140,000, was also demanded, which was said to be payable to the several chiefs on the promise of the late Envoy.

Major Pottinger, at a council of war convened by the General, "declared his conviction that no confidence could be placed in any treaty formed with the Affghan chiefs; that, under such circumstances, to bind the hands of the Government by promising to evacuate the country, and to restore the deposed Ameer, and to waste, moreover, so much public money merely to save our own lives and property, would be inconsistent with the duty we owed to our country and the Government we served: and that the only honourable course would be, either to hold out at Cabul, or to force our immediate retreat to Jellalabad."

"This however, the officers composing the council, one and all declared to be impracticable, owing to the want of provisions, the surrender of the surrounding forts, and the insuperable difficulties of the road at the present season." The new treaty was, therefore, forthwith accepted. The demand of the chiefs, that married officers with their families should be left as hostages, was successfully resisted. Captains Drummond, Walsh, Warburton, and Webb, were accepted in their place, and on the 29th went to join Captains Conolly and Airey at the house of Nuwab Zuman Khan. Lieutenant Haughton and a portion of the sick and wounded, were sent into the city, and placed under the protec of the chiefs. "Three of the Shah's guns, with the greater portion of our treasure, were made over during the day, much to the evident disgust of the soldiery." On the following day, "the remainder of the sick went into the city, Lieutenant Evans, H. M. 44th foot, being placed in command, and Dr Campbell, 54th native infantry, with Dr Berwick of the mission, in medical charge of the whole. Two more of the Shah's guns were given up. It snowed hard the whole day." "*January* 5.—Affairs continued in the same unsettled state to this date. The chiefs postponed our departure from day to day on various pretexts. . . . . Numerous cautions were received from various well-wishers, to place no confidence in the professions of the chiefs, who had sworn together to accomplish our entire destruction."

It is not our intention to offer any lengthened comments on these details. They require none. The facts, f they be correctly stated, speak for

themselves; and, for reasons already referred to, we are unwilling to anticipate the result of the judicial investigation now understood to be in progress. This much, however, we may be permitted to say, that the traces of fatal disunion amongst ourselves will, we fear, be made every where apparent. It is notorious that Sir William Macnaghten and Sir Alexander Burnes were on terms the reverse of cordial. The Envoy had no confidence in the General. The General was disgusted with the authority the Envoy had assumed, even in matters exclusively military—and, debilitated by disease, was unable always to assert his authority even in his own family. The arrival of General Shelton in the cantonments does not appear to have tended to restore harmony, cordiality, or confidence, or even to have revived the drooping courage of the troops, or to have renovated the feelings of obedience, and given effect to the bonds of discipline, which had been too much relaxed. But, even after admitting all these things, much more still remains to be explained before we can account for all that has happened—before we can understand how the political authorities came to reject every evidence of approaching danger, and therefore to be quite unprepared for it when it came. Why no effort was made on the first day to put down the insurrection: Why, in the arrangements for the defence of the cantonments, the commissariat fort was neglected, and the other forts neither occupied nor destroyed: Why almost every detachment that was sent out was too small to effect its object: Why, with a force of nearly six thousand men, we should never on any one occasion have had two thousand in the field, and, as in the action at Beymaroo, only one gun: Why so many orders appear to have been disregarded; why so few were punctually obeyed.

"At last the fatal morning dawned (the 6th January) which was to witness the departure of the Cabul force from the cantonments in which it had endured a two months' siege.

* * * * *

"Dreary indeed was the scene over which, with drooping spirits and dismal forebodings, we had to bend our unwilling steps. Deep snow covered every inch of mountain and plain with one unspotted sheet of dazzling whiteness; and so intensely bitter was the cold, as to penetrate and defy the defences of the warmest clothing."

Encumbered with baggage, crowded with 12,000 camp-followers, and accompanied by many helpless women and children, of all ranks and of all ages—with misery before, and death behind, and treachery all around them—with little hope of successful resistance if attacked, without tents enough to cover them, and without food or fuel for the march, 4500 fighting men, with nine guns, set out on this march of death.

At 9 A.M. the advance moved out, but was delayed for upwards of an hour at the river, having found the temporary bridge incomplete; and it was noon ere the road was clear for the main column, which, with its long train of loaded camels, continued to pour out of the gate until the evening, by which time thousands of Affghans thronged the area of the cantonment, rending the air with exulting cries, and committing every kind of atrocity. Before the rearguard commenced its march it was night; but by the light of the burning buildings the Affghan marksmen laid Lieut. Hardyman, and fifty rank and file, lifeless on the snow. The order of march was soon lost; scores of sepoys and camp-followers sat down in despair to perish, and it was 2 A.M. before the rearguard reached the camp at Bygram, a distance of five miles. Here all was confusion; different regiments, with baggage, camp-followers, camels, and horses, mixed up together. The cold towards morning became more intense, and thousands were lying on the bare snow, without shelter, fire, or food. Several died during the night, amongst whom was an European conductor; and the proportion of those who escaped without frostbites was small. Yet this was but the *beginning* of sorrows.

January 7th.—At 8 A.M. the force moved on in the same inextricable confusion. Already nearly half the sepoys, from sheer inability to keep their ranks, had joined the crowd of non-combatants. The rearguard was attacked, and much baggage lost, and one of the guns having been overturned, was taken by the Affghans, whose cavalry charged into the very heart of the column.

Akber Khan said, that the force

had been attacked because it had marched contrary to the wish of the chiefs. He insisted that it should halt, and promised to supply food, forage, and fuel for the troops, but demanded six more hostages, which were given. These terms having been agreed to, the firing ceased for the present, and the army encamped at Bootkhak, where the confusion was indescribable. "Night again," says Lieutenant Eyre, "closed over us, with its attendant horrors—starvation, cold, exhaustion, death."

At an early hour on the 8th the Affghans commenced firing into the camp; and as they collected in considerable numbers, Major Thain led the 44th to attack them. In this business the regiment behaved with a resolution and gallantry worthy of British soldiers. Again Akber Khan demanded hostages. Again they were given, and again the firing ceased. This seems to prove that Akber Khan had the power, if he had chosen to exert it, to restrain those tribes. Once more the living mass of men and animals was put in motion. The frost had so crippled the hands and feet of the strongest men, as to prostrate their powers and to incapacitate them for service.

The Khoord-Cabul pass, which they were about to enter, is about five miles long, shut in by lofty hills, and by precipices of 500 or 600 feet in height, whose summits approach one another in some parts to within about fifty or sixty yards. Down the centre dashed a torrent, bordered with ice, which was crossed about eight-and-twenty times.

While in this dark and narrow gorge, a hot fire was opened upon the advance, with whom were several ladies, who, seeing no other chance of safety, galloped forwards, "running the gauntlet of the enemy's bullets, which whizzed in hundreds about their ears, until they were fairly out of the pass. Providentially the whole escaped, except Lady Sale, who was slightly wounded in the arm." Several of Akber Khan's chief adherents exerted themselves in vain to restrain the Giljyes; and as the crowd moved onward into the thickest of the fire, the slaughter was fearful. Another horse-artillery gun was abandoned, and the whole of its artillerymen slain, and some of the children of the officers became prisoners. It is supposed that 3000 souls perished in the pass, amongst whom were many officers.

"On the force reaching Khoord-Cabul, snow began to fall, and continued till morning. Only four small tents were saved, of which one belonged to the General: two were devoted to the ladies and children, and one was given up to the sick; but an immense number of poor wounded wretches wandered about the camp destitute of shelter, and perished during the night. Groans of misery and distress assailed the ear from all quarters. We had ascended to a still colder climate than we had left behind, and were without tents, fuel, or food: the snow was the only bed for all, and of many, ere morning, it proved the *winding-sheet*. It is only marvellous that any should have survived that fearful night!

"*January 9th.*—Another morning dawned, awakening thousands to increased misery; and many a wretched survivor cast looks of envy at his comrades, who lay stretched beside him in the quiet sleep of death. Daylight was the signal for a renewal of that confusion which attended every movement of the force."

Many of the troops and followers moved without orders at 8 A.M., but were recalled by the General, in consequence of an arrangement with Akber Khan. "This delay, and prolongation of their sufferings in the snow, of which one more march would have carried them clear, made a very unfavourable impression on the minds of the native soldiery, who now, for the first time, began very generally to entertain the idea of deserting." And it is not to be wondered at, that the instinct of self-preservation should have led them to falter in their fealty when the condition of the whole army had become utterly hopeless.

Akber Khan now proposed that the ladies and children should be made over to his care; and, anxious to save them further suffering, the General gave his consent to the arrangement, permitting their husbands and the wounded officers to accompany them.

"Up to this time scarcely one of the ladies had tasted a meal since leaving Cabul. Some had infants a few days old at the breast, and were unable to stand without assistance. Others were so far advanced in pregnancy, that, under ordinary circumstances, a walk across a drawing-room would have been an exertion; yet

these helpless women, with their young families, had already been obliged to rough it on the backs of camels, and on the tops of the baggage yaboos: those who had a horse to ride, or were capable of sitting on one, were considered fortunate indeed. Most had been without shelter since quitting the cantonment—their servants had nearly all deserted or been killed—and, with the exception of Lady Macnaghten and Mrs Trevor, they had lost all their baggage, having nothing in the world left but the clothes on their backs; *those*, in the case of some of the invalids, consisted of *night dresses* in which they had started from Cabul in their litters. Under such circumstances, a few more hours would probably have seen some of them stiffening corpses. The offer of Mahomed Akber was consequently their only chance of preservation. The husbands, better clothed and hardy, would have infinitely preferred taking their chance with the troops; but where is the man who would prefer his own safety, when he thought he could by his presence assist and console those near and dear to him?

"It is not, therefore, wonderful, that from persons so circumstanced the General's proposal should have met with little opposition, although it was a matter of serious doubt whether the whole were not rushing into the very jaws of death, by placing themselves at the mercy of a man who had so lately imbrued his hands in the blood of a British envoy, whom he had lured to destruction by similar professions of peace and good-will."

Anticipating an attack, the troops paraded to repel it, and it was now found that the 44th mustered only 100 files, and the native infantry regiments about sixty each. "The promises of Mahomed Akber to provide food and fuel were unfulfilled, and another night of starvation and cold consigned more victims to a miserable death."

January 10.—At break of day all was again confusion, every one hurrying to the front, and dreading above all things to be left in the rear. The Europeans were the only efficient men left, the Hindostanees having suffered so severely from the frost in their hands and feet, that few could hold a musket, much less pull a trigger. The enemy had occupied the rocks above the gorge, and thence poured a destructive fire upon the column as it slowly advanced. Fresh numbers fell at every volley. The sepoys, unable to use their arms, cast them away, and, with the followers, fled for their lives.

"The Affghans now rushed down upon their helpless and unresisting victims sword in hand, and a general massacre took place. The last small remnant of the native infantry regiments were here scattered and destroyed; and the public treasure, with all the remaining baggage, fell into the hands of the enemy. Meanwhile, the advance, after pushing through the Tungee with great loss, had reached Kubbur-i-Jubbar, about five miles a-head, without more opposition. Here they halted to enable the rear to join, but, from the few stragglers who from time to time came up, the astounding truth was brought to light, that of all who had that morning marched from Khoord-Cabul they were almost the sole survivors, nearly the whole of the main and rear columns having been cut off and destroyed. About 50 horse-artillerymen, with one twelve-pounder howitzer, 70 files H.M.'s 44th, and 150 cavalry troopers, now composed the whole Cabul force; but, notwithstanding the slaughter and dispersion that had taken place, the camp-followers still formed a considerable body."

Another remonstrance was now addressed to Akber Khan. He declared, in reply, his inability to restrain the Giljyes. As the troops entered a narrow defile at the foot of the Huft Kotul, they found it strewn with the dead bodies of their companions. A destructive fire was maintained on the troops from the heights on either side, and fresh numbers of dead and wounded lined the course of the stream. "Brigadier Shelton commanded the rear with a few Europeans, and but for his persevering energy and unflinching fortitude in repelling the assailants, it is probable the whole would have been there sacrificed." They encamped in the Tezeen valley, having lost 12,000 men since leaving Cabul; fifteen officers had been killed and wounded in this day's march.

After resting three hours, they marched, under cover of the darkness, at seven P.M. Here the last gun was abandoned, and with it Dr Cardew, whose zeal and gallantry had endeared him to the soldiers; and a little further on Dr Duff was left on the road in a state of utter exhaustion.

"Bodies of the neighbouring tribes were by this time on the alert, and fired at random from the heights, it being fortunately too dark for them to aim with precision; but the panic-stricken camp-followers now resembled a herd of startled deer, and fluctuated backwards and forwards, *en masse*, at every shot, blocking up the entire road, and fatally retarding

the progress of the little body of soldiers who, under Brigadier Shelton, brought up the rear.

"At Burik-âb a heavy fire was encountered by the hindmost from some caves near the road-side, occasioning fresh disorder, which continued all the way to Kutter-Sung, where the advance arrived at dawn of day, and awaited the junction of the rear, which did not take place till 8 A.M."

January 11.— * * *

"From Kutter-Sung to Jugdulluk it was one continued conflict; Brigadier Shelton, with his brave little band in the rear, holding overwhelming numbers in check, and literally performing wonders. But no efforts could avail to ward off the withering fire of juzails, which from all sides assailed the crowded column, lining the road with bleeding carcasses. About three P. M. the advance reached Jugdulluk, and took up its position behind some ruined walls that crowned a height by the road-side. To show an imposing front, the officers extended themselves in line, and Captain Grant, assistant adjutant-general, at the same moment received a wound in the face. From this eminence they cheered their comrades under Brigadier Shelton in the rear, as they still struggled their way gallantly along every foot of ground, perseveringly followed up by their merciless enemy, until they arrived at their ground. But even here rest was denied them; for the Affghans, immediately occupying two hills which commanded the position, kept up a fire from which the walls of the enclosure afforded but a partial shelter.

"The exhausted troops and followers now began to suffer greatly from thirst, which they were unable to satisfy. A tempting stream trickled near the foot of the hill, but to venture down to it was certain death. Some snow that covered the ground was eagerly devoured, but increased, instead of alleviating, their sufferings. The raw flesh of three bullocks, which had fortunately been saved, was served out to the soldiers, and ravenously swallowed."

About half-past three Akber Khan sent for Capt. Skinner, who promptly obeyed the call, hoping still to effect some arrangement for the preservation of those who survived. The men now threw themselves down, hoping for a brief repose, but the enemy poured volleys from the heights into the enclosures in rapid succession. Captain Bygrave, with about fifteen brave Europeans, sallied forth, determined to drive the enemy from the heights or perish in the attempt. They succeeded; but the enemy, who had fled before them, returned and resumed their fatal fire. At five P.M. Captain Skinner returned with a message from Akber Khan, requesting the presence of the General at a conference, and demanding Brigadier Shelton and Capt. Johnson as hostages for the surrender of Jellalabad. The troops saw the departure of these officers with despair, feeling assured that these treacherous negotiations "were preparatory to fresh sacrifices of blood." The General and his companions were received with every outward token of kindness, and they were supplied with food, but they were not permitted to return. The Sirdar put the General off with promises; and at seven P.M. on the 12th, firing being heard, it was ascertained that the troops, impatient of further delay, had actually moved off. Before their departure Captain Skinner had been treacherously shot. They had been exposed during the whole day to the fire of the enemy—"sally after sally had been made by the Europeans, bravely led by Major Thain, Captain Bygrave, and Lieutenants Wade and Macartney, but again and again the enemy returned to worry and destroy. Night came, and all further delay in such a place being useless, the whole sallied forth, determined to pursue the route to Jellalabad at all risks."

The sick and the wounded were necessarily abandoned to their fate. For some time the Giljyes seemed not to be on the alert; but in the defile, at the top of the rise, further progress was obstructed by barriers formed of prickly trees. This caused great delay, and "a terrible fire was poured in from all quarters—a massacre even worse than that of the Tunga Tarikee* commenced, the Affghans rushing in furiously upon the pent-up crowd of troops and followers, and committing wholesale slaughter. A miserable remnant managed to clear the barriers. Twelve officers, amongst whom was Brigadier Anquetil, were killed. Upwards of forty others succeeded in pushing through, about twelve of whom, being pretty well mounted, rode on a-head of the rest with the few remaining cavalry, intending to

* Strait of Darkness.

make the best of their way to Jellalabad."

The country now became more open—the Europeans dispersed in small parties under different officers. The Giljyes were too much occupied in plundering the dead to pursue them, but they were much delayed by the amiable anxiety of the men to carry on their wounded comrades. The morning of the 13th dawned as they approached Gundamuk, revealing to the enemy the insignificance of their numerical strength; and they were compelled, by the vigorous assaults of the Giljyes, to take up a defensive position on a height to the left of the road, "where they made a resolute stand, determined to sell their lives at the dearest possible price. At this time they could only muster about twenty muskets." An attempt to effect an amicable arrangement terminated in a renewal of hostilities, and "the enemy marked off man after man, and officer after officer, with unerring aim. Parties of Affghans rushed up at intervals to complete the work of extermination, but were as often driven back by the still dauntless handful of invincibles. At length, all being wounded more or less, a final onset of the enemy, sword in hand, terminated the unequal struggle and completed the dismal tragedy." Captain Souter, who was wounded, and three or four privates, were spared and led away captive. Major Griffiths and Captain Blewitt, having descended to confer with the enemy, had been previously led off. Of the twelve officers who had gone on in advance eleven were destroyed, and Dr Brydon alone of the whole Cabul force reached Jellalabad.

"Such was the memorable retreat of the British army from Cabul, which, viewed in all its circumstances—in the military conduct which preceded and brought about such a consummation, the treachery, disaster, and suffering which accompanied it—is, perhaps, without a parallel in history."

THE EVACUATION OF AFFGHANISTAN.

SINCE the day when Lord Auckland, by his famous proclamation in October 1838, "directed the assemblage of a British force for service across the Indus," we have never ceased to denounce the invasion and continued occupation of Affghanistan as equally unjust and impolitic*—unjust, as directed against a people whose conduct had afforded us no legitimate grounds of hostility, and against a ruler whose only offence was, that he had accepted † the proffer from another quarter of that support and alliance which we had denied to his earnest entreaty—and impolitic, as tending not only to plunge us into an endless succession of ruinous and unprofitable warfare, but to rouse against us an implacable spirit of enmity, in a nation which had hitherto shown every disposition to cultivate amicable relations with our Anglo-Indian Government. In all points, our anticipations have been fatally verified. After more than two years consumed in unavailing efforts to complete the reduction of the country, our army of occupation was at last overwhelmed by the universal and irresistible outbreak of an indignant and fanatic population; and the restored monarch, Shah-Shoojah, ("whose popularity throughout Affghanistan had been proved to the Governor-general by the strong and unanimous testimony of the best authorities") perished, as soon as he lost the protection of foreign bayonets, by the hands of his outraged countrymen.‡

The tottering and unsubstantial phantom of a *Doorauni kingdom* vanished at once and for ever—and the only remaining alternative was, (as we stated the case in our number of last July,) "either to perpetrate a second act of violence and national injustice, by reconquering Affghanistan *for the vindication* (as the phrase is) *of our military honour*, and holding it without disguise as a province of our empire—or to make the best of a bad bargain, by contenting ourselves with the occupation of a few posts on the frontier, and leaving the unhappy natives to recover, without foreign interference, from the dreadful state of anarchy into which our irruption has thrown them." Fortunately for British interests in the East, the latter course has been adopted. After a succession of brilliant military triumphs, which, in the words of Lord Ellenborough's recent proclamation, "have, in one short campaign, avenged our late disasters upon every scene of past misfortune," the evacuation of the country has been directed—not, however, before a

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* See the articles "Persia, Affghanistan, and India," in Jan. 1839—"Khiva, Central Asia, and Cabul," in April 1840—"Results of our Affghan Conquests," in Aug. 1841—"Affghanistan and India," in July 1842.

† It now seems even doubtful whether the famous letter of Dost Mohammed to the Emperor of Russia, which constituted the *gravamen* of the charge against him, was ever really written, or at least with his concurrence.—*Vide* "Report of the Colonial Society on the Affghan War," p. 35.

‡ The particulars of Shah-Soojah's fate, which were unknown when we last referred to the subject, have been since ascertained. After the retreat of the English from Cabul, he remained for some time secluded in the Bala-Hissar, observing great caution in his intercourse with the insurgent leaders; but he was at length prevailed upon, by assurances of loyalty and fidelity, (about the middle of April,) to quit the fortress, in order to head an army against Jellalabad. He had only proceeded, however, a short distance from the city, when his litter was fired upon by a party of musketeers placed in ambush by a Doorauni chief named Soojah-ed-Dowlah; and the king was shot dead on the spot. Such was the ultimate fate of a prince, the vicissitudes of whose life almost exceed the fictions of romance, and who possessed talents sufficient, in more tranquil times, to have given *éclat* to his reign. During his exile at Loodiana, he composed in Persian a curious narrative of his past adventures, a version of part of which appears in the 30th volume of the *Asiatic Journal.*

fortunate chance had procured the liberation of *all* the prisoners who had fallen into the power of the Affghans in January last; and ere this time, we trust, not a single British regiment remains on the bloodstained soil of Affghanistan.

The proclamation above referred to,* (which we have given at length at the conclusion of this article,) announcing these events, and defining the line of policy in future to be pursued by the Anglo-Indian Government, is in all respects a remarkable document. As a specimen of frankness and plain speaking, it stands unique in the history of diplomacy: and, accordingly, both its matter and its manner have been made the subjects of unqualified censure by those scribes of the Opposition press who, "content to dwell in forms for ever," have accustomed themselves to regard the mystified protocols of Lord Palmerston as the models of official style. The *Morning Chronicle*, with amusing ignorance of the state of the public mind in India, condemns the Governor-general for allowing it to become known to the natives that the abandonment of Affghanistan was in consequence of a change of policy! conceiving (we suppose) that our Indian subjects would otherwise have believed the Cabul disasters to have formed part of the original plan of the war, and to have veiled some purpose of inscrutable wisdom; while the *Globe*, (Dec. 3,) after a reluctant admission that "the policy itself of evacuating the country *may be wise*," would fain deprive Lord Ellenborough of the credit of having originated this decisive step, by an assertion that "we have discovered no proof that a permanent possession of the country beyond the Indus was contemplated by his predecessor." It would certainly have been somewhat premature in Lord Auckland to have announced his ultimate intentions on this point while the country in question was as yet but imperfectly subjugated, or when our troops were subsequently almost driven out of it; but the views of the then home Government, from which it is to be presumed that Lord Auckland received his instructions, were pretty clearly revealed in the House of Commons on the 10th of August last, by one whose authority the *Globe*, at least, will scarcely dispute—by Lord Palmerston himself. To prevent the possibility of misconstruction, we quote the words attributed to the late Foreign Secretary. After drawing the somewhat unwarrantable inference, from Sir Robert Peel's statement, "that no immediate withdrawal of our troops from Candahar and Jellalabad was contemplated," that an order had at one time been given for the abandonment of Affghanistan, he proceeds—"I do trust that her Majesty's Government will not carry into effect, either immediately or at *any* future time, the arrangement thus contemplated. It was all very well when we were in power, and it was suited to party purposes, to run down any thing we had done, and to represent as valueless any acquisition on which we may have prided ourselves—it was all very well to raise an outcry against the Affghan expedition, and to undervalue the great advantages which the possession of the country was calculated to afford us—but I trust the Government will rise above any consideration of that sort, and that they will give the matter their fair, dispassionate, and deliberate consideration. I must say, I never was more convinced of any thing in the whole course of my life—and I may be believed when I speak my earnest conviction—that the most important interests of this country, both commercial and political, would be sacrificed, if we were to sacrifice the military possession of the country of Eastern Affghanistan." Is it in the power of words to convey a clearer admission, that the pledge embodied in Lord Auckland's manifesto—"to withdraw the British army as soon as the independence and integrity of Affghanistan should be secured by the establishment of the Shah"—was in fact mere moonshine: and the real object of the expedition was the conquest of a country advantageously situated

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* It is singular that this proclamation was issued on the fourth anniversary of Lord Auckland's "Declaration" of Oct. 1, 1838; and from the same place, Simla.

for the defence of our Indian frontier against (as it now appears) an imaginary invader? Thus Napoleon, in December 1810, alleged "the necessity, in consequence of the new order of things which has arisen, of new guarantees for the security of my empire," as a pretext for that wholesale measure of territorial spoliation in Northern Germany, which, from the umbrage it gave Russia, proved ultimately the cause of his downfall: but it was reserved for us of the present day, to hear a *British* minister avow and justify a violent and perfidious usurpation on the plea of political expediency. It must indeed be admitted that, in the early stages of the war, the utter iniquity of the measure met with but faint reprobation from any party in the state: the nation, dazzled by the long-disused splendours of military glory, was willing, without any very close enquiry, to take upon trust all the assertions so confidently put forth on the popularity of Shah-Shoojah, the hostile machinations of Dost Mohammed, and the philanthropic and disinterested wishes of the Indian Government for (to quote a notable phrase to which we have more than once previously referred) "*the reconstruction of the social edifice*" in Affghanistan. But now that all these subterfuges, flimsy as they were at best, have been utterly dissipated by this undisguised declaration of Lord Palmerston, that the real object of the war was to seize and hold the country on our own account, the attempt of the *Globe* to claim for Lord Auckland the credit of having from the first contemplated a measure thus vehemently protested against and disclaimed by the late official leader of his party, is rather too barefaced to be passed over without comment.

Without, however, occupying ourselves further in combating the attacks of the Whig press on this proclamation, which may very well be left to stand on its own merits, we now proceed to recapitulate the course of the events which have, in a few months, so completely changed the aspect of affairs beyond the Indus. When we took leave, in July last, of the subject of the Affghan campaign, we left General Pollock, with the force which had made its way through the Khyber Pass, still stationary at Jellalabad, for want (as it was said) of camels and other means of transport: while General Nott, at Candahar, not only held his ground, but victoriously repulsed in the open field the Affghan *insurgents*, (as it is the fashion to call them,) who were headed by the prince Seifdar Jung, son of Shah Shoojah! and General England, after his repulse on the 28th of March at the Kojuck Pass, remained motionless at Quettah. The latter officer (in consequence, as it is said, of peremptory orders from General Nott to meet him on a given day at the further side of the Pass) was the first to resume active operations; and on the 28th of April, the works at Hykulzie in the Kojuck, which had been unaccountably represented on the former occasion as most formidable defences,* were carried without loss or difficulty, and the force continued its march uninterrupted to Candahar. The fort of Khelat-i-Ghiljie, lying about halfway between Candahar and Ghazni, was at the same time gallantly and successfully defended by a handful of Europeans and sepoys, till relieved by the advance of a division from Candahar, which brought off the garrison, and razed the fortifications of the place. Girishk, the hereditary stronghold of the Barukzye chiefs, about eighty miles west of Candahar, was also dismantled and abandoned; and all the troops in Western Affghanistan were thus

* "The fieldworks *believed to be described* in the despatch as 'consisting of a succession of breastworks, improved by a ditch and abattis—the latter being filled with thorns,' turned out to be a paltry stone wall, with a cut two feet deep, and of corresponding width, to which the designation of ditch was most grossly misapplied. . . . A score or two of active men might have completed the work in a few days."—(Letter quoted in the *Asiatic Journal*, Sept., p. 107.) On whom the blame of these misrepresentations should be laid—whether on the officer who reconnoitred the ground, or on the general who wrote the despatch—does not very clearly appear: yet the political agent at Quettah was removed from his charge, for not having given notice of the construction in his vicinity of works which are now proved to have had no existence!

concentrated under the immediate command of General Nott, whose success in every encounter with the Affghans continued to be so decisive, that all armed opposition disappeared from the neighbourhood of Candahar; and the prince Seifdar-Jung, despairing of the cause, of which he had perhaps been from the first not a very willing supporter, came in and made his submission to the British commander.

During the progress of these triumphant operations in Western Affghanistan, General Pollock still lay inactive at Jellalabad; and some abortive attempts were made to negotiate with the dominant party at Cabul for the release of the prisoners taken the preceding winter. Since the death of Shah Shoojah, the throne had been nominally filled by his third son, Futteh-Jung, the only one of the princes who was on the spot; but all the real power was vested, with the rank of vizier, in the hands of Akhbar Khan, who had not only possessed himself of the Bala-Hissar and the treasure of the late king, but had succeeded in recruiting the forces of the Affghan league, by a reconciliation with Ameen-ullah Khan,* the original leader of the outbreak, with whom he had formerly been at variance. All efforts, however, to procure the liberation of the captives, on any other condition than the liberation of Dost Mohammed, and the evacuation of Affghanistan by the English, (as hostages for which they had originally been given,) proved fruitless; and at length, after more than four months' delay, during which several sharp affairs had taken place with advanced bodies of the Affghans, General Pollock moved forward with his whole force, on the 20th of August, against Cabul. This city had again in the mean time become a scene of tumult and disorder—the Kizilbashes, or Persian inhabitants, as well as many of the native chiefs, resisting the exactions of Akhbar Khan; who, at last, irritated by the opposition to his measures, imprisoned the titular shah, Futteh-Jung, in the Bala-Hissar; whence he succeeded after a time in escaping, and made his appearance, in miserable plight, (Sept. 1,) at the British headquarters at Futtehabad, between Jellelabad and Gundamuck. The advance of the army was constantly opposed by detached bodies of the enemy, and several spirited skirmishes took place:—till, on the 13th of September, the main Affghan force, to the number of 16,000 men, under Akhbar Khan and other leaders, was descried on the heights near Tazeen, (where the slaughter of our troops had taken place in January,) at the entrance of the formidable defiles called the Huft-Kothul, or Seven Passes. It is admitted on all hands that in this last struggle, (as they believed, for independence,) the Affghans fought with most distinguished gallantry, frequently charging sword in hand upon the bayonets; but their irregular valour eventually gave way before the discipline of their opponents, and a total rout took place. The chiefs fled in various directions, "abandoning Cabul to the *avengers of British wrongs*," who entered the city in triumph on the 15th, and hoisted the British colours on the Bala-Hissar. The principal point now remaining to be effected was the rescue of the prisoners whom Akhbar Khan had carried off with him in his flight, with the intention (as was rumoured) of transporting them into Turkestan; but from this peril they were fortunately delivered by the venality of the chief to whose care they had been temporarily intrusted; and on the 21st they all reached the camp in safety, with the exception of Captain Bygrave,

* It was this chief whose betrayal or destruction Sir William M'Naghten is accused, on the authority of General Elphinstone's correspondence, of having meditated, on the occasion when he met with his own fate. We hope, for the honour of the English name, that the memory of the late Resident at Cabul may be cleared from this heavy imputation; but he certainly cannot be acquitted of having, by his wilful blindness and self-sufficiency, contributed to precipitate the catastrophe to which he himself fell a victim. In proof of this assertion, it is sufficient to refer to the tenor of his remarks on the letter addressed to him by Sir A. Burnes on the affairs of Cabul, August 7, 1840, which appeared some time since in the *Bombay Times*, and afterwards in the *Asiatic Journal* for October and November last.

who was also liberated, a few days later, by the voluntary act of Akhbar himself.*

General Nott, meanwhile, in pursuance of his secret orders from the Supreme Government, had been making preparations for abandoning Candahar; and, on the 7th and 8th of August, the city was accordingly evacuated, both by his corps and by the division of General England — the Affghan prince, Seifdar-Jung, being left in possession of the place. The routes of the two commanders were now separated. General England, with an immense train of luggage, stores, &c., directed his march through the Kojuck Pass to Quettah, which he reached with little opposition;— while Nott, with a more lightly-equipped column, about 7000 strong, advanced by Khelat-i-Ghiljie against Ghazni. This offensive movement appears to have taken the Affghans at first by surprise; and it was not till he arrived within thirty-eight miles of Ghazni that General Nott found his progress opposed (August 30) by 12,000 men under the governor, Shams-o-deen Khan, a cousin of Mohammed Akhbar. The dispersion of this tumultuary array was apparently accomplished (as far as can be gathered from the extremely laconic despatches of the General) without much difficulty; and, on the 6th of September, after a sharp skirmish in the environs, the British once more entered Ghazni. In the city and neighbouring villages were found not fewer than 327 sepoys of the former garrison, which had been massacred to a man (according to report) immediately after the surrender; but notwithstanding this evidence of the moderation with which the Affghans had used their triumph, General Nott, (in obedience, as is said, to the *positive tenor of his instructions*,) "directed the city of Ghazni, with the citadel and the whole of its works, to be destroyed;" and this order appears, from the engineer's report, to have been rigorously carried into effect. The mace of Mamood Shah Ghaznevi, the first Moslem conqueror of Hindostan, and the famous sandal-wood portals of his tomb, (once the gates of the great Hindoo temple at Somnaut,†) were carried off as trophies: the ruins of Ghazni were left as a monument of British vengeance; and General Nott, resuming his march, and again routing Shams-o-deen Khan at the defiles of Myden, effected his junction with General Pollock, on the 17th of September, at Cabul; whence the united corps, together mustering 18,000 effective men, were to take the route for Hindostan through the Punjab early in October.

Such have been the principal events of the brief but brilliant campaign which has concluded the Affghan war, and which, if regarded solely in a military point of view, must be admitted to have amply vindicated the lustre of the British arms from the transient cloud cast on them by the failures and disasters of last winter.

The Affghan tragedy, however, may now, we hope, be considered as concluded, so far as relates to our own participation in its crimes and calamities; but for the Affghans themselves, "left to create a government in the midst of anarchy," there can be at present little chance of even comparative tranquillity, after the total dislocation of their institutions and internal relations by the fearful torrent of war which has swept over the country. The last atonement now in our power to make, both to the people and the ruler whom we have so deeply injured, as well as the best course for our own interests, would be at once to release Dost Mohammed from the unmerited and ignominious confinement to which he has been subjected in Hindostan,

* The kindness and humanity which these unfortunate *detenus* experienced from first to last at the hands of Akhbar, reflect the highest honour on the character of this chief, whom it has been the fashion to hold up to execration as a monster of perfidy and cruelty. As a contrast to this conduct of the Affghan *barbarians*, it is worth while to refer to Colonel Lindsay's narrative of his captivity in the dungeons of Hyder and Tippoo, which has recently appeared in the *Asiatic Journal*, September, December, 1842.

† The value still attached by the Hindoos to these relics was shown on the conclusion of the treaty, in 1832, between Shah-Shoojah and Runjeet Singh, previous to the Shah's last unaided attempt to recover his throne; in which their restoration, in case of his success, was an express stipulation.

and to send him back in honour to Cabul; where his own ancient partisans, as well as those of his son, would quickly rally round him; and where his presence and accustomed authority might have some effect in restraining the crowd of fierce chiefs, who will be ready to tear each other to pieces as soon as they are released from the presence of the *Feringhis*. There would thus be at least a possibility of obtaining a nucleus for the re-establishment of something like good order; while in no other quarter does there appear much prospect of a government being formed, which might be either "approved by the Affghans themselves," or "capable of maintaining friendly relations with neighbouring states." If the accounts received may be depended upon, our troops had scarcely cleared the Kojuck Pass, on their way from Candahar to the Indus, when that city became the scene of a contest between the Prince Seifdar-Jung and the Barukzye chiefs in the vicinity; and though the latter are said to have been worsted in the first instance, there can be little doubt that our departure will be the signal for the speedy return of the quondam *Sirdars*, or rulers of Candahar, (brothers of Dost Mohammed,) who have found an asylum in Persia since their expulsion in 1839, but who will scarcely neglect so favourable an opportunity for recovering their lost authority. Yet another competitor may still, perhaps, be found in the same quarter—one whose name, though sufficiently before the public a few years since, has now been almost forgotten in the strife of more mighty interests. This is Shah Kamran of Herat, the rumours of whose death or dethronement prove to have been unfounded, and who certainly would have at this moment a better chance than he has ever yet had, for regaining at least Candahar and Western Affghanistan. He was said to be on the point of making the attempt after the repulse of the Persians before Herat, just before our adoption of Shah-Shoojah; and his title to the crown is at least as good as that of the late Shah, or any of his sons. It will be strange if this prince, whose danger from Persia was the original pretext for crossing the Indus, should be the only one of all the parties concerned, whose condition underwent no ultimate change, through all the vicissitudes of the tempest which has raged around him.

Nor are the elements of discord less abundant and complicated on the side of Cabul. The defeat of Tazeen will not, any more than the preceding ones, have annihilated Akhbar Khan and his confederate chiefs:—they are still hovering in the Kohistan, and will doubtless lose no time in returning to Cabul as soon as the retreat of the English is ascertained. It is true that the civil wars of the Affghans, though frequent, have never been protracted or sanguinary: — like the Highlanders, as described by Bailie Nicol Jarvie, "though they may quarrel among themselves, and gie ilk ither ill names, and may be a slash wi' a claymore, they are sure to join in the long run against a' civilized folk:"—but it is scarcely possible that so many conflicting interests; now that the bond of common danger is removed, can be reconciled without strife and bloodshed. It is possible, indeed, that Futteh-Jung (whom the last accounts state to have remained at Cabul when our troops withdrew, in the hope of maintaining himself on the musnud, and who is said to be the most acceptable to the Affghans of the four sons* of Shah-Shoojah) may be allowed to retain for a time the title of king; but he had no treasure and few partizans; and the rooted distaste of the Affghans for the titles and prerogatives of royalty is so well ascertained, that Dost Mohammed, even in the plenitude of his power, never ventured to assume them. All speculations on these points, however, can at present amount to nothing more than vague conjecture; the troubled waters must have time to settle, before any thing can be certainly prognosticated

* The elder of these princes, Timour, who was governor of Candahar during the reign of his father, has accompanied General England to Hindostan, preferring, as he says, the life of a private gentleman under British protection to the perils of civil discord in Affghanistan. Of the second, Mohammed-Akhbar, (whose mother is said to be sister of Dost-Mohammed,) we know nothing;—Futteh-Jung is the third, and was intended by Shah-Shoojah for his successor;—Seifdar-Jung, now at Candahar, is the youngest.

as to the future destinies of Affghanistan.

The kingdom of the Punjab will now become the barrier between Affghanistan and our north-western frontier in India; and it is said that the Sikhs, already in possession of Peshawer and the rich plain extending to the foot of the Khyber mountains, have undertaken in future to occupy the important defiles of this range, and the fort of Ali-Musjid, so as to keep the Affghans within bounds. It seems to us doubtful, however, whether they will be able to maintain themselves long, unaided, in this perilous advanced post: though the national animosity which subsists between them and the Affghans is a sufficient pledge of their good-will for the service—and their co-operation in the late campaign against Cabul has been rendered with a zeal and promptitude affording a strong contrast to their lukewarmness at the beginning of the war, when they conceived its object to be the re-establishment of the monarchy and national unity of their inveterate foes. But the vigour of the Sikh kingdom, and the discipline and efficiency of their troops, have greatly declined in the hands of the present sovereign, Shere Singh, who, though a frank and gallant soldier, has little genius for civil government, and is thwarted and overborne in his measures by the overweening power of the minister, Rajah Dhian Singh, who originally rose to eminence by the favour of Runjeet. At present, our information as to the state of politics in the Punjab is not very explicit, the intelligence from India during several months, having been almost wholly engrossed by the details of the campaign in Affghanistan; but as far as can be gathered from these statements, the country has been brought, by the insubordination of the troops, and the disputes of the Maharajah and his Minister, to a state not far removed from anarchy. It is said that the fortress of Govindghur, where the vast treasures amassed by Runjeet are deposited, has been taken possession of by the malecontent faction, and that Shere Singh has applied for the assistance of our troops to recover it; and the *Delhi Gazette* even goes so far as to assert that this prince, "disgusted with the perpetual turmoil in which he is embroiled, and feeling his incapacity of ruling his turbulent chieftains, is willing to cede his country to us, and become a pensioner of our Government." But this announcement, though confidently given, we believe to be at least premature. That the Punjab must inevitably, sooner or later, become part of the Anglo-Indian empire, either as a subsidiary power, like the Nizam, or directly, as a province, no one can doubt; but its incorporation at this moment, in the teeth of our late declaration against any further extension of territory, and at the time when the Sikhs are zealously fulfilling their engagements as our allies, would be both injudicious and unpopular in the highest degree. An interview, however, is reported to have been arranged between Lord Ellenborough and Shere Singh, which is to take place in the course of the ensuing summer, and at which some definitive arrangements will probably be entered into, on the future political relations of the two Governments.*

The only permanent accession of territory, then, which will result from the Affghan war, will consist in the extension of our frontier along the whole course of the Sutlej and Lower Indus—"the limits which nature appears to have assigned to the Indian empire"—and in the altered relations with some of the native states consequent on these arrangements. As far as Loodeana, indeed, our frontier on the Sutlej has long been well established, and defined by our recognition of the Sikh kingdom on the opposite bank;—but the possessions of the chief of Bhawulpoor, extending on the left bank nearly from Loodeana to the confluence of the Sutlej with the Indus, have hitherto been almost exempt from British interference;† as have

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* The war in Tibet, to which we alluded in July last, between the followers of the Sikh chief Zorawur Singh and the Chinese, is still in progress—and the latter are said to be on the point of following up their successes by an invasion of Cashmeer. As we are now at peace with the Celestial Empire, our mediation may be made available to terminate the contest.

† Bhawulpoor is so far under British protection, that it was saved from the

also the petty Rajpoot states of Bikaneer, Jesulmeer, &c., which form oases in the desert intervening between Scinde and the provinces more immediately under British control. These, it is to be presumed, will now be summarily taken under the *protection* of the Anglo-Indian Government:—but more difficulty will probably be experienced with the fierce and imperfectly subdued tribes of Scindians and Belooches, inhabiting the lower valley of the Indus;—and, in order to protect the commerce of the river, and maintain the undisputed command of its course, it will be necessary to retain a sufficient extent of vantage-ground on the further bank, and to keep up in the country an amount of force adequate to the effectual coercion of these predatory races. For this purpose, a *place d'armes* has been judiciously established at Sukkur, a town which, communicating with the fort of Bukkur on an island of the Indus, and with Roree on the opposite bank, effectually secures the passage of the river; and the ports of Kurrachee and Sonmeani on the coast, the future marts of the commerce of the Indus, have also been garrisoned by British troops.

It has long since been evident* that Scinde, by that *principle of unavoidable expansion* to which we had so often had occasion to refer, must eventually have been absorbed into the dominions of the Company; but the process by which it at last came into our hands is so curious a specimen of our Bonapartean method of dealing with reluctant or refractory neutrals, that we cannot pass it altogether without notice. Scinde, as well as Beloochistan, had formed part of the extensive empire subdued by Ahmed Shah, the founder of the Doorani monarchy; but in the reign of his indolent son Timour, the Affghan yoke was shaken off by the *Ameers*, or chiefs of the Belooch family of Talpoor, who, fixing their residences respectively at Hydrabad, Meerpoor, and Khyrpoor, defied all the efforts of the kings of Cabul to reduce them to submission, though they more than once averted an invasion by the promise of tribute. It has been rumoured that Shah-Shoojah, during his long exile, made repeated overtures to the Cabinet of Calcutta for the cession of his dormant claims to the *suzeraintê* of Scinde, in exchange for an equivalent, either pecuniary or territorial; but the representations of a fugitive prince, who proposed to cede what was not in his possession, were disregarded by the rulers of India; and even in the famous manifesto preceding the invasion of Affghanistan, Lord Auckland announced, that "a guaranteed independence, on favourable conditions, would be tendered to the Ameers of Scinde." On the appearance of our army on the border, however, the Ameers demurred, not very unreasonably, to the passage of this formidable host; and considerable delay ensued, from the imperfect information possessed by the British commanders of the amount of resistance to be expected; but at last the country and fortress were forcibly occupied; the seaport of Kurrachee (where alone any armed opposition was attempted) was bombarded and captured by our ships of war; and a treaty was imposed at the point of the bayonet on the Scindian rulers, by virtue of which they paid a contribution of twenty-seven laks of rupees (nearly £300,000) to the expenses of the war, under the name of arrears of tribute to Shah-Shoojah, acknowledging, at the same time, the supremacy, *not of Shah-Shoojah*, but of the English Government! The tolls on the Indus were also abolished, and the navigation of the river placed, by a special stipulation, wholly under the control of British functionaries. Since this

arms of the Sikhs by the treaty with Runjeet Singh, which confined him to the other bank of the Sutlej; but it has never paid allegiance to the British Government. Its territory is of considerable extent, stretching nearly 300 miles along the river, by 100 miles average breadth; but great part of the surface consists of sandy desert.

* So well were the Scindians aware of this, that Burnes, when ascending the Indus, on his way to Lahore in 1831, frequently heard it remarked, "Scinde is now gone, since the English have seen the river, which is the road to its conquest."

summary procedure, our predominance in Scinde has been undisturbed, unless by occasional local commotions; but the last advices state that the whole country is now "in an insurrectionary state;" and it is fully expected that an attempt will erelong be made to follow the example of the Affghans, and get rid of the intrusive *Feringhis*; in which case, as the same accounts inform us, "the Ameers will be sent as state-prisoners to Benares, and the territory placed wholly under British administration."

But whatever may be thought of the strict legality of the conveyance, in virtue of which Scinde has been converted into an integral part of our Eastern empire, its geographical position, as well as its natural products, will render it a most valuable acquisition, both in a commercial and political point of view. At the beginning of the present century, the East-India Company had a factory at Tatta, (the Pattala of the ancients,) the former capital of Scinde, immediately above the Delta of the Indus; but their agents were withdrawn during the anarchy which preceded the disruption of the Doorani monarchy. From that period till the late occurrences, all the commercial intercourse with British India was maintained either by land-carriage from Cutch, by which mode of conveyance the opium of Malwa and Marwar (vast quantities of which are exported in this direction) chiefly found its way into Scinde and Beloochistan; or by country vessels of a peculiar build, with a disproportionately lofty poop, and an elongated bow instead of a bowsprit, which carried on an uncertain and desultory traffic with Bombay and some of the Malabar ports. To avoid the dangerous sandbanks at the mouths of the Indus, as well as the intricate navigation through the winding streams of the Delta, (the course of which, as in the Mississippi, changes with every inundation,) they usually discharged their cargoes at Kurrachee, whence they were transported sixty miles overland to Tatta, and there embarked in flat-bottomed boats on the main stream. The port of Kurrachee, fourteen miles N. W. from the Pittee, or western mouth of the Indus, and Sonmeani, lying in a deep bay in the territory of Lus, between forty and fifty miles further in the same direction, are the only harbours of import in the long sea-coast of Beloochistan; and the possession of them gives the British the undivided command of a trade which, in spite of the late disasters, already promises to become considerable; while the interposition of the now friendly state of Khelat* between the coast and the perturbed tribes of Affghanistan, will secure the merchandise landed here a free passage into the interior. The trade with these ports deserves, indeed, all the fostering care of the Indian Government; since they must inevitably be, at least for some years to come, the only inlet for Indian produce into Beloochistan, Cabul, and the wide regions of Central Asia beyond them. The overland carrying trade through Scinde and the Punjab, in which (according to M. Masson) not less than 6500 camels were annually employed, has been almost annihilated—not only by the confusion arising from the war, but from the absolute want of means of transport, from the unprecedented destruction of the camels occasioned

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* Khelat (more properly Khelat-i-Nussear Khan, "the citadel of Nussear Khan," by whom it was strongly fortified in 1750,) is the principal city and fortress of the Brahooes or Eastern Baloochee, and the residence of their chief. It had never been taken by any of the Affghan kings, and had even opposed a successful resistance to the arms of Ahmed Shah;—but on November 13, 1839, it was stormed by an Anglo-Indian force under General Wiltshire, and the Khan Mihrab was slain sword in hand, gallantly fighting to the last at the entrance of his zenana. The place, however, was soon after surprised and recaptured by the son of the fallen chief, Nussear Khan, who, though again expelled, continued to maintain himself with a few followers in the mountains, and at last effected an accommodation with the British, and was replaced on the musnud. He has since fulfilled his engagements to us with exemplary fidelity; and as his fears of compulsory vassalage to the nominally restored Affghan monarchy are now at an end, he appears likely to afford a solitary instance of a trans-Indian chief converted into a firm friend and ally.

by the exigencies of the commissariat, &c. The rocky defiles of Affghanistan were heaped with the carcasses of these indispensable animals, 50,000 of which (as is proved by the official returns) perished in this manner in the course of three years; and some years must necessarily elapse before the chasm thus made in the numbers of the species throughout North-western India can be supplied. The immense expenditure of the Army of Occupation, at the same time, brought such an influx of specie into Affghanistan, as had never been known since the sack of Delhi by Ahmed Shah Doorani—while the traffic with India being at a stand-still for the reasons we have just given, the superfluity of capital thus produced was driven to find an outlet in the northern markets of Bokhara and Turkestan. The consequence of this has been, that Russian manufactures to an enormous amount have been poured into these regions, by way of Astrakhan and the Caspian, to meet this increasing demand; and the value of Russian commerce with Central Asia, which (as we pointed out in April 1840, p. 522) had for many years been progressively declining, was doubled during 1840 and 1841, (*Bombay Times*, April 2, 1842,) and is believed to be still on the increase! The opening of the navigation of the Indus, with the exertions of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce to establish depots on its course, and to facilitate the transmission of goods into the surrounding countries, has already done much for the restoration of traffic in this direction, in spite of the efforts of the Russian agents in the north to keep possession of the opening thus unexpectedly afforded them; but it cannot be denied that the "great enlargement of our field of commerce," so confidently prognosticated by Lord Palmerston, from "the great operations undertaken in the countries lying west of the Indus," has run a heavy risk of being permanently diverted into other channels, by the operation of the causes detailed above.

Before we finally dismiss the subject of the Affghan war and its consequences, we cannot overlook one feature in the termination of the contest, which is of the highest importance, as indicating a return to a better system than that miserable course of reduction and parsimony, which, for some years past, has slowly but surely been alienating the attachment, and breaking down the military spirit, of our native army. We refer to the distribution, by order of Lord Ellenborough, of badges of honorary distinction, as well as of more substantial rewards, in the form of augmented allowances,* &c., to the sepoy corps which have borne the brunt of the late severe campaign. Right well have these honours and gratuities been merited; nor could any measure have been better timed to strengthen in the hearts of the sepoys the bonds of the *Feringhi salt*, to which they have so long proved faithful. The policy, as well as the justice, of holding out every inducement which may rivet the attachment of the native troops to our service, obvious as it must appear, has in truth been of late too much neglected;† and it has become at this juncture doubly imperative, both from the severe and unpopular duty in which a considerable portion of the troops have recently been engaged, and from the widely-spread disaffection which has

* By a general order, issued from Simla October 4, all officers and soldiers, of whatever grade, who took part in the operations about Candahar, the defence of Khelat-i-Ghiljie, the recapture of Ghazni or Cabul, or the forcing of the Khyber Pass, are to receive a silver medal with appropriate inscriptions—a similar distinction having been previously conferred on the defenders of Jellalabad. *What is at present the value of the Order of the Dooraui Empire*, with its showy decorations of the first, second, and third classes, the last of which was so rightfully spurned by poor Dennie?

† The following remarks of the *Madras United Service Gazette*, though intended to apply only to the Secunderabad disturbances, deserve general attention at present:—"We attribute the lately-diminished attachment of the sepoys for their European officers to *a diminished inclination for the service*, the duties whereof have of late years increased in about the same proportion that its advantages have been reduced. ... The cavalry soldier of the present day has more than double the

lately manifested itself in various quarters among the native population. We predicted in July, as the probable consequence of our reverses in Affghanistan, some open manifestation of the spirit of revolt constantly smouldering among the various races of our subjects in India; but the prophecy had already been anticipated by the event. The first overt resistance to authority appeared in Bhundelkund, a wild and imperfectly subjugated province in the centre of Hindostan, inhabited by a fierce people called Bhoondelahs. An insurrection, in which nearly all the native chiefs are believed to be implicated, broke out here early in April; and a desultory and harassing warfare has since been carried on in the midst of the almost impenetrable jungles and ravines which overspread the district. The Nawab of Banda and the Bhoondee Rajah, a Moslem and a Hindoo prince, respectively of some note in the neighbourhood of the disturbed tracts, have been placed under surveillance at Allahabad as the secret instigators of these movements, "which," (says the *Agra Ukhbar*) "appear to have been regularly organized all over India, the first intimation of which was the Nawab of Kurnool's affair"—whose deposition we noticed in July. The valley of Berar, also, in the vicinity of the Nizam's frontier, has been the scene of several encounters between our troops and irregular bands of insurgents; and the restless Arab mercenaries in the Dekkan are still in arms, ready to take service with any native ruler who chooses to employ them against the *Feringhis*. In the northern provinces, the aspect of affairs is equally unfavourable. The Rohillas, the most warlike and nationally-united race of Moslems in India, have shown alarming symptoms of a refractory temper, fomented (as it has been reported) by the disbanded troopers of the 2d Bengal cavalry,* (a great proportion of whom were Rohillas,) and by Moslem deserters from the other regiments in Affghanistan, who have industriously magnified the amount of our losses—a pleasing duty, in which the native press, as usual, has zealously co-operated. One of the newspapers printed in the Persian language at Delhi, recently assured its readers that, at the forcing of the Khyber Pass, "six thousand Europeans fell under the sharp swords of the Faithful"—with other veracious intelligence, calculated to produce the belief that the campaign must inevitably end, like the preceding, in the defeat and extermination of the whole invading force. The fruits of these inflammatory appeals to the pride and bigotry of the Moslems, is thus painted in a letter from Rohilcund, which we quote from that excellent periodical the *Asiatic Journal* for September:—"The Mahomedans throughout Rohilcund hate us to a degree only second to what the Affghans do, their interest in whose welfare they can scarcely conceal. . . . . There are hundreds of heads of tribes, all of whom would rise to a man on what they considered a fitting opportunity, which they are actually thirsting after. A hint from their moolahs, and the display of the green flag, would rally around it every Mussulman. In March last, the po-

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work to do that a trooper had forty years ago; . . . and the infantry sepoy's garrison guard-work has been for years most fatiguing at every station, from the numerical strength of the troops being quite inadequate to the duties. . . . These several unfavourable changes have gradually given the sepoy a distaste for the service, which has been augmented by the stagnant state of promotion, caused by the reductions in 1829, when one-fifth of the infantry, and one-fourth of the cavalry, native commissioned and non-commissioned officers, became supernumerary, thus effectually closing the door of promotion to the inferior grades for years to come. Hopeless of advancement, the sepoy from that time became gradually less attentive to his duties, less respectful to his superiors, as careless of a service which no longer held out any prospect of promotion. Still, however, the bonds of discipline were not altogether loosened, till Lord W. Bentinck's abolition of corporal punishment; and from the promulgation of that ill-judged order may be dated the decided change for the worse which has taken place in the character of the native soldiery."

* This corps, it will be remembered, was broken for its misconduct in the battle of Purwan-Durrah, against Dost Mohammed, November 2, 1840.

pulation made no scruple of declaring that the *Feringhi raj* (English rule) was at an end; and some even disputed payment of the revenue, saying it was probable they should have to pay it again to another Government! They have given out a report that Akhbar Khan has disbanded his army for the present, in order that his men may visit their families; but in the cold weather, when our troops will be weakened and unfit for action, he will return with an overwhelming force, aided by every Mussulman as far as Ispahan, when they will annihilate our whole force and march straight to Delhi, and ultimately send us to our ships. The whole Mussulman population, in fact, are filled with rejoicing and *hope* at our late reverses."

It may be said that we are unnecessarily multiplying instances, and that these symptoms of local fermentation are of little individual importance; but nothing can be misplaced which has a tendency to dispel the universal and unaccountable error which prevails in England, as to the *popularity of our sway in India.* The signs of the times are tolerably significant—and the apprehensions of a coming commotion which we expressed in July, as well as of the quarter in which it will probably break out, are amply borne out by the language of the best-informed publications of India. "That the seeds of discontent"—says the *Delhi Gazette*—"have been sown by the Moslems, and have partially found root among the Hindoos, is more than conjecture"—and the warnings of the *Agra Ukhbar* are still more unequivocal. "Reports have reached Agra that a general rise will erelong take place in the Dekkan. There have already been several allusions made to a very extensive organization among the native states* against the British power, the resources of which will, no doubt, be stretched to the utmost during the ensuing cold season. Disaffection is wide and prevalent, and when our withdrawal from Affghanistan becomes known, it will ripen into open insurrection. With rebellion in Central India, and famine in Northern, Government have little time to lose in collecting their energies to meet the crisis." The increase of means which the return of the army from Affghanistan will place at the disposal of the Governor-General, will doubtless do much in either overawing or suppressing these insurrectionary demonstrations; but even in this case the snake will have been only "scotched, not killed;" and the most practical and effectual method of rendering such attempts hopeless for the future, will be the replacing the Indian army on the same efficient footing, as to numbers and composition, on which it stood before the ill-judged measures of Lord William Bentinck. The energies of the native troops have been heavily tasked, and their fidelity severely tried, during the Affghan war; and though they have throughout nobly sustained the high character which they had earned by their past achievements, the experiment on their endurance should not be carried too far. Many of the errors of past Indian administrations have already been remedied by Lord Ellenborough; and we cannot refrain from the hope, that the period of his Government will not be suffered to elapse without a return to the old system on this point also—the vital point on which the stability of our empire depends.

Such have been the consequences, as far as they have hitherto been developed, to the foreign and domestic relations of our Eastern empire, of the late memorable Affghan war. In many points, an obvious parallel may be drawn between its commencement and progress, and that of the invasion of Spain by Napoleon. In both cases, the territory of an unoffending people was invaded and overrun, in the plenitude of (as was deemed by the aggressors) irresistible power, on the pretext, in each case, that it was neces-

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* The Nawab of Arcot, one of the native princes, whose fidelity is now strongly suspected, assured the Resident, in his reply to the official communication of the capture of Ghazni in 1839, that from his excessive joy at the triumph of his good friend the Company, his bulk of body had so greatly increased that he was under the necessity of providing himself with a new wardrobe—his garments having become too strait for his unbounded stomach! A choice specimen of oriental bombast.

sary to anticipate an ambitious rival in the possession of a country which might be used as a vantage ground against us. In both cases, the usurpation was thinly veiled by the elevation of a pageant-monarch to the throne; till the invaded people, goaded by the repeated indignities offered to their religious and national pride, rose *en masse* against their oppressors at the same moment in the capital and the provinces, and either cut them off, or drove them to the frontier. In each case the intruders, by the arrival of reinforcements, regained for a time their lost ground; and if our Whig rulers had continued longer at the helm of affairs, the parallel might have become complete throughout. The strength and resources of our Indian empire might have been drained in the vain attempt to complete the subjugation of a rugged and impracticable country, inhabited by a fierce and bigoted population; and an "Affghan *ulcer*" (to use the ordinary phrase of Napoleon himself in speaking of the Spanish war) might have corroded the vitals, and undermined the fabric, of British domination in the East. Fortunately, however, for our national welfare and our national character, better counsels are at length in the ascendant. The triumphs which have again crowned our arms, have not tempted our rulers to resume the perfidious policy which their predecessors, in the teeth of their own original declarations, have now openly avowed, by "retaining military possession of the countries west of the Indus;" and the candid acknowledgement of the error committed in the first instance, affords security against the repetition of such acts of wanton aggression, and for adherence to the pacific policy now laid down. The ample resources of India have yet in a great measure to be explored and developed, and it is impossible to foresee what results may be attained, when (in the language of the *Bombay Times*) "wisdom guides for good and worthy ends, that resistless energy which madness has wasted on the opposite. We now see that, even with Affghanistan as a broken barrier, Russia dares not move her finger against us—that with seventeen millions sterling thrown away, we are able to recover all our mischances, if relieved from the rulers and the system which imposed them upon us!"

The late proclamation of Lord Ellenborough has been so frequently referred to in the foregoing pages, that for the sake of perspicuity we subjoin it in full.

"Secret Department, Simla,
"Oct. 1, 1842.

"The Government of India directed its army to pass the Indus, in order to expel from Affghanistan a chief believed to be hostile to British interests, and to replace upon his throne a sovereign represented to be friendly to those interests, and popular with his former subjects.

"The chief believed to be hostile became a prisoner, and the sovereign represented to be popular was replaced upon his throne; but after events which brought into question his fidelity to the Government by which he was restored, he lost, by the hands of an assassin, the throne he had only held amidst insurrections, and his death was preceded and followed by still existing anarchy.

"Disasters, unparalleled in their extent, unless by the errors in which they originated, and by the treachery by which they were completed, have in one short campaign been avenged upon every scene of past misfortune; and repeated victories in the field, and the capture of the cities and citadels of Ghazni and Cabul, have again attached the opinion of invincibility to the British arms.

"The British army in possession of Affghanistan will now be withdrawn to the Sutlej.

"The Governor-General will leave it to the Affghans themselves to create a government amidst the anarchy which is the consequence of their crimes.

"To force a sovereign upon a reluctant people, would be as inconsistent with the policy, as it is with the principles, of the British Government, tending to place the arms and resources of that people at the disposal of the first invader, and to impose the burden of supporting a sovereign without the prospect of benefit from his alliance.

"The Governor-General will willingly recognize any government approved by the Affghans themselves,

which shall appear desirous and capable of maintaining friendly relations with neighbouring states.

"Content with the limits nature appears to have assigned to its empire, the Government of India will devote all its efforts to the establishment and maintenance of general peace, to the protection of the sovereigns and chiefs its allies, and to the prosperity and happiness of its own faithful subjects.

"The rivers of the Punjab and the Indus, and the mountainous passes and the barbarous tribes of Affghanistan, will be placed between the British army and an enemy from the west, if indeed such an enemy there can be, and no longer between the army and its supplies.

"The enormous expenditure required for the support of a large force in a false military position, at a distance from its own frontier and its resources, will no longer arrest every measure for the improvement of the country and of the people.

"The combined army of England and of India, superior in equipment, in discipline, in valour, and in the officers by whom it is commanded, to any force which can be opposed to it in Asia, will stand in unassailable strength upon its own soil, and for ever, under the blessing of Providence, preserve the glorious empire it has won, in security and in honour.

"The Governor-General cannot fear the misconstruction of his motives in thus frankly announcing to surrounding states the pacific and conservative policy of his Government.

"Affghanistan and China have seen at once the forces at his disposal, and the effect with which they can be applied.

"Sincerely attached to peace for the sake of the benefits it confers upon the people, the Governor-General is resolved that peace shall be observed, and will put forth the whole power of the British Government to coerce the state by which it shall be infringed."

DEATH OF THOMAS HAMILTON, ESQ.

There are few things more painful connected with the increase of years in an established periodical like our own, than to observe how "friend after friend departs," to witness the gradual thinning of the ranks of its contributors by death, and the departure, from the scene, of those whose talents or genius had contributed to its early influence and popularity. Many years have not elapsed since we were called on to record the death of the upright and intelligent publisher, to whose energy and just appreciation of the public taste, its origin and success are in a great degree to be ascribed. On the present occasion another of these melancholy memorials is required of us; the accomplished author of "Cyril Thornton," whose name and talents had been associated with the Magazine from its commencement, is no more. He died at Pisa on the 7th December last.

Mr Hamilton exhibited a remarkable union of scholarship, high breeding, and amiability of disposition. To the habitual refinement of taste which an early mastery of the classics had produced, his military profession and intercourse with society had added the ease of the man of the world, while they had left unimpaired his warmth of feeling and kindliness of heart. Amidst the active services of the Peninsular and American campaigns, he preserved his literary tastes; and, when the close of the war restored him to his country, he seemed to feel that the peaceful leisure of a soldier's life could not be more appropriately filled up than by the cultivation of literature. The characteristic of his mind was rather a happy union and balance of qualities than the possession of any one in excess; and the result was a peculiar composure and gracefulness, pervading equally his outward deportment and his habits of thought. The only work of fiction which he has given to the public certainly indicates high powers both of pathetic and graphic delineation; but the qualities which first and most naturally attracted attention, were rather his excellent judgment of character, at once just and generous, his fine perception and command of wit and quiet humour, rarely, if ever, allowed to deviate into satire or sarcasm, and the refinement, taste, and precision with which he clothed his ideas, whether in writing or in conversation. From the boisterous or extravagant he seemed instinctively to recoil, both in society and in taste.

Of his contributions to this Magazine it would be out of place here to speak, further than to say that they indicated a wide range and versatility of talent, embraced both prose and verse, and were universally popular. "Cyril Thornton," which appeared in 1827, instantly arrested public attention and curiosity, even in an age eminently fertile in great works of fiction. With little of plot—for it pursued the desultory ramblings of military life through various climes—it possessed a wonderful truth and reality, great skill in the observation and portraiture of original character, and a peculiar charm of style, blending freshness and vivacity of movement with classic delicacy and grace. The work soon became naturally and justly popular, having reached a second edition shortly after publication: a third edition has recently appeared. The "Annals of the Peninsular Campaign" had the merit of clear narration, united with much of the same felicity of style; but the size of the work excluded that full development and picturesque detail which were requisite to give individuality to its pictures. His last work was "Men and Manners in America," of which two German and one French translations have already appeared; a work eminently characterized by a tone of gentlemanly feeling, sagacious observation, just views of national character and institutions, and their reciprocal influence, and by tolerant criticism; and which, so far from having been superseded by recent works of the same class and on the same subject, has only risen in public estimation by the comparison.

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